CORNUCOPIA

TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSN 1301-8175 ISSUE 24 VOLUME 4 2001

GREAT ESCAPES

THE UNTOLD STORY OF POPE JOHN'S WORK IN WARTIME TURKEY

MADDER QUEST

ONE MAN'S PASSION FOR TURKEY RED

RAISING A GLASS

GREAT NEW WINES FROM GALLIPOLI

SUREFIRE SOUPS

STOCKTAKING FOR WINTER

THE WILD EAST

A JOURNEY TO ANATOLIA'S ARABIAN FRONTIER

Sotheby's EST. 1744

AN OTTOMAN ENAMELLED SILVER-GILT BOWL TURKEY THE TUGHRA OF SELIM II (REIGNED 1566-1574) 15CM. DIAMETER ESTIMATE: £20,000-30,000

Arts of the Islamic World

auction: 18th october 2001 34 - 35 new bond street london W1A 2AA
enquiries: marcus fraser 020 7293 5332 isabelle caussé 020 7293 5155
catalogues: 020 7293 6444 www.sothebys.com

Sotheby's
EST. 1744

Contents

Cover Story

The Wild East
Travel to an antique land – the wonders of Anatolia's border country.
Photographs by Manuel Çıtak. Diary by Min Hogg · 36

Hidden History

The Monsignor and the Minister
How 100,000 Jews were saved... and Turkey escaped the Iron Curtain.
The extraordinary wartime friendship of Numan Memenencioğlu
and the future Pope John XXIII, by Osman Streater · 68

People & Places

Big Friendly Giant: Colonel Fred Burnaby, a Victorian hero
in step with Asia Minor. By David Barchard · 16
Light Years from New York: Carla Grissmann shares a 'Dinner of Herbs'
with the novelist Maureen Freely · 84

Books

Silks to sigh for; Ottomans in all their colours; painting the Black Sea grey.
Reviews by Alistair McAlpine, Jason Goodwin and David Barchard · 24

Arts

CONNOISSEUR

Exhibition and saleroom highlights · 11
Mad about Madder: Robert Chenciner and the pursuit of red,
by Barnaby Rogerson and Min Hogg. Photographs by Simon Upton · 76

Wine

Raise a Glass to Gallipoli: in a new series, Kevin Gould heads for the Hellespont · 94

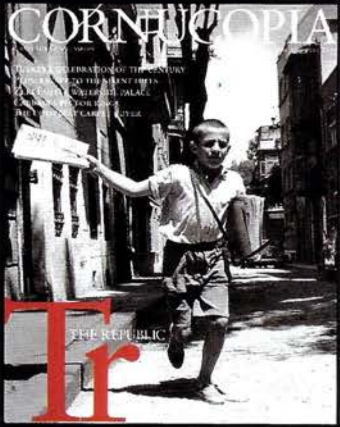
Food

Soups for Cool Cooks, by Berrin Torolsan · 100

Regulars

TRADE SECRETS: The art of 'tel kakma' by Roger Williams · 108
VILLAGE VOICES by Azize Ethem · 113
FOOD FOR THOUGHT by Andrew Finkel · 119

COVER
The giant heads of Nemrut Dağı, southeast Turkey – see Page 36
Photograph by Manuel Çıtak



CORNUCOPIA
MOUNTAIN SECRETS

CORNUCOPIA
DREAMS OF SUMMER

CORNUCOPIA
THE LAKE THAT TIME FORGOT
ISSUE 20
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Don't let
the beauty
of Turkey
pass you by

Subscribe Today

Amazing journeys
Magical interiors
Secret gardens
Culinary treats
Books of the year
Issues of the day
Art and artisans

Receive Cornucopia
post-free worldwide,
and order the back issues
to complete your set

Cornucopia makes
a very special gift

Call our subscription hotlines:
tel & fax 90(0)212 248 3607
tel 44(0)1450 379933
fax 44(0)1450 379988
www.cornucopia.net

CORNUCOPIA
TURKEY FOR CONNOISSEURS

ISSUE 24 VOLUME 4 2001

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR
Berrin Torolsan
EDITOR
John Scott
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Susana Raby
Hilary Stafford Clark
Roger Williams
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Andrew Finkel
Elizabeth Meath Baker
David Barchard
Rose Baring
DESIGNER
Kate Newman
FOUNDING
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Clive Crook

COORDINATION
Emin Saatçı
MANAGING EDITOR
Gündüz Aydınlar
INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING
GiGi Senecal

www.cornucopia.net

Cornucopia© is published by
Kayık Yayıncılık ve Turizm Ticaret Ltd Şti
CC 480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303 Istanbul, Turkey
Tel and Fax: 90-212 248 3607
Printing: St Ives plc
Colour Separation: Argent Colour
UK publisher: Caique Publishing Ltd
Cornucopia is a trade mark of Caique Publishing Ltd,
a member of the Periodical Publishers Association.

All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in
part without written permission strictly prohibited.
Bütün yayın ve basın hakları mahfuzdur.
Views expressed in Cornucopia are not necessarily those of the
publishers or the editors. While every care is taken, material
submitted for publication is sent at the owner's risk.

CORNUCOPIA SUBSCRIPTIONS
Rates: £Stg18/US$27 for 3 issues post-free
Order form: www.cornucopia.net
subscriptions@cornucopia.net

Turkey
CC 480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303 Istanbul
cornucopia@atlas.net.tr
Tel & fax: +90(0)212 248 3607

United Kingdom
P.O. Box 13311, Hawick TD9 7YF, Scotland
subscriptions@cornucopia.net
Tel +44(0)1450 379933 Fax +44(0)1450 379988

USA and Canada
P.O. Box 3405, Sunriver, OR 97707, USA

Advertising
Turkey
Tel & fax: +90(0)212 248 3607
United Kingdom
Tel +44(0)20 7792 2377 Fax +44(0)20 7792 5442
USA & Canada Tel 1-503 789 0974
All enquiries: advertising@cornucopia.net

THE ORIGINAL CORNUCOPIA
The Latin *cornu copiæ* or 'horn of plenty', a horn overflowing with flowers, fruit and corn; symbol of prosperity and abundance in the cities of Anatolia.

ISSN 1301-8175

TURKISH WEAVES, RARE ANTIQUE RUGS,
ANATOLIAN KILIMS, EXQUISITE HEREKE SILK
RUGS AND FINE VEGETABLE DYED CARPETS
UP TO THIRTY SQUARE METRES,
PERSONALLY SELECTED BY

GÜNEŞ ÖZTARAKÇI

WHERE EXPERIENCE AND A UNIQUE
FEMININE TOUCH HAS CREATED A CARPET
AND KILIM COLLECTION
OF IMPECCABLE GOOD TASTE

By Appointment

Mim Kemal Öke Caddesi 5, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 225 1954 – 225 1968
Fax (90-212) 225 1940

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPHY©CAIQUE PUBLISHING LTD

AKBANK
PRIVATE
BANKING

Bored from too much attention?

Think twice. Maybe you need more!

Banking services that are specifically designed for you... An understanding where your expectations are met face-to-face... The asset management at its best... World-wide banking services, portfolio tracking and investment consultancy... All in Akbank Private Banking. Just "for you".

As private as you are.

Address: 1. Levent Plaza, A-Blok Büyükdere Cad. No.173/5 80620 1. Levent, İstanbul, Turkey
Tel: (+90 212) 324 09 10 Fax: (+90 212) 270 64 00 e-mail: pbmrktng@akbank.com.tr

Queen Ada Hotel

BODRUM

The perfect small hotel...in the perfect setting.
Beautiful grounds, crystal-clear waters, delicious cuisine.
Intimate, tranquil, understated.

Everything you could want from the Mediterranean
...just half an hour from Bodrum Airport.

Hoşgörü Sokak No 7, Torba, 48400 Bodrum, Turkey. Tel +90.252.367 1598 pbx. Fax +90.252.367 1614
Website: www.queenadahotel.com.tr E-mail: queenad@attglobal.net

BONHAMS
&BROOKS

Islamic and Indian Art
including the Egee Collection

Auction: Wednesday 17 October 2001

Bonhams & Brooks, Montpelier Street,
Knightsbridge, London SW7 1HH

Enquiries and catalogues:
Claire Penhallurick or Angeliki Baboussi
Tel:+44 (0)20 7393 3948
Fax: +44 (0)20 7393 3827
email: c.penhallurick@bonhams.com

A fine Iznik "fish-scale" pottery Dish, Turkey, circa 1570, 30.5cm diameter.
Estimate £10,000 - £15,000

www.bonhams.com

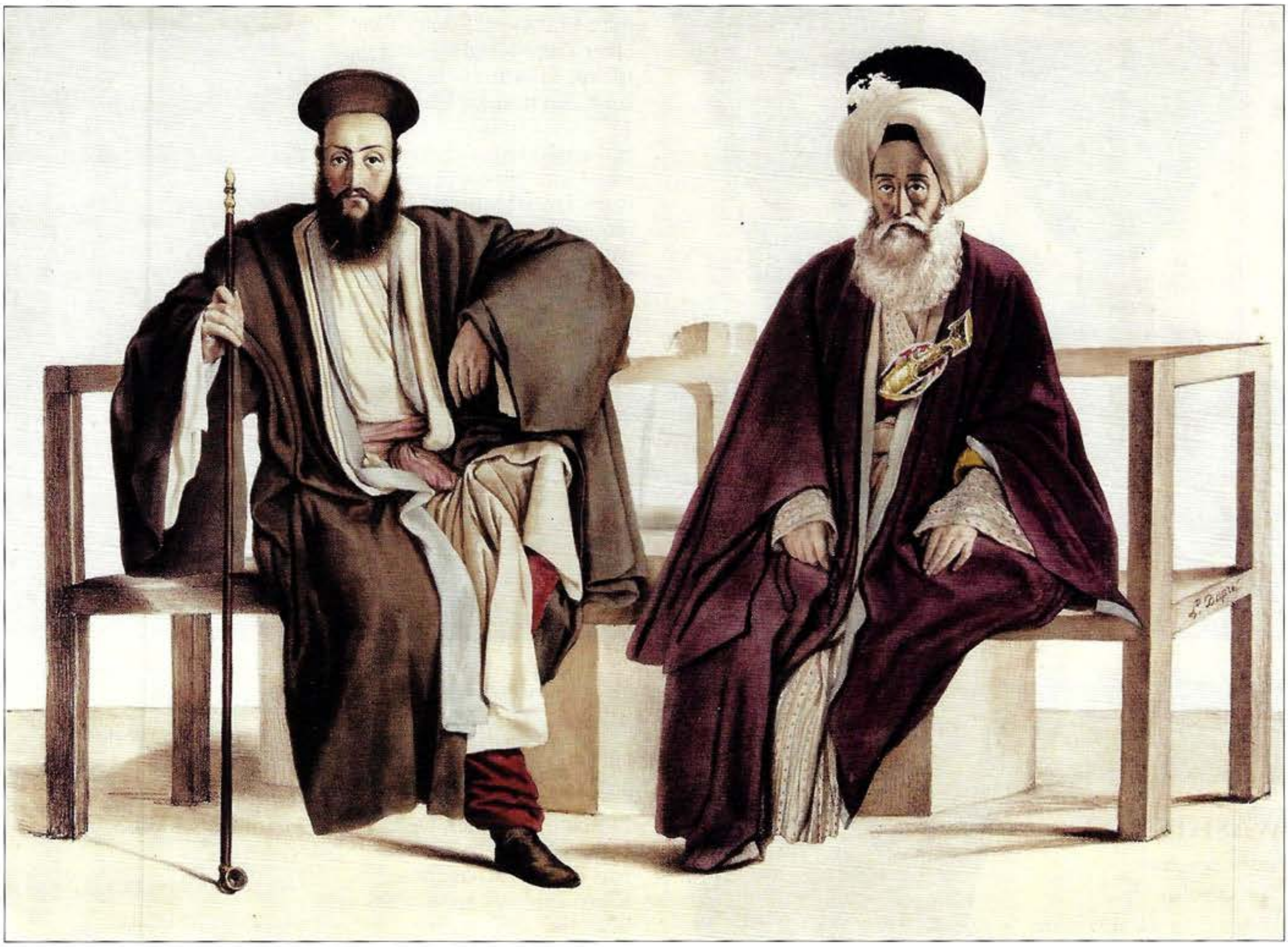
PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE
Who will you be in the *next* 24 hours?
Twenty-4®
by Patek Philippe

ZİYNET AŞ, Mim Kemal Öke Caddesi 11/1, Nişantaşı, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 225 1775
TEKTAŞ AŞ, Abdi İpekçi Caddesi, Altın Sokak, Ahmet Kara İşhanı. 2/14, Nişantaşı, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 225 0640
GALERİ TEKTAŞ, Akmerkez, Giriş Katı. No 227, Etiler, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 282 0471

CONNOISSEUR

LONDON'S ISLAMIC SALES WEEK, WASHINGTON'S TEXTILE EXHIBITIONS, NEW YORK'S MUGHAL JEWELLERY, ARA GÜLER'S TURKEY IN BLACK AND WHITE AND THE BIENNIAL IN ISTANBUL

Pipe dreams in Istanbul

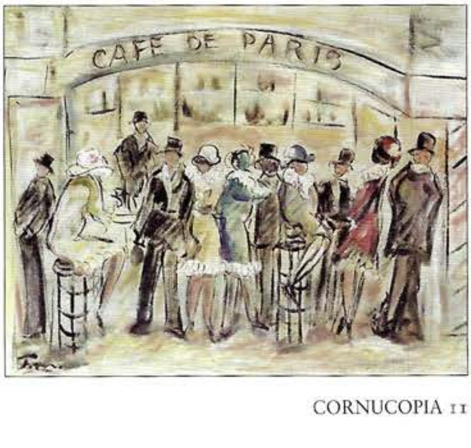


SOTHEBY'S

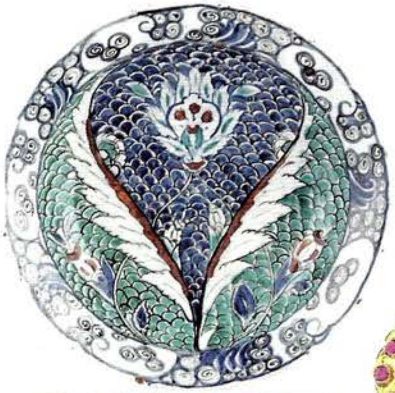
LONDON

The Travel Sale:
Mediterranean &
Middle East, Sotheby's,
October 17, 2001

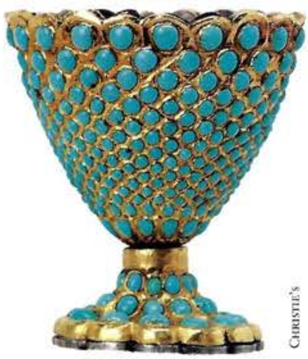
Books, watercolours, maps, prints, photographs, even an illustration of the sandals of Afghanistan from 1774 – Sotheby's Travel Sale is an eccentric highlight of Islamic Sales Week. Less for specialists than for social historians, designers, explorers and cultured bohemians, it is a revelation of the minutiae of Islamic life. 'Un Prêtre grec et un turc' (323 x 425mm), above, by Louis Dupré, a French take on the East, is one of a lot of three lithographs expected to sell for £800. 'Café de Paris', right (50 x 64 mm), an Eastern take on France, is by Fikret Moualla (1903–67), a tragic figure who left for Paris in 1940. Turkey's best-loved 20th-century artist, he is now in vogue: this oil should fetch over £12,000. Overleaf is an attractive lithograph after Anton Ignace Melling (1763–1831) of Selim III's Bayram procession. Made for a book first published in 1807, it is estimated at a more modest £3,000.



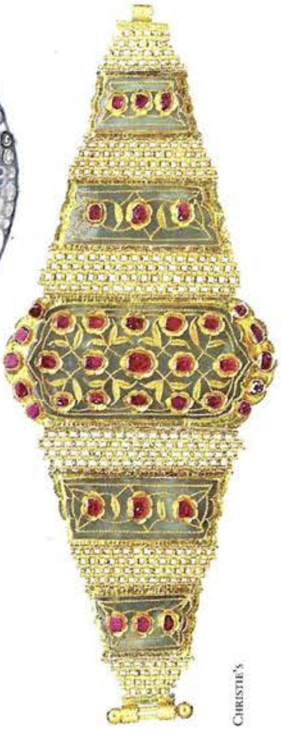
SOTHEBY'S



BONHAMS & BROOKS



CHRISTIE'S

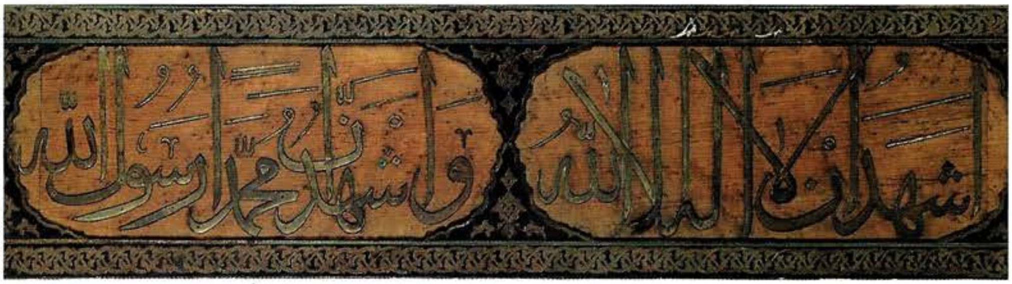


CHRISTIE'S

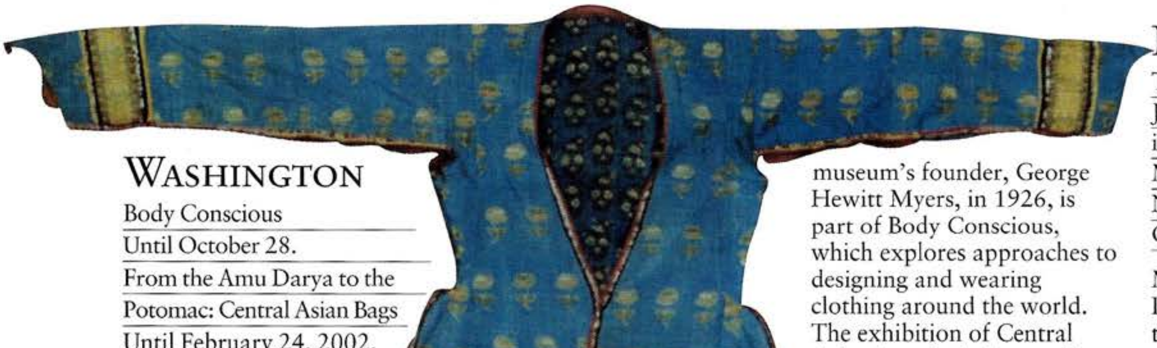
LONDON

Islamic Art at Auction
Bonhams & Brooks,
Christie's and Sotheby's
October 17–18

Christie's Turkish bracelet (left) is 16th century, from the golden age of Ottoman art; in gold-linked trellis, it has jade panels inset with rubies and engraved with gold saz leaves (est £15,000– £25,000). Two other Turkish highlights of the Islamic Sales are a "fish scale" Iznik dish (top, far left), circa 1570 (est £10,000– £15,000) and a wood panel (below) inlaid with gilt-copper and ivory. Probably from 15th-century Bursa, it is inscribed with an affirmation of faith. The turquoise-encrusted gold zarf (coffee-cup holder) was made for the Qajars of 19th-century Persia (est £3,000).



CHRISTIE'S



WASHINGTON

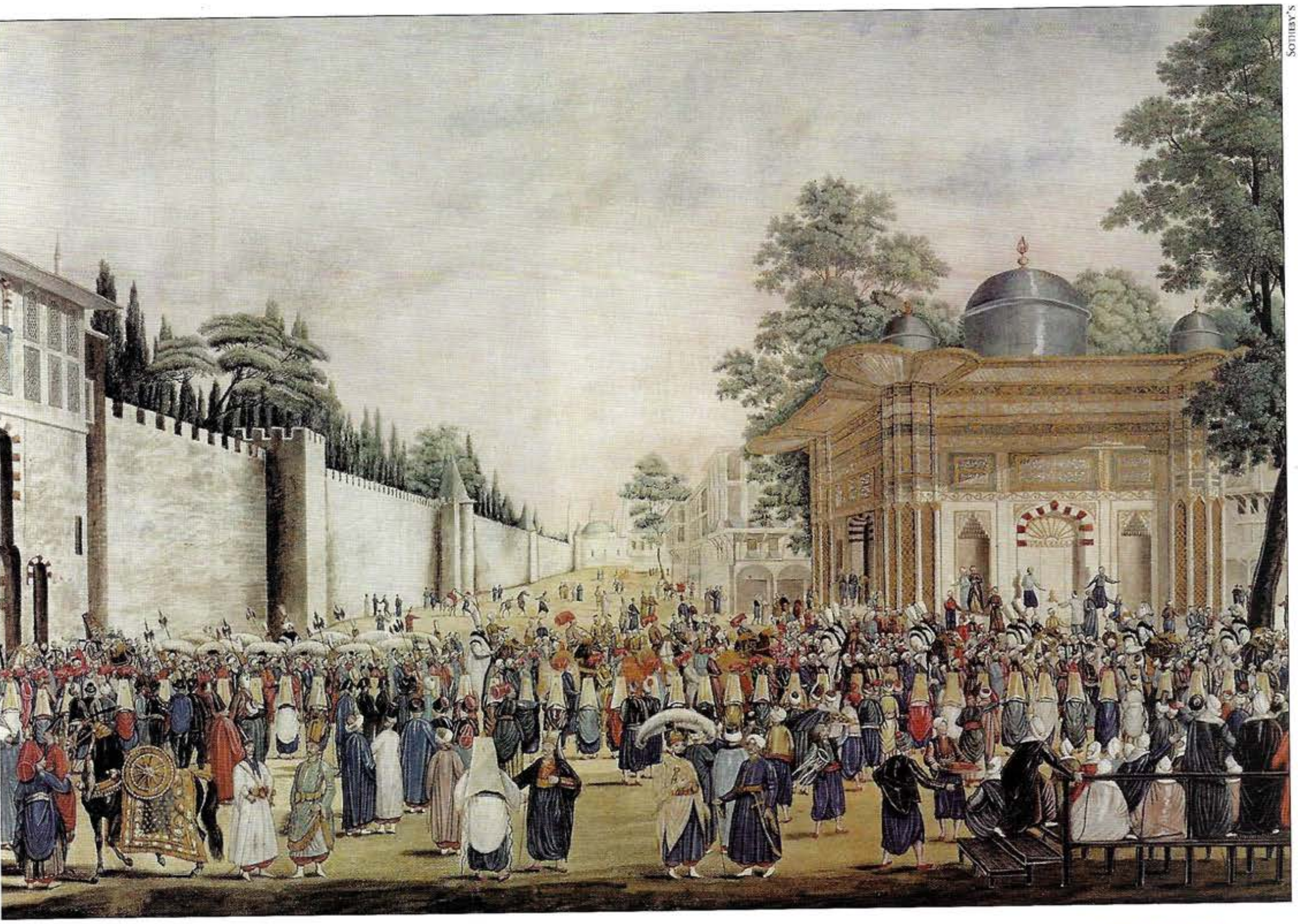
Body Conscious
Until October 28.
From the Amu Darya to the
Potomac: Central Asian Bags
Until February 24, 2002.
Both at the Textile Museum

In its constant search for new ways to interpret its brief, the Textile Museum has mounted two exhibitions that include Central Asian artefacts which vividly combine the functional and the aesthetic. This 17th- or 18th-century jacket *(chapan)* from Iran, acquired by the museum's founder, George Hewitt Myers, in 1926, is part of Body Conscious, which explores approaches to designing and wearing clothing around the world. The exhibition of Central Asian bags includes *çuval* (large wall-storage bags), *torba* (long, narrow storage bags) and *bohça* (envelope-style square storage bags). Used inside yurts by nomadic peoples, and often hung, the bags held clothing, personal items and utensils. The exhibition takes its title from the Amu Darya river, better known in the West as the ancient Oxus.

NEW YORK

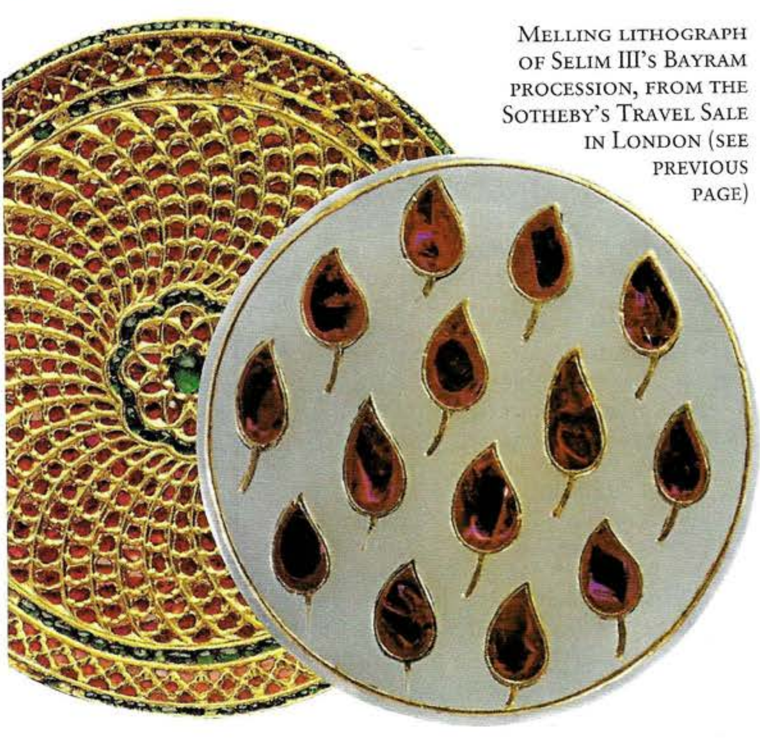
Treasury of the World:
Jeweled Arts of India
in the Age of the Mughals
Metropolitan Museum
New York
Oct 18, 2001 – Jan 13, 2002

More highly developed in India than anywhere else in the world, the use of precious stones reached its peak during the period of Mughal rule. The four exquisite pieces shown here, from the world-renowned al-Sabah Collection of Islamic Art in Kuwait, are masterpieces in miniature. The dish on the right, in gold inlaid with rubies, and with an emerald at its centre, is just 10cm in diameter. The disc next to it – carved from translucent nephrite jade,

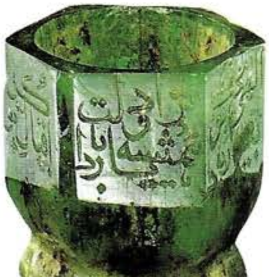


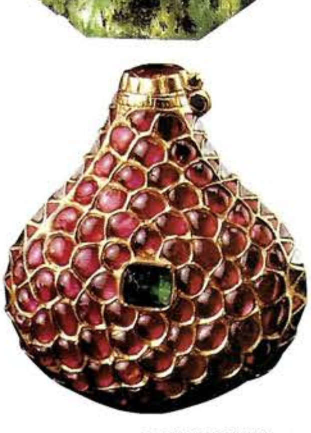
SOTHEBY'S

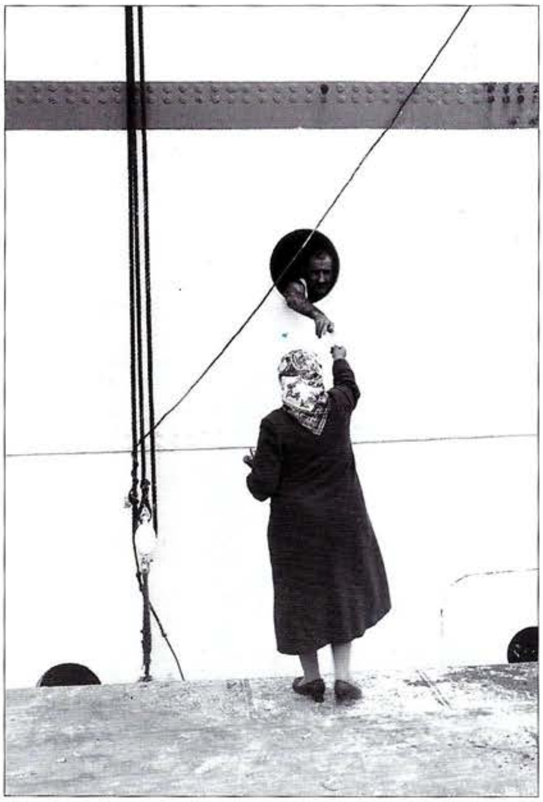
MELLING LITHOGRAPH OF SELIM III'S BAYRAM PROCESSION, FROM THE SOTHEBY'S TRAVEL SALE IN LONDON (SEE PREVIOUS PAGE)



inlaid with gold and set with rubies – has a Lilliputian diameter of 1.4cm. It was worn as an ornament on a sash cord attached to a dagger. Similarly delicate is the gold bottle, bottom right, whose surface is covered with rubies that glisten like pomegranate seeds. At 4.6cm in height, what would it have held? Scent? Or poison perhaps? Despite its sculptured feel, the cup above it, which is carved from a solid piece of emerald, is a mere 4 cm tall. Inscribed with verses in Persian, it dates, like all these objects, from the 17th century, when Mughal craftsmanship was at its finest. This sensational exhibition, which was seen at the British Museum in the summer, will move next year to Cleveland, then to Houston.





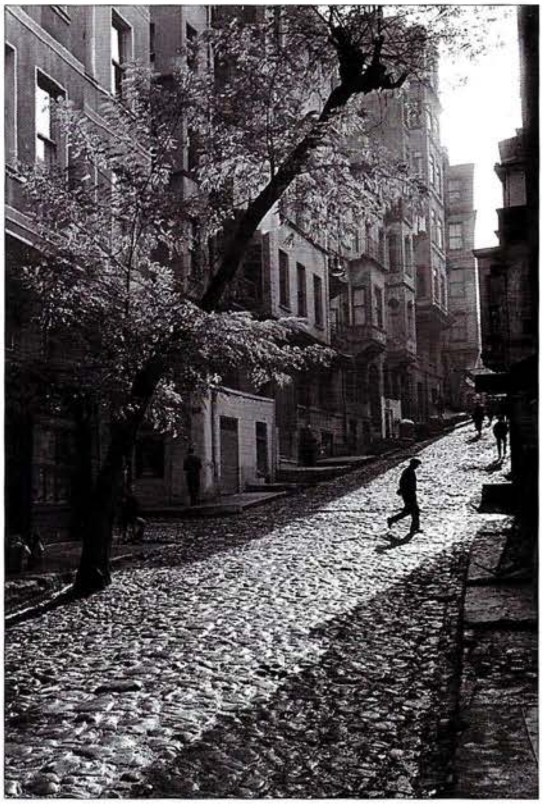


LONDON

Istanbul Photographs by Ara Güler
HackelBury Fine Art
Until October 27

The influential photo-journalist Ara Güler has been capturing the face and faces of Turkey in striking black and white for more than half a century. He has exhibited all over the world but never, until now, in Britain. The two prints seen here – a women saying goodbye at the Galata quay in 1955, and a man crossing an old street in Kandilli taken thirty years later – are on show and for sale.

HackelBury Fine Art,
4 Launceston Place,
London W8,
tel 020-7937 8688



Cinnamon and the transformation of self

BY ANDREW FINKEL

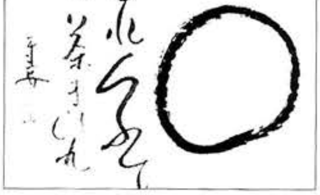
ISTANBUL

The Istanbul Biennial
Until November 17

A peculiar curse has fallen over Istanbul's art Biennial, although I suppose it is no different from the curse that has fallen over us all. Two years ago the event took place in the aftermath of an earthquake whose epicentre was not one hour's drive from the exhibition's gates. This time, artists more used to confronting other people's complacency were competing with the image engraved on everyone's retinas of the twin towers in New York.

The Istanbul Biennial (this is the seventh) is organised round a theme devised by a specially appointed curator, unlike, say, Venice, which has a system of national pavilions. In 1999, the deliberate emphasis on introspection caught an emotional need to respond to tragedy as well as the urge to reconstruct. The show had to go on. This time the Biennial confronts the bewildering sense that we have reached a watershed in history. The curator, Yuko Hasegawa, has restored the politics to the artists' agenda but hers is no conventional radicalism. We are being enlightened through the very transformation of self.

Egofugal is the title Ms Hasegawa has chosen for her theme. It becomes more explicit when retranslated back from the Turkish into 'Egoflight'. The subtitle is 'Fugue from the Ego for the Next Emergence'. The exhibits occupy, among other places, the deconsecrated basilica of St Irene and the similarly desanctified cathedral to Mammon – the abandoned Imperial Mint next door. We are being asked to contemplate the collapse of the three pillars of 20th-century individualism: man, money and materialism. Art, Ms Hasegawa avers in the introduction to the catalogue, is "information for survival". We are invited to form new collectivities, new types of consciousness.



THE ZEN CIRCLE PAINTING BEHIND THE BIENNIAL THEME: 'EGOFUGAL', OR 'EGOFLIGHT'

For the visitor this means experiencing with all the senses. To walk around St Irene the French artist Mathieu Briand provides us with video helmets whose screens show not just what we would be seeing with our eyes but, at the push of the button, what other people would be seeing in other parts of the building. In the same building Michael Lin's large wooden platform is a metaphorical canvas, with cushions to lounge about on.

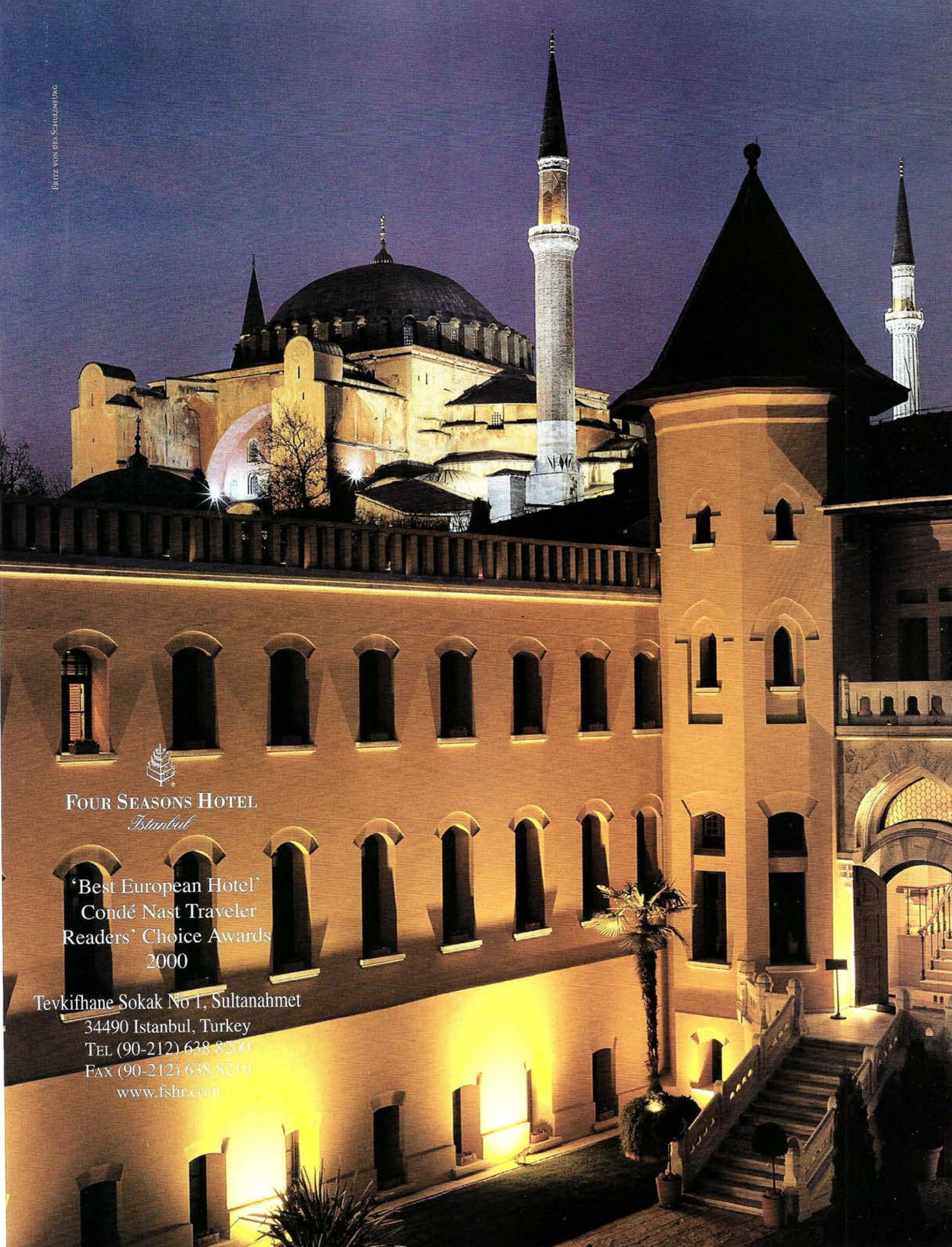
When we are not sitting we are peering round corners at Taiwanese aboriginal sculpture – a post-apocalyptic vision adorning the woody vines on the Mint's brickwork, going in and out of video installations whose disorientating effect is amplified when you emerge blinking into the light outside.

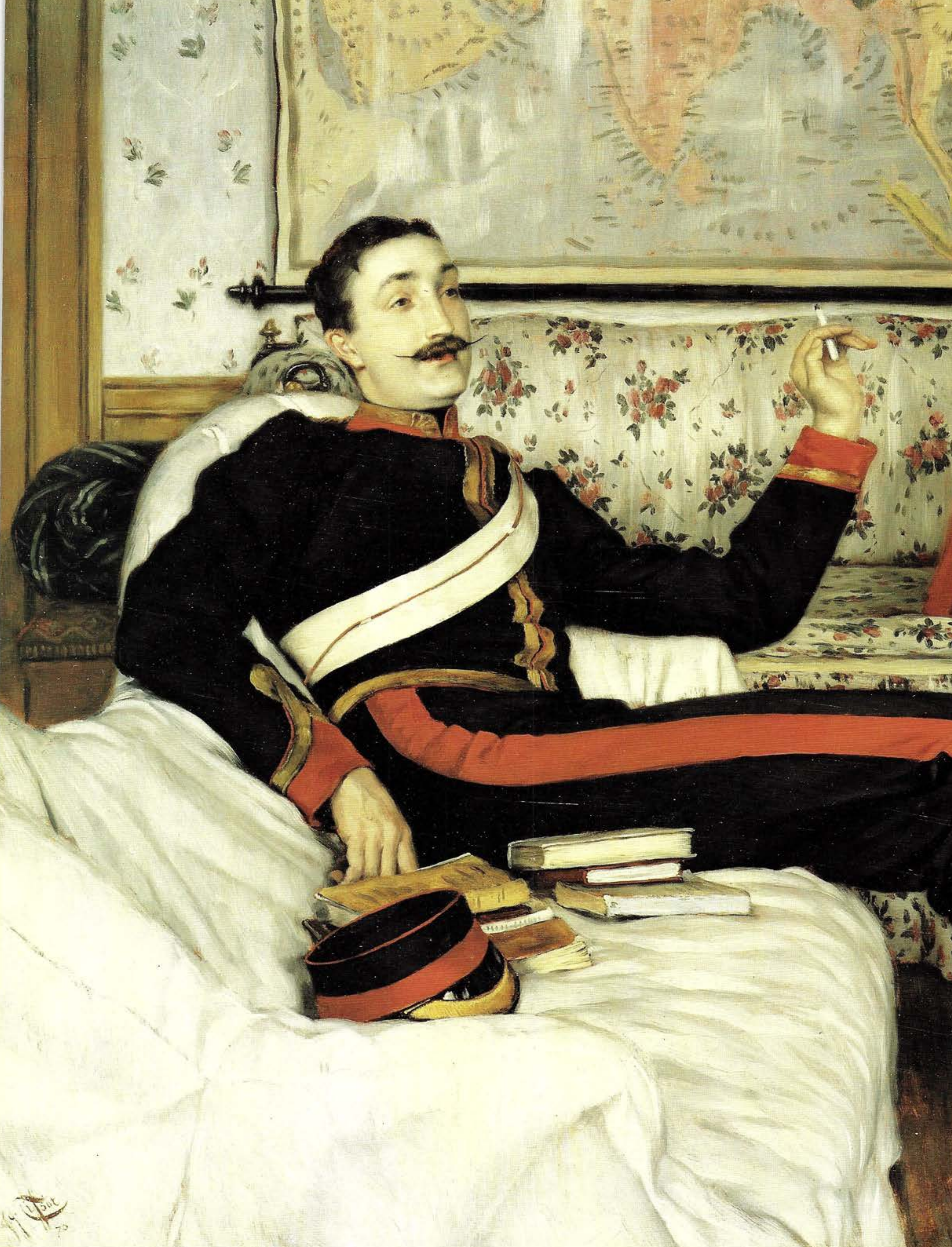
I was particularly taken with a 16mm projection by Rodney Graham displayed in a space the size of his mother's kitchen. The glitter and black swirls might have been taken from a Fifties' sci-fi film to represent the creation of the universe. In fact he's depicting a childhood memory of powdered cinnamon sprinkled onto the hob of an electric cooker and the spectacular results when it is turned on. There is, we are being reassured, a mercifully short distance between the domestic and the cosmic.

Proof of the Biennial's success is that it has become the focal point of a score of other events and exhibitions which are taking place at the same time. It has, in its brief lifetime, managed to make Istanbul sparkle like cinnamon on a hob. ◆

Details: www.istanbulbiennial.org

FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG


FOUR SEASONS HOTEL
Istanbul
'Best European Hotel'
Condé Nast Traveler
Readers' Choice Awards
2000
Tevkifhane Sokak No 1, Sultanahmet
34490 Istanbul, Turkey
TEL (90-212) 638 8200
FAX (90-212) 638 8210
www.fshr.com



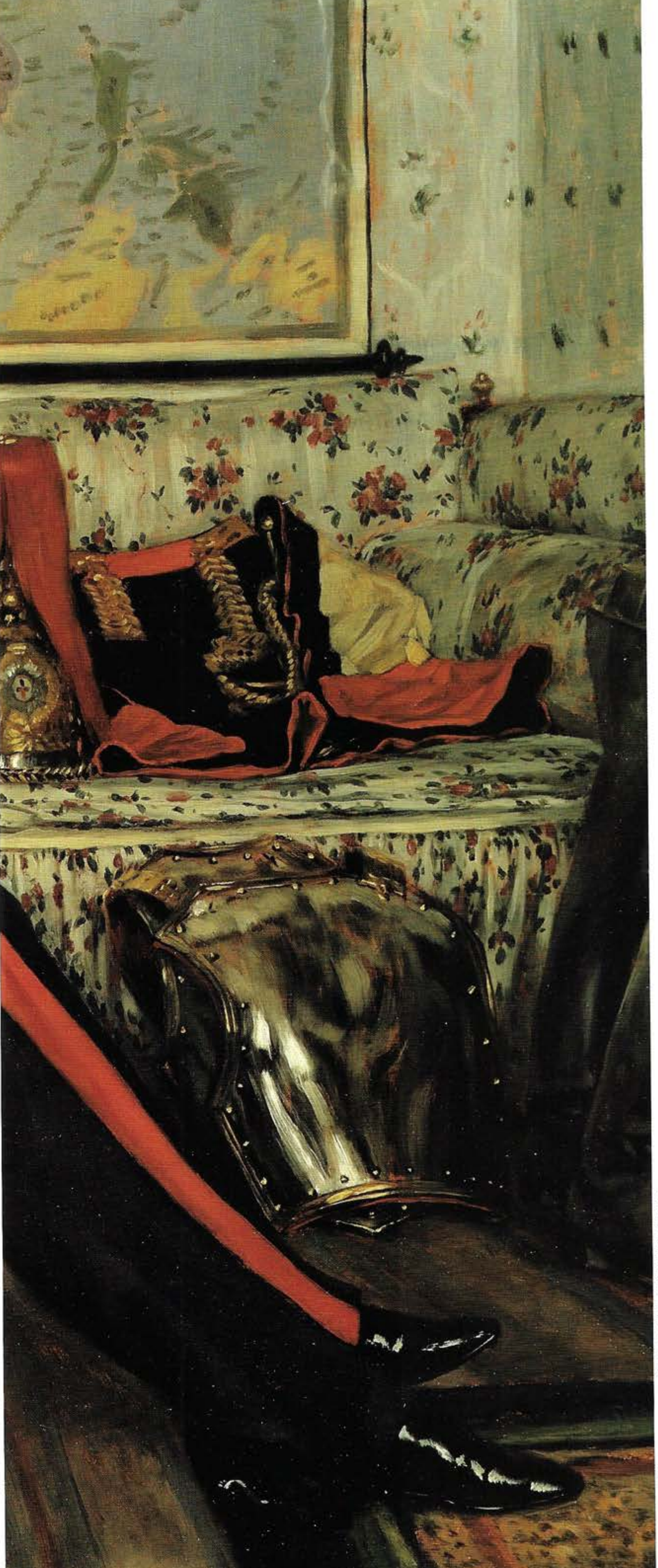
At six foot four and 20 stone, Frederick Gustavus Burnaby was said to be the strongest man in Britain. The exploits of this maverick cavalry officer, explorer and erstwhile politician were the stuff of Victorian schoolboy fantasy. His memoirs of his travels in Turkey were bestsellers in their day and have seldom been out of print since. The conversations he enjoyed en route still have a freshness today that no successor has surpassed. David Barchard pays tribute

BFG

BIGFRIENDLYGIANT

Around midday on March 23, 1882, fishermen in two boats somewhere in the middle of the English Channel between Dieppe and Beachy Head looked up and saw a most extraordinary sight above their heads. A huge red and yellow balloon was hanging becalmed in the air. In the basket underneath it was perhaps the tallest and strongest man in England, weighing fully 127 kilos (20 stone), wearing a bowler hat and holding a bottle of Apollinaris water in one hand and a ham sandwich in the other. Colonel Fred Burnaby was trying to make the second-ever balloon crossing of the Channel, but he was now obviously close to a fatal disaster.

The fishermen waved at him to come down



By courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London

Larger than life: Frederick Gustavus Burnaby (1842–85) as a young officer in the Blues in 1870, by James Jacques Tissot and be rescued. But Burnaby simply dropped a copy of *The Times* on their heads. After a quarter of an hour the fishermen gave up and moved away. Burnaby was alone again. Time was running out. He consulted his barometer and lit a cigar, even though he knew this was not recommended practice for balloonists. Then he tossed out two bags of ballast. The balloon shot to 7,000 feet. He threw out two more. Now it was at 10,000 feet.

At that altitude, the air was no longer still. The balloon slipped into an airstream and was swept towards France. A few minutes later, all danger of a watery grave now behind him, Burnaby landed easily, like a latter-day Icarus, to the astonishment of a Frenchman out ploughing with two oxen and a horse. A crowd of welcoming Normandy peasants scrambled to him across the fields as he climbed out of the basket.

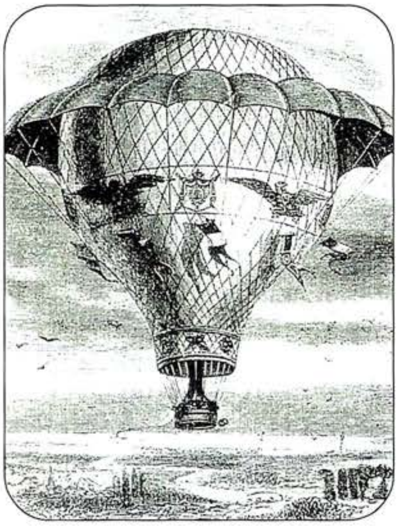
It may sound like the fiction of Jules Verne, but this trip was just one adventure in the relatively short life of one of the most extraordinary men of Victorian England, a sort of Achilles of the British Empire. Burnaby's aeronautical career ended at this point. He was a serving officer in the Household Cavalry, and the Duke of Cambridge, his commander-in-chief, ordered him not to fly again. It was one of Burnaby's last triumphs. Less than three years after his famous balloon flight, he died aged only forty-two, cut down by the spear of a dervish while fighting in a relief column in the Sudan.

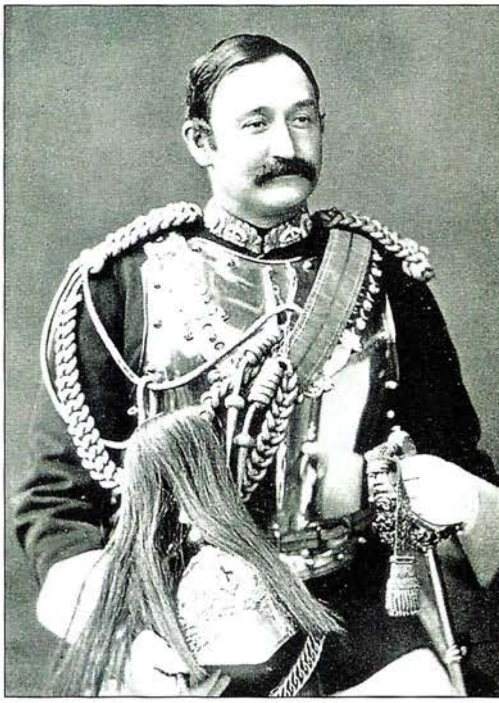
So an extraordinary career came to a premature end. Burnaby is remembered only for writing two classic travel books. But in his day he had been a national figure, instantly recognisable in cartoons. If things had gone differently, he might well have ended up as a political grandee of the Victorian era.

Born in Bedford in the English Midlands in 1842, Burnaby was the son of a "squarson" – Victorian slang for a Anglican clergyman who was also a local squire. The family's main interests were riding and hunting. His brother, Evelyn, had a conventional education, Eton and Oxford, followed by a conventional career, the Church. Fred Burnaby's path was rather different.

None of his biographers says that his schooldays were troubled, but something must have been wrong. By the time he was seventeen, Burnaby had been at four different schools, including Harrow. His short time at Harrow may have been connected with his first known article, entitled "The Toad under the Harrow", on schoolboy bullying. He tried to get it published in the humourous weekly *Punch*. He was an excellent sportsman and shone at boxing but detested Latin and Greek, which were the core of Victorian education. This may explain why, after leaving Oswestry, his fourth school, he was sent not to Oxford but to Dresden, to learn German.

Fearless exploits. Below: an early balloon trip, 1864. Right: in Blues uniform. Far right: off-duty (in bowler hat), Burnaby helps the Ottomans against the Russians at the Battle of Tashkessan





'Above all, he liked to cut a dash. Inside the army, they thought him a bohemian. There is a hint of languid aestheticism in his portraits. His manner bordered on the insubordinate and he could be pushy. And there were moments of extraordinary tactlessness'

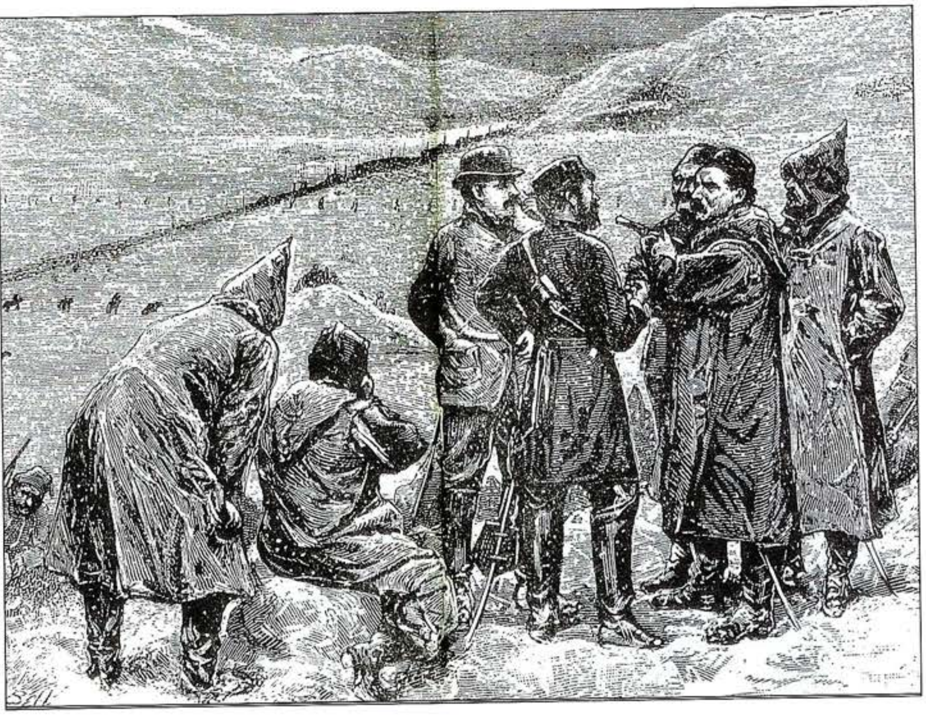
In adult life, he spoke good French, Spanish, Italian, German and Russian, as well as some Arabic. It is clear from *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* that he was also proficient in Turkish, a skill which surely sets him apart from many of today's Turkey specialists and travel writers.

In September 1859, Burnaby passed the examinations to become an army officer "with great credit" and joined the Royal Horse Guards, then and now known popularly as the Blues. His vast size and weight led many to think that he was not cut out for life as a cavalry officer. "He was more fitted by nature to be the inspired leader of Turkoman hordes than the colonel of a crack regiment of Household Cavalry," observed a close friend. Asked to express an opinion on his qualities as a cavalry soldier, one of the officers who were fighting alongside him on the day he died observed, "This is a delicate and rather difficult question... he was undoubtedly handicapped by his great weight; at the same time it was surprising how quickly he managed to get about on his big horses."

In mid-Victorian Britain, army officers earned less money than they needed to pay their bills in the officers' mess. But they were also only expected to be on duty six months out of every twelve. So Burnaby had time to indulge his inclination to pursue several careers. Above all, he liked to cut a dash.

Inside the army, they thought him a

bohemian. There is a hint of languid aestheticism in his portraits. His manner bordered on the insubordinate and he could be pushy. There were moments of extraordinary tactlessness, as for example when he joked with the Prince of Wales, a brother officer, that as a descendant of the medieval king Edward I, he, Burnaby, was probably the better entitled to the throne. The Prince was not amused.


'Burnaby spent his months outside the army each year mixing travel and journalism in wild countries on the edges of obscure wars. If he had lived a generation or two later, we could assume that Burnaby's travels were mainly concerned with espionage'

Burnaby spent his months outside the army each year mixing travel and journalism in wild countries on the edges of obscure wars. If he had lived a generation or two later, we could assume that Burnaby's travels were mainly concerned with espionage. But in the 1870s, professional military intelligence organisation in Britain was still another four and a half decades away. Burnaby doubtless spent part of his time gathering strategically useful information for the army and always tried to brief his superiors after his journeys, but it is not clear whether he made any difference to the thinking of the royal fossils heading the service.

In journalism and book-writing, however, he found his metier. In 1868 he became one of the founders of the English magazine *Vanity Fair*, writing reports for it from Spain, though journalism was another activity on which the Duke of Cambridge frowned and which he eventually forbade.

Even in the 1870s, an officer who dabbled in books and journalism had to overcome some prejudice in the reading world. An American author, probably the novelist Henry James, writing in *The Nation* in 1877, summed up Burnaby a little patronisingly as "the robust, conservative, aristocratic soldier, opaque in intellect, but indomitable in muscle, who has 'done' the world in general in a series of shooting excursions".

In London much of Burnaby's life was passed in gentlemen's clubs and the society of officers. Even when he married, in June 1879, it was to a woman whose later career was startlingly similar to his own. Elizabeth Bentinck Hawkins–Whitshed was an Irish lady of "piquant beauty". Unfortunately she was thought to be consumptive and spent most of the years of their marriage living apart from him in a Swiss sanatorium. After Burnaby's death, as Mrs Aubrey Le Blond (Le Blond was her third husband), she emerged as a prolific author in her own right, producing a torrent of light novels, travelling all over the world and making the Alps popular with the English. The Burnabys had a son, but he, alas, inherited the talents of neither parent, his only recorded achievement being membership of the Carlton Club.

That at least was an echo of his father. As he grew older, Burnaby's ambitions shifted increasingly to winning a seat in parliament. Party politics, journalism and a military career do not mix today. It was not so in Victorian England. No one seems to have thought it abnormal when Burnaby, a serving colonel, addressed Tory election meetings. In domestic politics, Burnaby was a Tory radical, a follower of Disraeli, who believed in dialogue with the newly enfranchised working-class man. The dialogue sometimes sounds a little forced to our ears. When a chimney sweep confessed to not being a gentleman, Burnaby told him that if he did his work with dedication, he most certainly was one.

As a Tory radical, Burnaby eschewed an easy victory in a rural seat and took on the Liberals in the English industrial heartland in Birmingham. He was inevitably defeated, but made a sufficiently strong showing to suggest that sooner or later he would have got into parliament. "With the help of the Conservative working man, I shall yet carry Birmingham," he declared.

Unlike Henry James, Tory working men seem to have been impressed by Burnaby's "indomitability". Birmingham meetings were full of hostile hecklers, but on a famous occasion Burnaby silenced the crowd by leaning over from the platform, picking up two troublemakers, carrying them in either hand to the back of the platform and dumping them onto chairs, remarking, "You sit there, little man."

The serious theme behind Burnaby's political career was the need for a tough foreign policy and the dangers to

England of following Gladstone, the Liberal leader, and preferring Russia and Greece over the Ottoman Empire.

His views on the international scene sound archaic today, full of distant imperialist assumptions and jingoistic pride. But they were based on first-hand evidence, acquired during his travels in the Russian and Turkish empires a few years earlier. In November 1876 he had gone to Turkey intending to find out if the Ottomans really were as black as they were painted by British liberals and, more to the point, whether the Ottoman Empire had much chance of holding out in Anatolia against a Russian invasion of the sort that had by then already happened in Bulgaria.

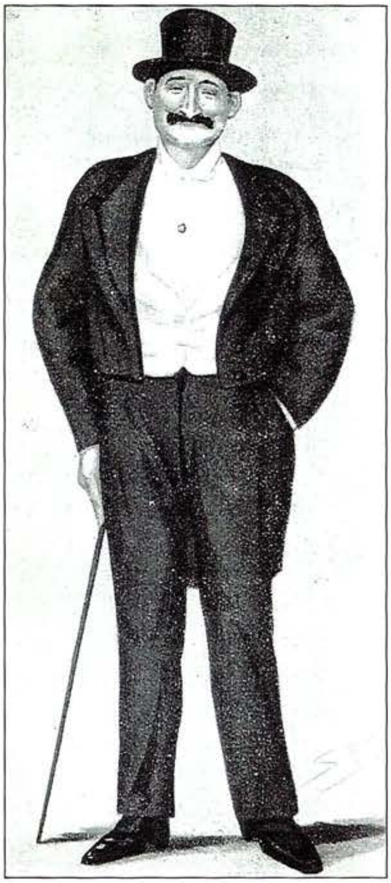
As a soldier, Burnaby saw Turkey as the likely theatre of an impending war. He regarded Russian expansionism into the Muslim world as a threat to Britain, and also as a great injustice to its peoples. In late 1875 and early 1876, he had ridden through Russia to Khiva, the khanate in what is today southern Uzbekistan. Khiva was then being absorbed by the Tsarist Russian empire. Burnaby saw that the Turkic and Islamic states in central Asia to the south of Russia were doomed and that the same might easily be true of the Ottoman Empire.

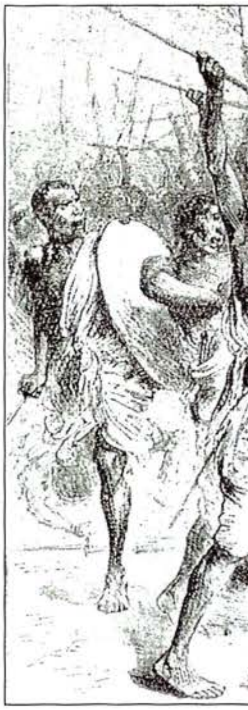
Many of his contemporaries did not worry about this. Gladstone and his allies were doing their best to mobilise English public opinion to encourage the collapse of the Ottoman Empire and to help Christian insurgents within it. Burnaby, an unremitting imperialist in Africa, saw another side to the story: the cost for the conquered and displaced populations in the Balkans and the Caucasus. When Gladstone, in the 1878 Birmingham election campaign, famously called for the Turks to be thrown out of Europe "bag and baggage", Burnaby denounced him. The dispute only ended when Gladstone sidestepped Burnaby's criticism, remonstrating that he had merely called for the expulsion of "officials and military Turks". Burnaby was forced to apologise, which he did with a grace that Gladstone acknowledged. Yet Burnaby was in effect right. Gladstone's policies did lead towards what today we would call "ethnic cleansing".

The reasons why Burnaby knew this can be seen in the two travel books he had published a few years earlier, which have proved to be his most enduring memorials, *A Ride to Khiva* (1876) and *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* (1877). Both books were published in the autumn, following journeys the previous winter. In the second he rode with his intrepid servant, Radford, across Anatolia in winter from Istanbul to Kars, Ardahan and Batumi.

Both journeys are, in effect, about Russian expansion into the Turkic world, which Gladstone and the Liberals were trying to accelerate. Burnaby and Radford rode through an Anatolia full of recent refugees from the Russian campaign in the Caucasus. Burnaby quizzed them about Russian atrocities and tells us he found them full of indignation at the one-sided response in the British press. "I cannot understand…why your newspapers always published the accounts of the Bulgarian women and children who were slaughtered, and never went into any particulars about the Turkish women who were massacred by the Bulgarians or about our soldiers who noses were cut off…" an imam told him in Ankara.

Burnaby knew that his English Victorian readers would approach his books with dire assumptions about Ottoman rule. His remarks on the anti-Turkish bias in the English press sound almost early twenty-first-century. They reflect his awareness that readers had been fed a stream of atrocity stories about the Turks in Bulgaria, about the doings of the Bashibozouks to local Bulgarian Christians. (The Bashibozouks were, as Burnaby was well aware, Circassian refugees who had been driven out of their own country by Russia, only to be relocated on another Ottoman–Russian frontier.) In Anatolia, readers would inevitably want to know about the conditions of Armenians. "Should I behold Christians impaled and wriggling like worms on hooks on every high road of Armenia?" he asks





'FRED' DRAWN BY 'SPY' IN 'VANITY FAIR', OF WHICH HE WAS A FOUNDER. HIS MANSERVANTS RADFORD (TOP) AND STOREY. RIGHT: FATALLY WOUNDED FIGHTING THE MAHDI'S FORCES AT ABU KLEA, 1885 with more than a touch of sarcasm.

His first discovery was that he had much greater freedom to travel in Turkey than in Russia. As to the Turks, they turned out to be articulate, thoughtful, clean and humane people, though with an incompetent system of government and dangerous gaps in their anti-Russian defences.

What makes *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* so highly readable, after more than 120 years, is its deceptively plain style. The model for the book was perhaps the travels of Arminius Vambery, the Hungarian who explored Central Asia and Afghanistan in the second half of the nineteenth century. But the adroitness of the dialogue with which each passing character speaks owes something to Dickens.

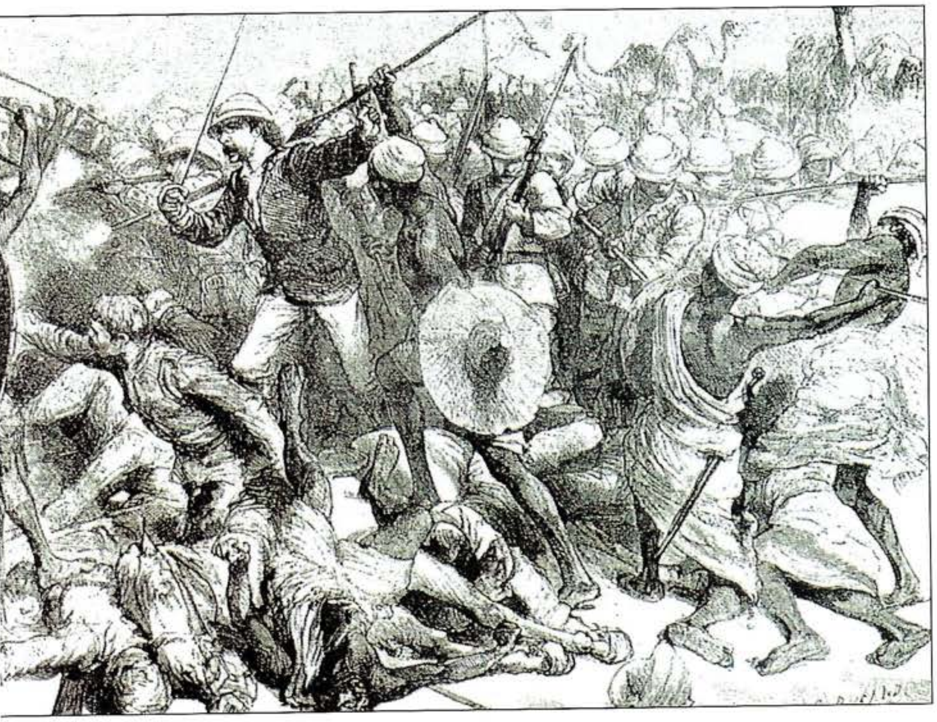
Radford, Burnaby's servant, becomes a humorous foil to explain the qualities of the Turks to England. At first Radford, the untravelled Englishman, bickers with his Turkish companion and complains that the Turks kiss each other too much and don't have the right sort of tobacco. But he learns that there are some things the Turks do better than the English, and when the time eventually comes to part with Osman, their Turkish groom, Radford is saddened. "H'Osman was not such a bad chap after all, sir. Them Turks have stomachs and like filling them, they do, but they have something in their hearts as well."

Burnaby concludes: "Give the Turks a good government, and Turkey would soon take her place amidst the civilised nations." This challenged both Gladstone and the new Conservative party leader, Lord Salisbury, who believed in the partition of the Ottoman Empire by its Christian nationalities.

The political message is not allowed to run away with the book. Burnaby was a very shrewd observer and a gifted writer. In *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* the voices of the ordinary people of Ottoman Anatolia can be heard, each speaking in person to Western readers, more or less for the first time in English literature. This marks an important step forward for English attitudes towards Turkey and the Turks. Other travellers followed Burnaby; none had his gift for bringing to life the people encountered along the way.

The Sudanese spear which felled him was sixteen inches long and four wide. Because of it Burnaby had no ministerial career and left no legacy. He also received precious little official recognition. Disraeli's attitudes were no longer in vogue among senior Conservatives, and it was a Liberal government, headed by Gladstone, which broke the news of Abu Klea, the skirmish in which Burnaby died, to the House of Commons. The Prime Minister declined, despite shouts from the benches, to honour Burnaby by identifying him by name. Perhaps the contrast Burnaby had drawn between Gladstone's lofty moral sentiments and the fact that his family fortune came from the slave trade still rankled.

But to the general public Burnaby remained a legend for many years. He may well have been a role model for another writer-soldier-politician who had done badly at Harrow: the young Winston Churchill. Burnaby's books have never been forgotten and are reprinted every decade or two. Through them we can still hear the voices of ordinary people in Turkestan and Anatolia in the century before last. ◆



'THE SUDANESE SPEAR WHICH FELLED HIM WAS SIXTEEN INCHES LONG AND FOUR WIDE.... THE PRIME MINISTER DECLINED, DESPITE SHOUTS FROM THE BENCHES, TO IDENTIFY BURNABY BY NAME. PERHAPS THE CONTRAST BURNABY HAD DRAWN BETWEEN GLADSTONE'S LOFTY SENTIMENTS AND THE FACT THAT HIS FAMILY FORTUNE CAME FROM THE SLAVE TRADE STILL RANKLED'

READ ON...

Hundreds of travellers have written their accounts of the regions Burnaby travelled in but his works are unique in never having gone out of print for more than a few years. Neither *A Ride to Khiva* nor *On Horseback Through Asia Minor* is currently in print, but recent editions are easily found second-hand (try www.bookfinder.com). Nor has Burnaby lacked biographers. *The Life and Times of Colonel Fred Burnaby* (1885) by James Redding Ware and RK Mann was rushed out after his death. A longer, more considered biography was published in 1908 as *The Life of Colonel Fred Burnaby*, by Thomas Wright of Olney. In 1957 Rupert Hart-Davis published Michael Alexander's informative and highly entertaining *The True Blue: The Life and Adventures of Col Fred Burnaby, 1842-85*.

WELCOME

to enjoy
the privileges of
Business Class.

In Turkish Airlines Business Class, we understand the hardships of business traveling. Offering you all the comfort of a luxury home combined with the facilities of a fully equipped office, our entire crew invites you to sit back, relax, and enjoy your time with us as we are determined to please.

TURKISH AIRLINES
WELCOME TO OUR HOME
www.thy.com

PARS/McCANN-ERICKSON

"We are all richer for HALI's existence. It is many things to many people, but it is one thing to everyone: indispensable." A HALI SUBSCRIBER

Broad-ranging, stylish and impeccably produced, HALI is a magazine that stands alone. In every issue of HALI, beautifully illustrated feature articles offer you a private view of some of the most fascinating artistic treasures of the past taken from museums, galleries and private collections around the world. Regular sections include Review, with coverage of international exhibitions, fairs, conferences and an in-depth analysis of carpets and textiles sold at auction; Design File – a look at the best of contemporary carpet production; Workshop – hands-on features discussing the material aspects of carpet and textile art, including dyes and woven structure; Islamic Art – features, exhibition and auction reviews; Calendar – textile art and related events on the international scene in the months to come; plus news, debate, readers' letters, special reports

There is simply so much in every issue of HALI...

Subscribe now and save over 30% on the cover price. New subscribers will receive a HALI connoisseurs' magnifying glass and a free copy of *Istanbul: The HALI Rug Guide* worth £11.99/US$19.50 – quote reference CORNUCOPIA.

You can now also subscribe on-line at www.hali.com

Rates	**1 year (6 issues)**	**2 years (12 issues)**	**3 years (18 issues)**
UNITED KINGDOM	£76	£137	£196
EUROPE	£85	£148	£217
USA & CANADA	£95 US$152	£171 US$274	£245 US$392
REST OF WORLD	£101 US$202	£190 US$380	£279 US$558

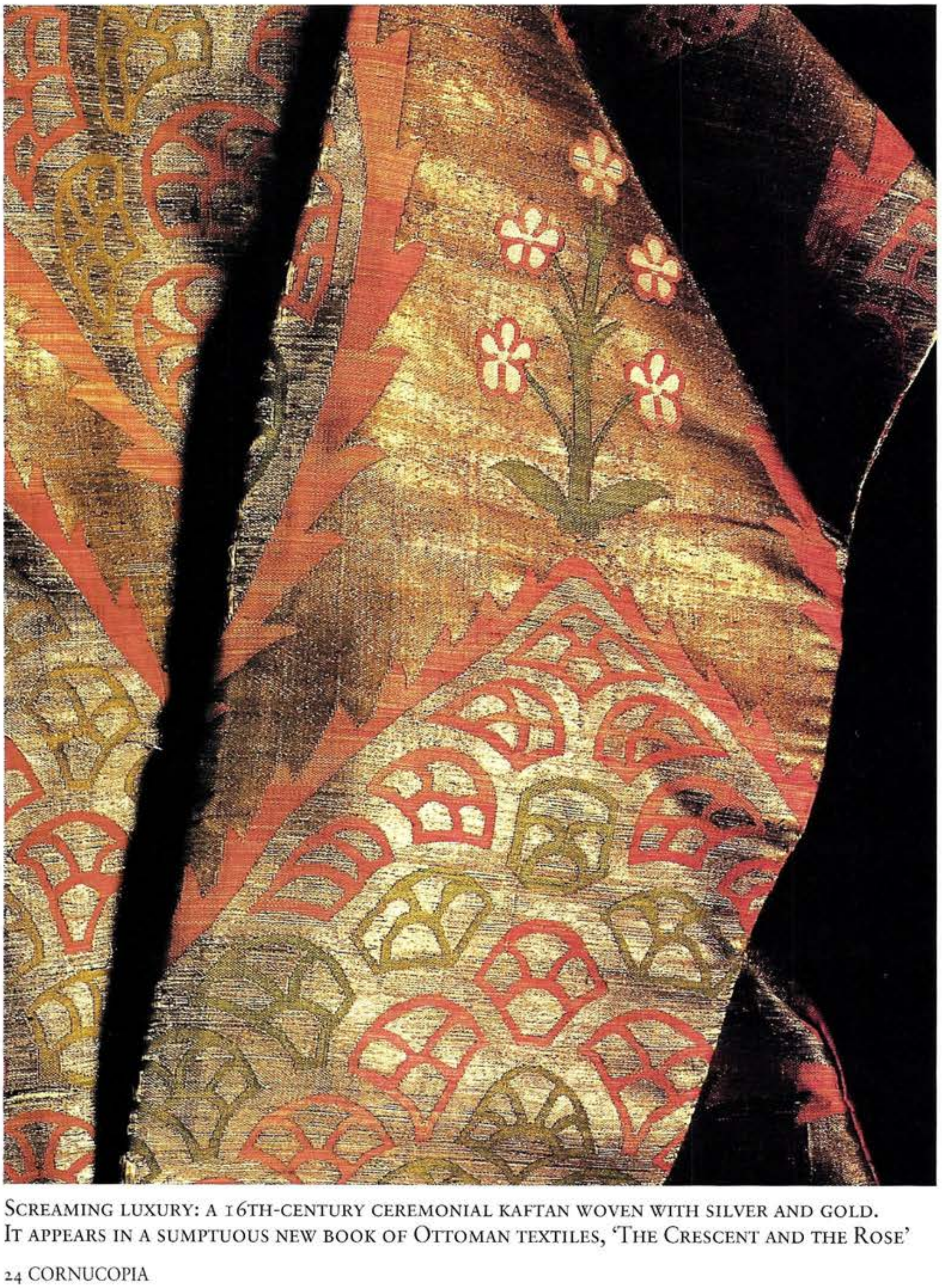
All prices are subject to change without prior notice.

HALI Subscriptions Department, Tower House, Lathkill Street
Market Harborough LE16 9EF, United Kingdom T: +44 (0)1858 438 818
F: +44 (0)1858 468 969 E: hali@subscription.co.uk W: www.hali.com

HALI
CARPET, TEXTILE AND ISLAMIC ART

SHEER BEAUTIES: A FEAST OF SILKS AND VELVETS…
LARGE AS LIFE: THREE OTTOMAN HISTORIES…
TWO VIEWS OF THE BLACK SEA.
REVIEWS BY ALISTAIR MCALPINE, JASON GOODWIN
AND DAVID BARCHARD

BOOKS



PHOTOGRAPH: HADIYE GÖKÇE

SCREAMING LUXURY: A 16TH-CENTURY CEREMONIAL KAFTAN WOVEN WITH SILVER AND GOLD. IT APPEARS IN A SUMPTUOUS NEW BOOK OF OTTOMAN TEXTILES, 'THE CRESCENT AND THE ROSE'

Feel the quality

BY ALISTAIR MCALPINE

İpek: The Crescent and the Rose. Imperial Ottoman Silks and Velvets
By Nurhan Atasoy, Walter B Denny, Louise W Mackie and Hülya Tezcan
Azimuth Editions, £95

Of all the world's textiles, those of the Ottoman Empire are by far the most beautiful. Beautiful in the sense of obvious and understandable Beauty. These Ottoman textiles scream luxury; the depth of their colours, the complexity of their designs excite the eye and set both mind and heart racing.

In the book *İpek: The Crescent and the Rose* are page after page of imperial Ottoman silks and velvets, many of them illustrated in full colour.

The first thing to say of this work, compiled by Julian Raby, is that it is brilliant. It is the first of its kind in a field that boasts many beautiful books – an indispensable reference work for scholars in this field and a feast that will sate the hunger of a glutton for colour. It is the sheer splendour of the work that makes the impact: page after page of beauty, designs that have influenced textile designers the world over.

The beauty of this book, however, should not detract

Wherever
you are

Ölüdeniz, Fethiye, Antalya

We offer you
24 hour cash service

Ölüdeniz, with its deep blue water
shaded by green forests,
the gothic Lycian tombs in Saklı Kent,
the breathtaking Xanthos Valley
and the birthplace
of 'Santa Claus' in Patara,
all await you in ancient Lycia.
And, with over
1,500 ATM's throughout Turkey,
wherever you choose to be,
we will be there too.

TELE24

VISA MasterCard Maestro VISA Electron Cirrus PLUS EC

YAPI KREDİ

from its scholarship. The textiles are drawn not only from the rightly famous Topkapı Palace Museum, but also from London's Victoria and Albert Museum, Boston's Fine Art Museum, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the State Historical Museum, Moscow, and many other museums as well as private collections.

There is also a technical analysis of selected textiles, a glossary of selected terms, ten large pages of notes, a considerable bibliography and an efficient index. This book is not just a pretty thing: it is also a vital tool of the textile dealer's trade and a boon to scholars of Islamic culture.

Here we have, illustrated and described, the source material that inspired so many art movements in the Western world in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Not only are the textiles themselves illustrated, but there is a description of how they were made, and why. Of particular interest are the descriptions of the wearing of these textiles. For example: on the death of his father, Sultan Selim, in 1574, "Murad appeared wearing a black long-sleeved robe [*Nimtene*] with frogging under a purple *atlas* outer robe [*Dolama*] and his head was bound by a woollen shawl". Later, after changing into a robe of purple velvet *(Butrakî kadife)*... The description is reminiscent of a television commentary on a state funeral or wedding in the twenty-first-century Western world.

Priceless fabrics were laid in the path of princes. One particularly beautiful description is of the heir apparent arriving [in 1582] at the palace of Ibrahim Paşa, where *serâser* fabrics woven with silver and gold were spread on the ground under the hooves of his horse. "As the horses' feet left the marks of their hooves and nails on these priceless fabrics, hundreds of stars and crescents appeared on the faces of the beautiful Dibâs [bocaded silk fabric], as if the Heavens had honoured these satins."

Useful, beautiful, a pure pleasure – this book not only delights but chronicles a high point of Islamic art at a time when the standards demanded by the known world were at their very highest.

Socially and economically important, these imperial Ottoman textiles played a starring role in their age.

'The Crescent and the Rose' is published by Azimuth Editions on behalf of TEB İletişim ve Yayıncılık AŞ and distributed by Thames & Hudson.
Special offer, page 34

Ottoman impressions

BY JASON GOODWIN

Turkish Letters:
Ogier de Busbecq
Sickle Moon Books, £9.99

Domenico's Istanbul
translated and edited with a
commentary by MJL Austin
Aris & Phillips, £26

The Lost Messiah:
In Search of Sabbatai Sevi
by John Freely
Viking, £20

"Fresh, appreciative and funny," it says on the cover of Ogier de Busbecq's *Turkish Letters*, republished for the first time since 1968 in Edward Seymour Forster's 1927 translation, with a splendid new introduction by Philip Mansel. The lapidary encomium, I see, is mine. It is hard not to warm to Busbecq of the *Letters*. In the first of the four, written in 1555, he extols the glories of Süleyman's Istanbul, "created by nature for the capital of the world". Two letters later, now in disgrace and under house arrest, he rails against the city, cities in general, and admits to being a country boy at heart. Busbecq's Durrell-like description of the menagerie of curious animals and birds he assembles in his house includes an infatuated crane who lovingly lays a single egg under a bed and a brace of partridges who cannot resist the sight of his purple satin slippers.

THE MENAGERIE OF CURIOUS ANIMALS AND BIRDS HE ASSEMBLES IN HIS HOUSE INCLUDES AN INFATUATED CRANE WHO LOVINGLY LAYS A SINGLE EGG UNDER A BED AND A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES WHO CANNOT RESIST THE SIGHT OF HIS PURPLE SATIN SLIPPERS

If Busbecq was not the first or last Westerner to draw favourable contrasts between the Ottoman Empire and conditions in his own country, he does so with great wit and shrewdness.

Like Mary Wortley Montagu in the eighteenth century, and Robert Byron in the twentieth, Busbecq treated his apparently casual form – four letters to a friend at home – "a coarsely spun yarn perhaps, just as I should tell it if we were talking together" – with extreme literary care. He personally supervised their publication in Paris in 1588, and they ran to twenty editions in seven languages by 1700. Contemporaries, who still knew remarkably little about the Ottomans, were delighted with full-blown descriptions of the way the empire operated, discussion of Ottoman tastes and prejudices, details of court intrigue and diplomatic one-upmanship.

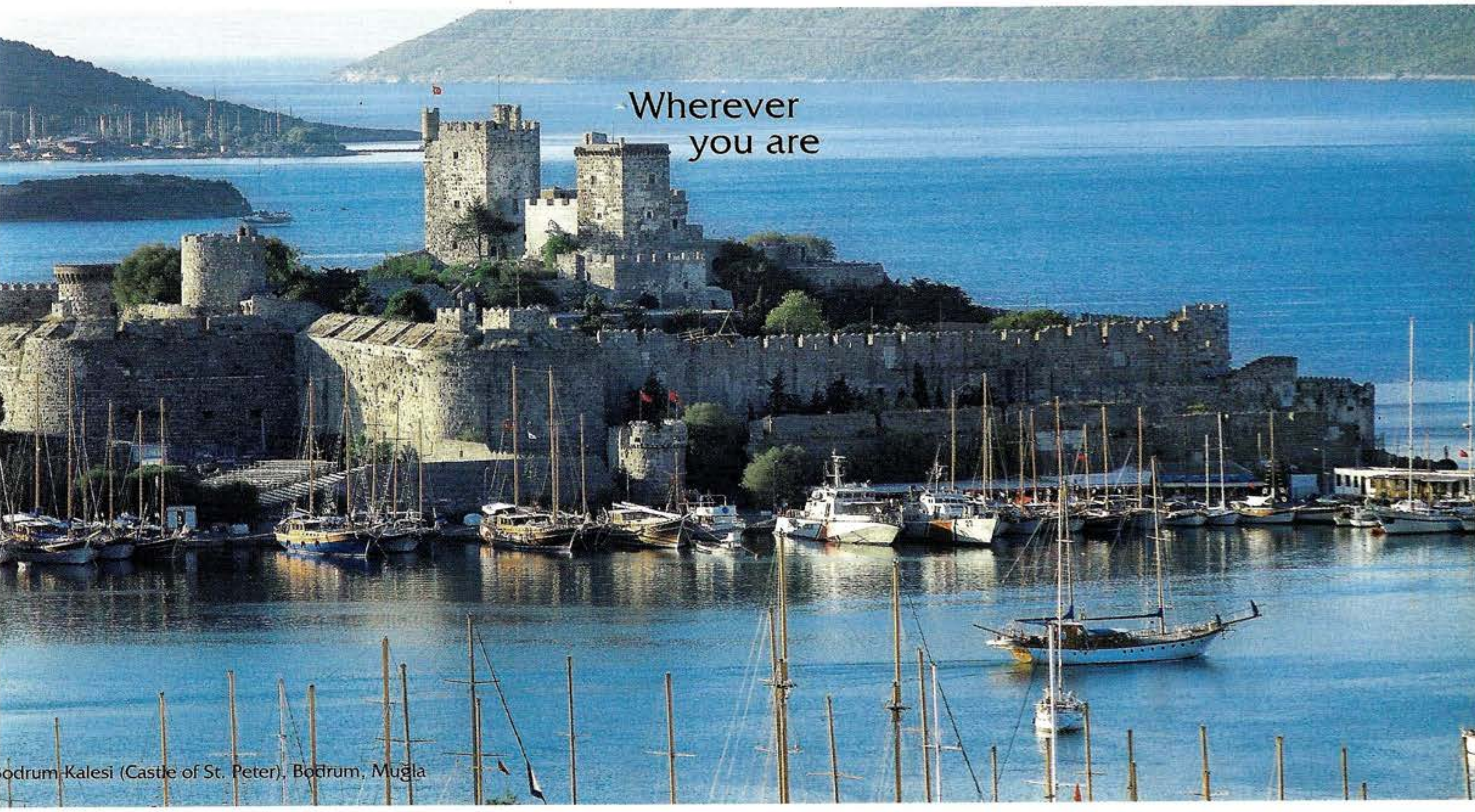
He travelled with a first-class retinue of scientists and artists: Melchior Lorck did the first panoramic view of Istanbul, while Busbecq himself is credited with introducing Vienna to the tulip and hauling out a "wagon-load" of old manuscripts and inscriptions which have proved valuable to historians and philologists. The letters remain a principal source for understanding court politics of the time, and probe strengths and weaknesses in the Ottoman system.

Mansel's introduction defines this amiable ambassador's motives and sets his embassy firmly in the context of Süleyman's empire at its greatest height. Even readers familiar with the letters will want this new edition on their shelves, or in their pocket.

Modern readers are apt to sigh when they turn from Busbecq to artless contemporary accounts, but Domenico's rather stilted descriptions take up only about a quarter of *Domenico's Istanbul*, and the rest is a hugely enjoyable commentary by the late Michael Austin – the sort of inspired monologue a great expert might give his fellows towards the end of a pleasant outing on the Bosphorus.

Among many other things, he uses Domenico to demonstrate how little we may ever actually know about life in the imperial harem. "Besides those who, according to their tastes, identified themselves breathlessly with the lustful Sultan or his ravished slaves, there were men of learning to whom it was vexing that there should exist an area of activity, related to the ruler of a powerful empire, to which they were denied the slightest access."

Domenico Hierosolimitano himself led two lives, the earlier as a Jewish physician to Murat III, the later as a Catholic scholar in papal


Wherever
you are
odrum Kalesi (Castle of St. Peter), Bodrum, Mugla

We offer you 24 hour cash service

The Mausoleum,
one of the world's
'Seven Wonders',
the mummy
of the Carian Princess Ada I
and the world's first underwater
archaeology museum,
all await you in Bodrum.
And, with over
1,500 ATM's throughout Turkey,
wherever you choose to be,
we will be there too.

TELE24

VISA MasterCard Maestro VISA Electron Cirrus PLUS

YAPI KREDİ

Rome. John Freely's *Lost Messiah* made his own astonishing journey in the opposite direction. Sabbatai Sevi was the Izmir rabbi who in the 1650s followed his inner promptings and allowed himself to be acclaimed as God's Anointed, sparking heated controversy throughout the diaspora. This learned man, in a community of the learned, was an inspired transgressor of ritual law. He brought women into his rites, turned the ritualised mourning ceremonies into jolly feasts to celebrate his birthday, broke taboos on food and observances, and sang popular songs like *Mélisande* in a mood of ecstasy. He also had sombre times when God hid his face from him.

Sevi travelled between Izmir, Salonica and Jerusalem, winning converts and scandalising the orthodox, while his prophet, Nathan, reached the Venice ghetto, where he soberly interpreted the avowedly bizarre behaviour and pronouncements of his chief.

Freely is good on the events that led to Sevi's arrest by the Ottoman authorities. By 1666 he was living as a prisoner in Edirne, waited on hand and foot by eager followers, who expected some dazzling miracle to reunite the Lost Tribes and transform the Sultan, with whom he had a God-appointed rendezvous, to become his faithful servant. All around the world, as far as America, many Jews and even some Israelite Christians were preparing to sell up and follow him.

But at the fatal moment, Sabbatai knuckled under and converted to Islam. From a painful interview with Mehmed IV's *divan*, he emerged as a royal gatekeeper. Sevi seems to have flunked the messianic test, as many of his former followers angrily realised, and the revolutionary movement was extinguished at that point.

'Turning Turk' involved a message too esoteric for most ordinary people. In spite of it, some Jews insisted on seeing Sabbatai's apostasy as part of a grander plan. They supposed that he had chosen to enter the world of shards, the vessels that shattered when the divine light filled them, to make them whole through the defeat of evil. Observed with interest by European traders and diplomats recently arrived in the Ottoman Empire, Sabbatai and Nathan continued to insist on the reality of the Coming, through to Sabbatai's exile to Albania where, it was thought, he would find no Jews at all. Their legacy was an esoteric sect – which splintered into sub-sects and has, it is believed, all but disappeared – of devotional Muslims who nonetheless quietly follow Sabbatai's ritual instructions and await his promised return.

'Domenico's Istanbul' is published by Aris & Phillips on behalf of the EJW Gibb Memorial Trust

---

Dark view of the Black Sea

BY DAVID BARCHARD

Black Sea: The Birthplace of Civilisation and Barbarism
By Neal Ascherson
Vintage paperback, £7.99

Turkish Region: State, Market and Social Identity on the Eastern Black Sea Coast
By Ildiko Beller-Hann and Chris Hann
James Currey, Oxford, £40

About one thousand miles long, Turkey's Black Sea region stretches from the corner of the Caucasus to the hinterland of Istanbul. In it lives about twelve per cent of the country's population: thrifty, hard-working and nowadays relatively prosperous people. Most of them are concentrated into ancient towns that began as seaports in classical times and straddle the feet of low but steep hills.

ASCHERSON'S REAL-TIME JOURNEYS AROUND THE BLACK SEA ARE A MINOR INGREDIENT IN AN EVER-BUBBLING BROTH OF STORIES, IDEAS, LEGEND – AND COMMENT

Today the eastern part of the coast road is more or less built up for hundreds of kilometres, westward from Rize and Trabzon as far as Giresun and Samsun, a ribbon of concrete that makes it much less pleasant to behold than it was in former times. But go a few miles inland and, because of the hills, communications are usually very poor; economic and social changes have arrived slowly.

The western half of the Black Sea, by contrast, has a still largely undeveloped coastline, at least from Sinop to Amasra. The wooded hills plunge down towards the sea with a hauntingly unspoilt beauty. If the Black Sea did not have such a short – and frankly very cool – summer season compared with the Turkish Mediterranean, it might have been a major tourist destination. As it is, visitors to the Black Sea have characteristically always been businessmen and traders. Even the region's principal myth is about an economic wonder: the golden fleece.

After university, I lived for a year in a town with a fairly large and sophisticated middle class on the western Black Sea and I have revisited the region at fairly regular intervals ever since. These two books, both by professionally and intellectually distinguished British authors, made me feel distinctly uneasy about the gap between my perceptions of the region and theirs.

Neal Ascherson follows a technique favoured by many travel writers before him. He writes largely from a bookshelf stocked with classical and modern literature, history, art, archaeology, biography, even a dash of science. His real-time journeys around the Black Sea are a minor ingredient in an ever-bubbling broth of stories, ideas, legend – and comment. Anyone seeking an in-depth analysis of how the Black Sea countries are faring since the collapse of Communism should look elsewhere.

And although well over a third of the total Black Sea litoral must be Turkish, this section gets a less than proportionate share of attention. In Turkey, Ascherson is mainly interested in the Black Sea Greeks and the Laz. It is embarrassingly evident that he sees Turkey's northern coast mainly as a formerly Greek area. Apart from Yaşar Kemal, who has nothing to do with the Black Sea, Turkish literature goes unmentioned, even the great folk poem of Dede Korkut, which, Ascherson would surely be pleased to learn, contains elements that can be traced back to *The Odyssey*.

He does not learn much from its inhabitants. A bearded man on a bus tells him, "I am a Turk". Ascherson goes on a thirteen-hour overnight bus ride from Ankara to Trabzon and a crippled child dies at the back during the journey. Travelling at night means, of course, that he misses the land- and seascapes. There is only "an oppressive darkness at the side of the highway".

Then, east of Trabzon, Ascherson run into groups speaking the languages of the Caucasus. He has already commented on how modern Turkey emerged out of the Ottoman Empire: "It imploded like a dead star,

Antalya?

metamorphosing itself into a compact homogeneous modern state of Moslem religion and Turkish speech."

Homogeneity is something Ascherson believes should be replaced by multiplicity, and he is enthusiastic about the efforts of a German linguist, Wolfgang Feuerstein, to fan into life a new culture, perhaps even a political movement, among the Laz, speakers of a non-Indo-European language close to Georgian.

The only problem is that the Laz themselves evidently do not want it. Overwhelmingly, they prefer to be Turks within Turkey. For Ascherson – and to lesser extent the Hanns – this is a puzzling paradox. The Hanns view Turkey from within the Western liberal paradigm: the state is doubtful, perhaps even bad. Writing about the Rize district, they use the name "Lazistan" throughout, reviving the name of a long-vanished, much larger Ottoman province that was mostly in present-day Georgia. "Lazistan" is not a term that most of the people of the region use or accept.

By focusing on traditionalist aspects of life in village and small-town communities, the Hanns give a meticulous, though somewhat static, picture of life in their region. The irony is that readers who know Turkey well will feel that what they are reading is an account not so much of "Lazistan" as of almost any mainstream part of Turkish provincial society. They admit that the area is relatively affluent, but the Hanns are more than a little ambivalent about social and economic change. Commercial TV is seen just as a market force for social integration at the national level. The fact that the communities they are studying have travelled from wretched subsistence agriculture to a more or less modern life in about half a century passes virtually unnoticed.

Islamists' comments that social Westernisation is merely a Christian attack on Islam are reported at some length, while secularists tend to be referred to somewhat condescendingly: the Turkish word *aydın* is translated as "enlightened" rather than "intellectual".

"Virtually all the residents of Lazistan consider themselves to be Turks and evaluate this positively," write the Hanns. "Pride in being Turkish is particularly strong among high school boys… Turkishness is taken for granted." On some key issues, the Hanns display a stunning lack of empathy with their subject. For example, they write: "Hardly anyone we encountered in Lazistan expressed any sympathy for the cause of the Kurdish 'terrorists'." They hint that they regard the loss of local languages as "ethnocide".

Ever since the late nineteenth century, some liberal Western commentators have regarded Turkey as a country that should be "unbundled". But in northeastern Turkey, such sentiments get no hearing from the local population. The Hanns concede that the people they are studying are virtually indistinguishable in their ways from those of the rest of Turkey. From the perspective of northeast Turkey, next-door Georgia looks dangerous, politically unstable and altogether less agreeable.

One is left with the feeling that if the Hanns had concentrated their sights more on the dynamics of social change and less on ethnicity, they would have produced a much more interesting book. ◆

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE CORNUCOPIA BOOK LIST

For other books and CDs available to Cornucopia subscribers, and details of how to order, see CORNUCOPIA OFFERS on page 34
The complete list, related articles and order forms can be found at www.cornucopia.net

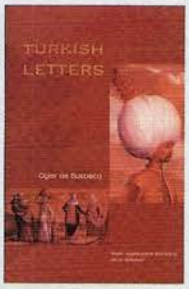
Dinner of Herbs, by Carla Grissmann. Published by Arcadia Books (rrp £10.99).

DINNER OF HERBS
Carla Grissmann
ARCADIA

CORNUCOPIA price **£8.99** (US$13.75) inc p&p worldwide

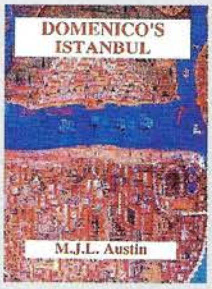
Featured on page 84

Turkish Letters: Ogier de Busbecq translated by Edward Foster with an introduction by Philip Mansel. Published by Sickle Moon Books (rrp £9.99). CORNUCOPIA price **£8.99** (US$13.75) inc p&p worldwide



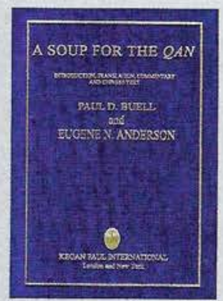
Reviewed on page 26

Domenico's Istanbul, translated and with a commentary by MJL Austin. Published by Aris & Phillips (rrp £26). CORNUCOPIA price **£23** (US$35) inc p&p worldwide



Reviewed on page 26

A Soup for the Qan: Chinese Dietary Medicine of the Mongol Era as Seen in Hu Szu-hui's Yin-shan Cheng-Yao ed. Paul E Buel and Eugene N Anderson. Published by Kegan Paul (rrp £150). CORNUCOPIA price **£135** (US$205) inc p&p
Reviewed in issue 22

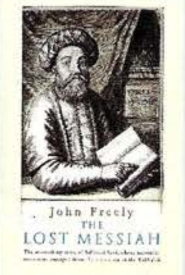


Kaitag: Textile Art from Daghestan, by Robert Chenciner. Published by Textile & Art Publications (rrp £75). CORNUCOPIA price **£69.99** (US$105) inc p&p worldwide

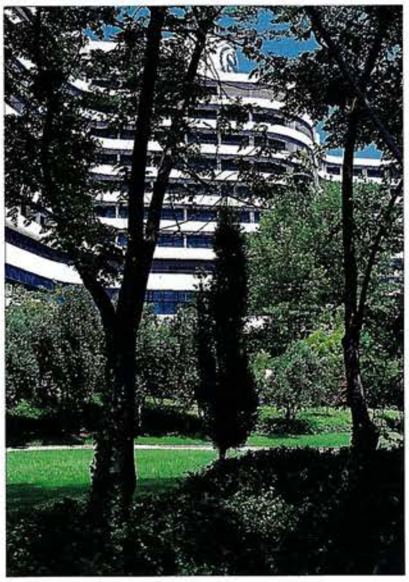
KAITAG TEXTILE ART FROM DAGHESTAN

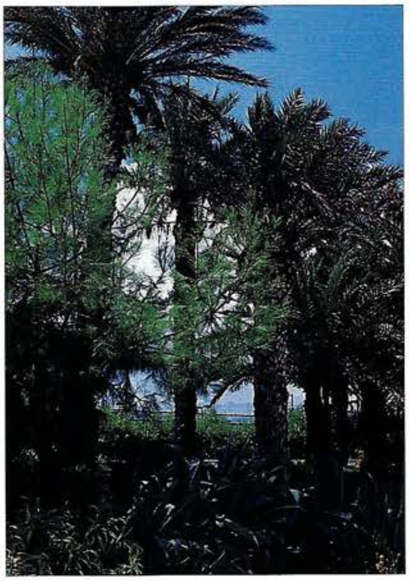
Featured on page 76

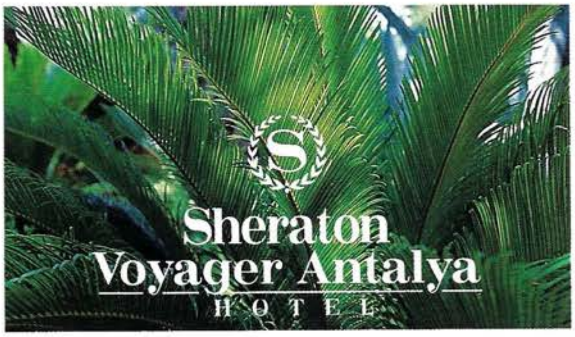
The Lost Messiah: In Search of Sabbatai Sevi, by John Freely. Published by Viking (rrp £20). CORNUCOPIA price **£18** (US$27.50) inc p&p worldwide



Reviewed on page 26







The Mediterranean's finest hotel, with views over the Bay of Antalya to the mountains, and hotel design at its very best. Attractively furnished rooms, large pool with waterfall, lush subtropical garden, excellent conference facilities, restaurants and bars, and a five-minute walk to a spectacular beach. Golf reservations to Antalya's top golf courses are available directly via the Hotel.

SHERATON VOYAGER ANTALYA HOTEL, 100. YIL BULVARI, 07050 ANTALYA, TURKEY
TEL: +90 242 238 5555 FAX: +90 242 238 5570-71
E-MAIL: reservations.voyager@starwoodhotels.com INTERNET: www.sheraton.com

Discover the unique signs of history... TURKEY!

Archeological Museum - Antakya

SEA SONG
TOURS

Our travel offices

ISTANBUL Meclisi Mebusan Caddesi, No.149, Kat:5 Fındıklı 80040 Beyoğlu / İstanbul, Turkey Phone: +90 (212) 292 85 55 (6 lines) Fax: +90 (212) 292 85 61
E-mail: seasong@seasong.com Web: http://www.seasong.com

UNITED STATES 180 West Dayton Street, Suite 202-C Edmonds, WA. 98020 Phone: 1(800) 480-9171 Fax: 1(425) 774-6594
E-mail: turkey@seasong1.com Web: http://www.seasong1.com

Quality Escorted & Independent Tours

ROOM WITH A VIEW

swissôtel ISTANBUL
THE BOSPHORUS
A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World

TÜV CERT ISO 9001

Bayıldım Caddesi No: 2 Maçka, Beşiktaş 80680 Istanbul - TURKEY
Telephone: (90-212) 326 11 00 Telefax: (90-212) 326 11 22
www.swissotel.com emailus.istanbul@swissotel.com

The American Academy Of Hospitality Sciences Star Diamond Award 2000

A Passion for Perfection

CORNUCOPIA/ PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON UPTON

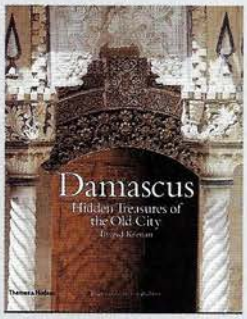
CORNUCOPIA OFFERS

Cornucopia is pleased to announce a new book and CD service for subscribers, who benefit from discounts on the cover price as well as free postage worldwide.

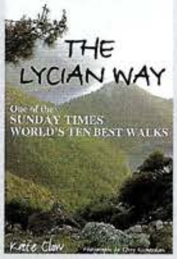
Crescent and Rose: Ottoman Silks and Velvets, by Nurhan Atasoy, Walter Denny, Louise W Mackie and Hülya Tezcan. Published by Azimuth Editions and TEB Yayıncılık ve İletişim AŞ (Thames & Hudson, rrp £95). Cornucopia price: **£89** (US$136) inc p&p

CRESCENT & ROSE

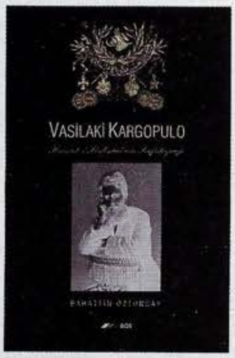
Damascus: Hidden Treasures of the Old City, by Brigid Keenan, with photographs by Tim Beddow. Published by Thames & Hudson (rrp £40). Special Cornucopia price: **£36.50** (US$56) inc p&p.


Damascus
Hidden Treasures of the Old City

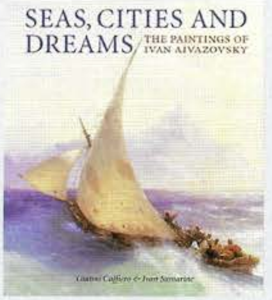
The Lycian Way: Turkey's First Long Distance Walk, by Kate Clow. Published by Upcountry Turkey (rrp £12.99). Cornucopia price: **£11.49** (US$17.99) inc p&p


Turkey's First Long Distance Walk
THE LYCIAN WAY
One of the SUNDAY TIMES WORLD'S TEN BEST WALKS
Kate Clow

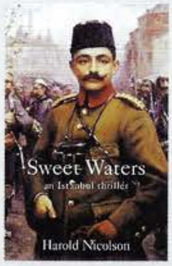
Vassilaki Kargopoulo: Photographer to His Majesty the Sultan, by Bahattin Öztuncay. Published by BOS, Istanbul (rrp £60). Cornucopia price: **£55** (US$84.99) inc p&p


VASILAKİ KARGOPULO

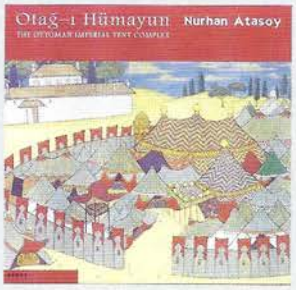
Seas, Cities and Dreams: The Paintings of Ivan Aivazovsky, by Gianni Caffiero and Ivan Samarine. Published in English by Alexandria Press, London, with Laurence King (rrp £65). Cornucopia price: **£58.99** (US$90) inc p&p.


SEAS, CITIES AND DREAMS
THE PAINTINGS OF IVAN AIVAZOVSKY

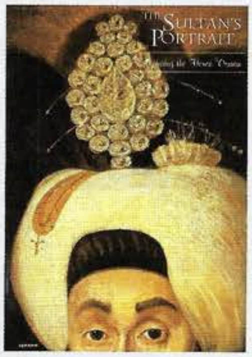
Sweet Waters: An Istanbul Thriller, by Harold Nicolson, with foreword by Nigel Nicolson. Published in paperback by Sickle Moon Books in association with Cornucopia (rrp £9.99). Cornucopia price: **£4.99** (US$7.99) inc p&p.


Sweet Waters
an Istanbul thriller
Harold Nicolson

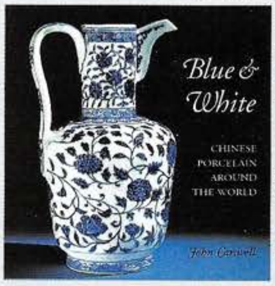
Otağ-ı Hümayun: The Imperial Tent Complex, by Nurhan Atasoy. Published by Aygaz AŞ, Istanbul (rrp £60). Cornucopia price: **£57.50** (US$88) inc p&p.


Otağ-ı Hümayun
Nurhan Atasoy
THE OTTOMAN IMPERIAL TENT COMPLEX

The Sultan's Portrait: Picturing the House of Osman, ed Selmin Kangal. Published by İşbank, Istanbul (rrp £65). Cornucopia price: **£58.99** (US$90) inc p&p.


THE SULTAN'S PORTRAIT

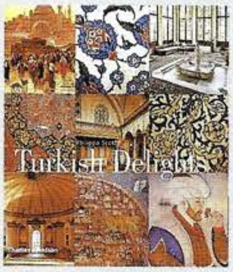
Blue and White: Chinese Porcelain Around the World, by John Carswell. Published by British Museum Press (rrp £40). Cornucopia price: **£38** (US$57.99) inc p&p


Blue & White
CHINESE PORCELAIN AROUND THE WORLD
John Carswell

European Music at the Ottoman Court CD performed by the London Academy of Ottoman Court Music, directed by Emre Aracı and produced by Ateş Orga (Kalan Records). Cornucopia price: **£4.99** (US$7.99) inc p&p

OSMANLI SARAYI'NDAN AVRUPA MÜZİĞİ
EUROPEAN MUSIC AT THE OTTOMAN COURT
EMRE ARACI

Turkish Delights, by Philippa Scott. Published by Thames & Hudson (rrp £14.99). Cornucopia price: **£13.99** (US$21.50) inc p&p


Turkish Delights

How to Order

These offers are open only to subscribers. Orders can be placed in a number of ways:

- Complete the form opposite and send to Cornucopia at one of these addresses:
  - CC480, Mecidiyeköy, 80303, Istanbul
  - PO Box 13311, Hawick TD9 7YF, UK
  - PO Box 3405, Sunriver, OR 97707, USA
- Order by phone or fax: 90-212 248 3607 or tel 44(0)1450 379933, fax 379988
- Or order on-line at www.cornucopia.net

Payment by Visa or MasterCard, or by cheque payable to Cornucopia (UK or US banks only).

Individual shops
Kids Wonderworld, Nautica, Bally, Palmers, Bazaar, Main Duty Free, Food Hall, Vintage, House of Cigars, Chocolate Corner

Golden Touch
Bulgari, Salvatore Ferragamo, Cacharel, Hugo Boss, Esprit, Fossil, Aigner, ISanti, Longchamp, Lacoste, Silk & Cashmere, Versace and more

All completely tax and duty free
www.atu.com.tr

Bazaar

A world of luxury under one roof
All tax and duty free
Istanbul Atatürk International Airport

Make luxury shopping easy. Istanbul Atatürk International Airport has all the luxury goods you could wish for.

Shopping at Istanbul's world-famous Grand Bazaar could take you days. But you will find a brilliant selection on sale in the airport, at 'Bazaar'.

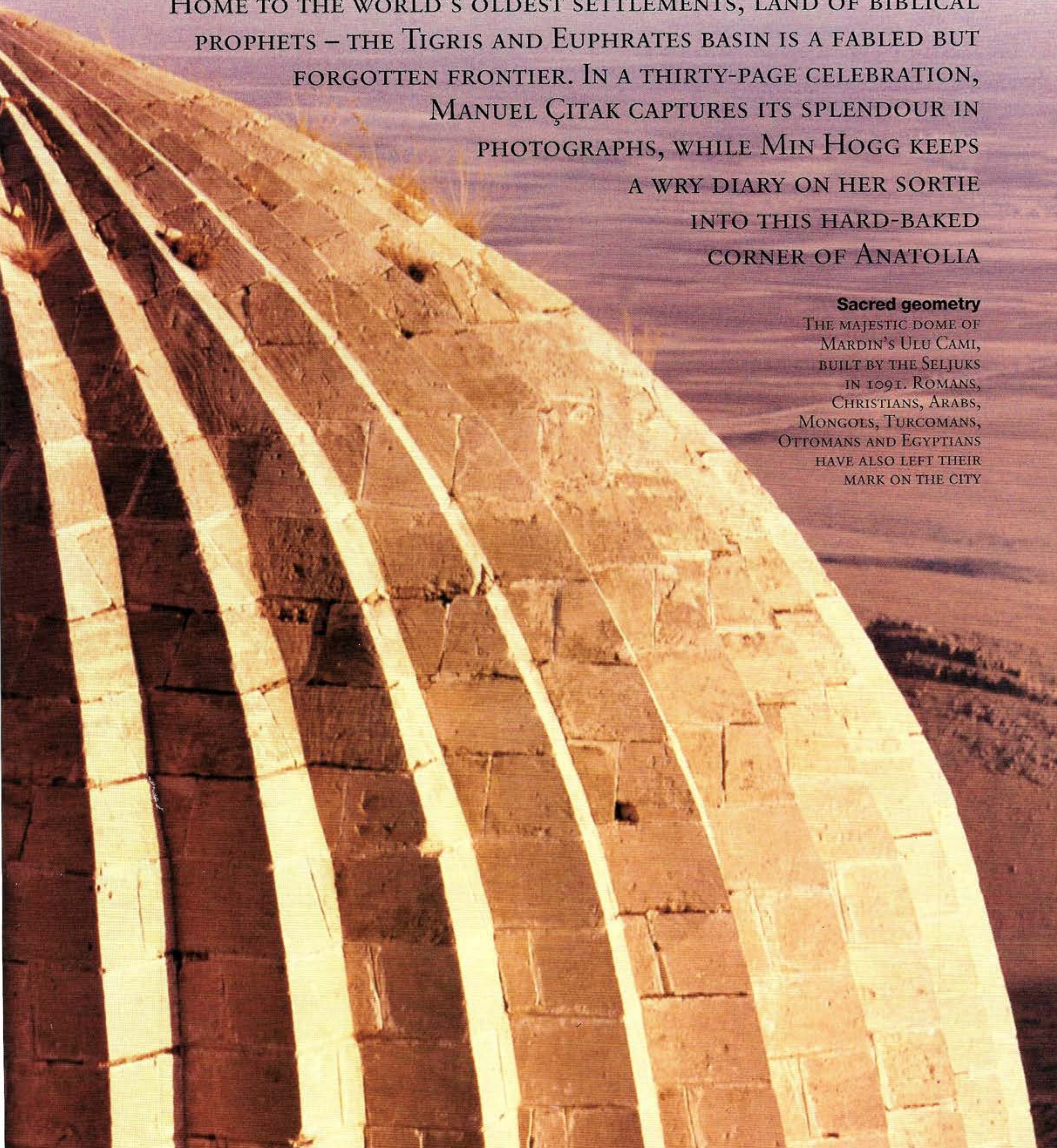
A range of excellent individual boutiques offers fine shoes, children's clothes, food, chocolates, cigars, fine wines and more. And at 'Golden Touch', you will find the international names that are a byword for luxury.

DUTY FREE
Istanbul

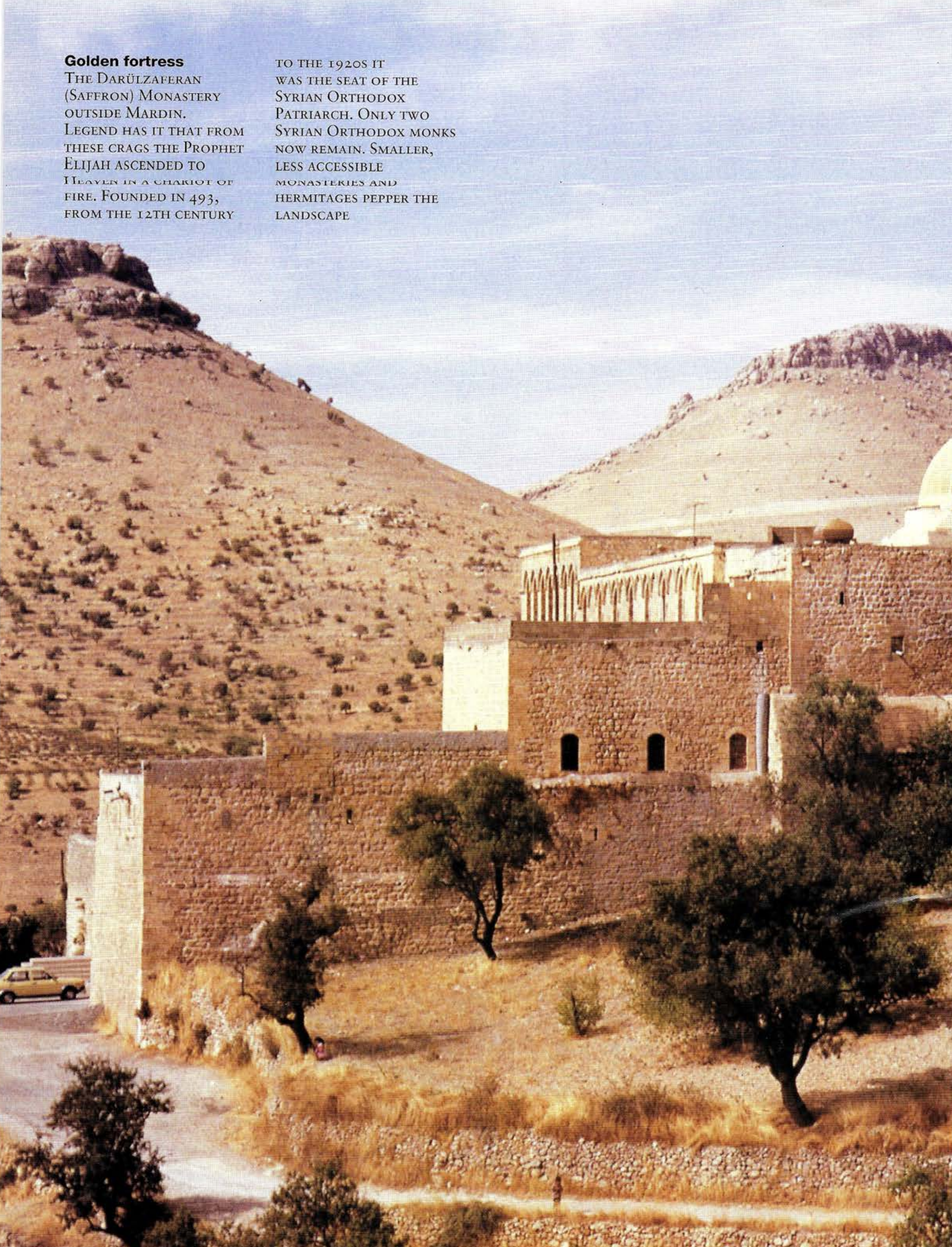
atü
TURİZM İŞLETMECİLİĞİ A.

THE WILD EAST

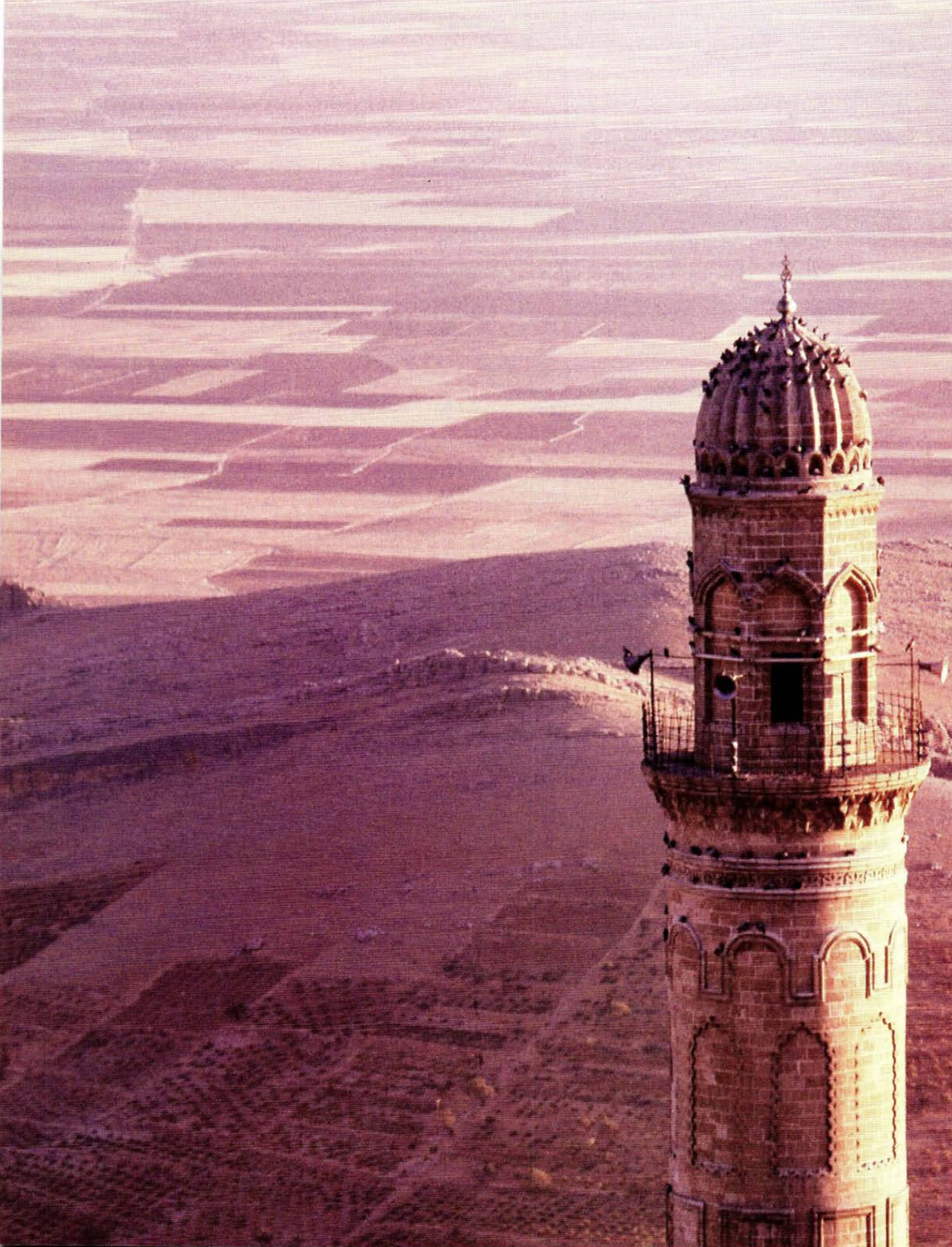
HOME TO THE WORLD'S OLDEST SETTLEMENTS, LAND OF BIBLICAL PROPHETS – THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES BASIN IS A FABLED BUT FORGOTTEN FRONTIER. IN A THIRTY-PAGE CELEBRATION, MANUEL ÇITAK CAPTURES ITS SPLENDOUR IN PHOTOGRAPHS, WHILE MIN HOGG KEEPS A WRY DIARY ON HER SORTIE INTO THIS HARD-BAKED CORNER OF ANATOLIA



Sacred geometry
THE MAJESTIC DOME OF MARDIN'S ULU CAMI, BUILT BY THE SELJUKS IN 1091. ROMANS, CHRISTIANS, ARABS, MONGOLS, TURCOMANS, OTTOMANS AND EGYPTIANS HAVE ALSO LEFT THEIR MARK ON THE CITY

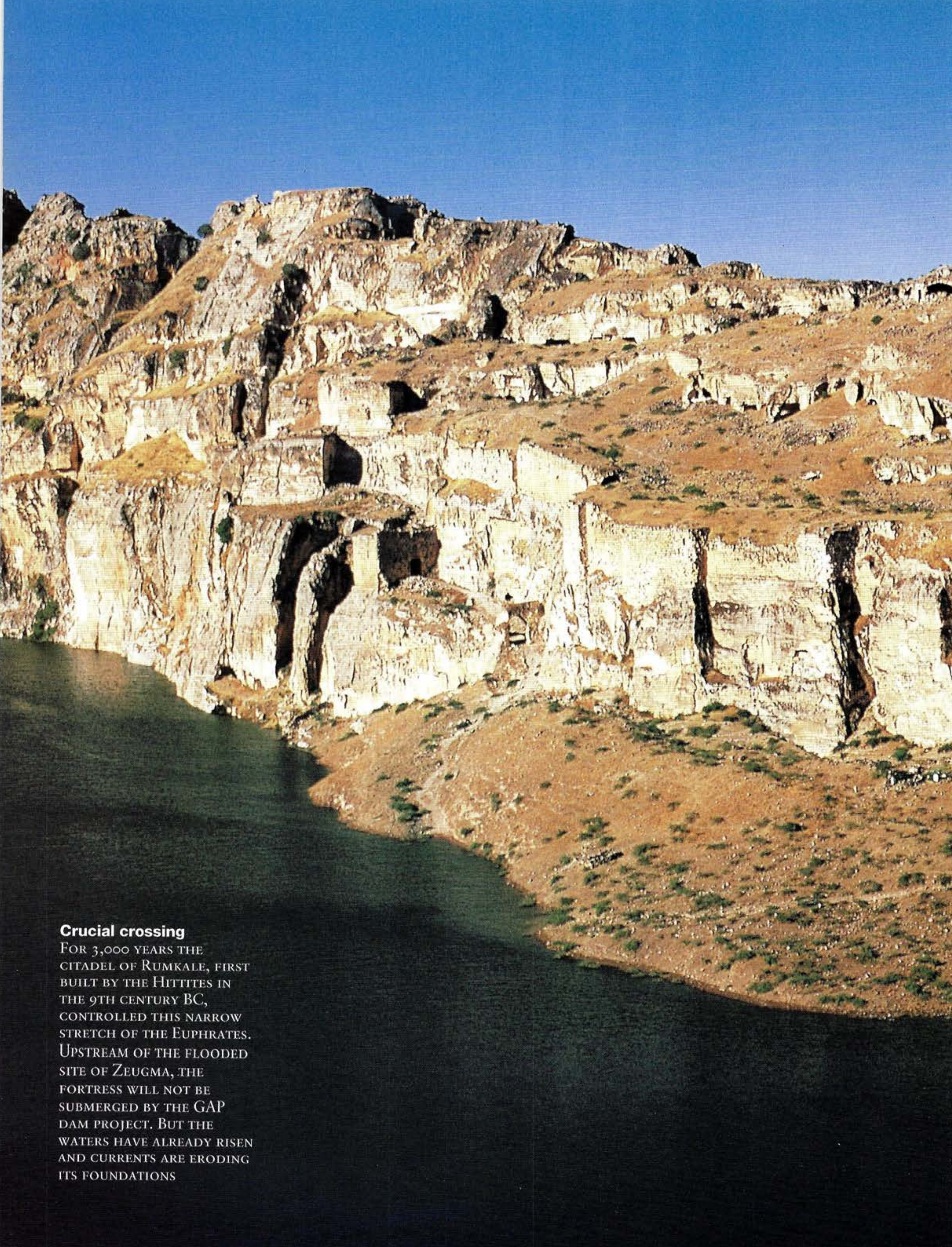


Golden fortress
THE DARÜLZAFERAN (SAFFRON) MONASTERY OUTSIDE MARDIN. LEGEND HAS IT THAT FROM THESE CRAGS THE PROPHET ELIJAH ASCENDED TO HEAVEN IN A CHARIOT OF FIRE. FOUNDED IN 493, FROM THE 12TH CENTURY TO THE 1920S IT WAS THE SEAT OF THE SYRIAN ORTHODOX PATRIARCH. ONLY TWO SYRIAN ORTHODOX MONKS NOW REMAIN. SMALLER, LESS ACCESSIBLE MONASTERIES AND HERMITAGES PEPPER THE LANDSCAPE



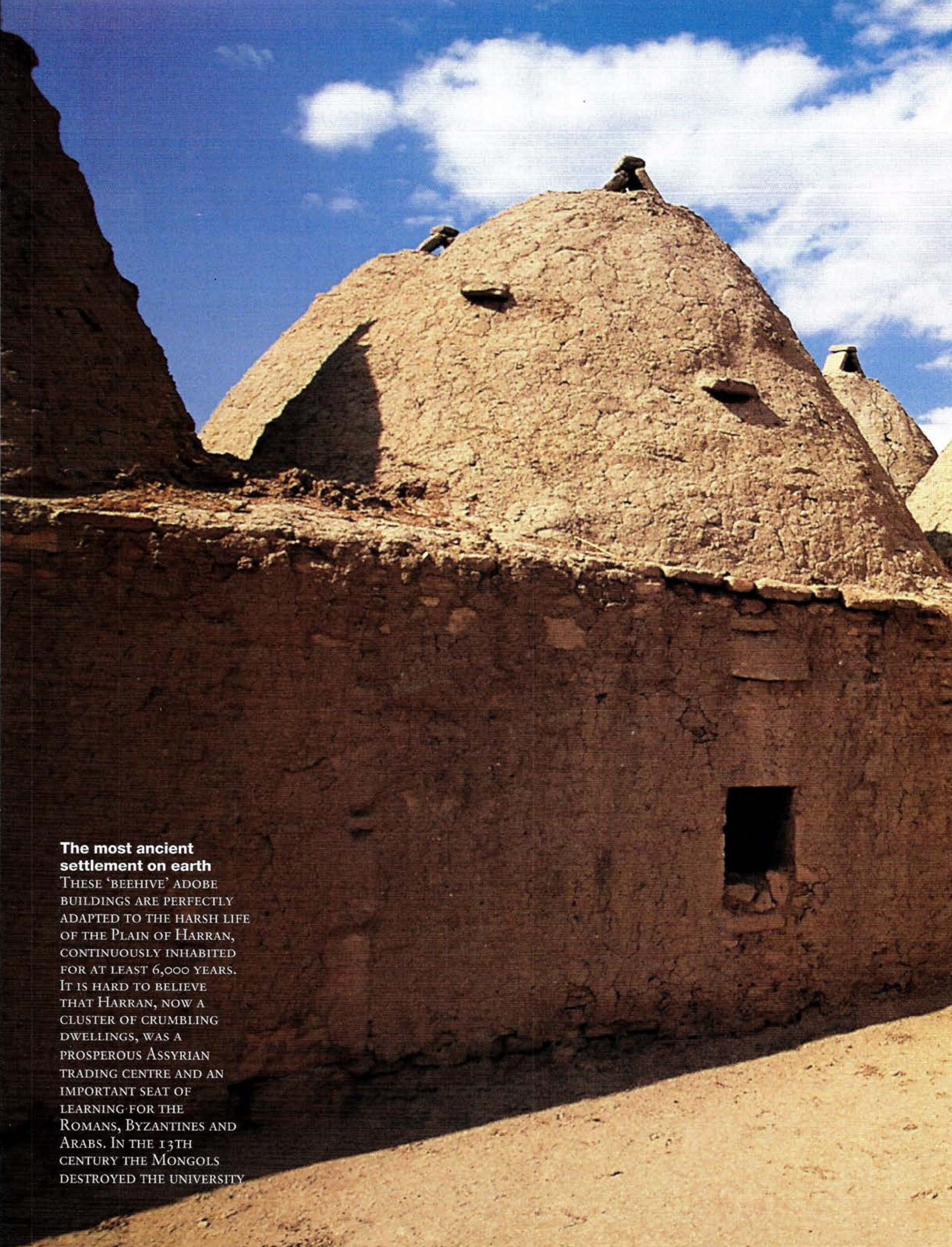
Medieval Mardin

The exquisite minaret of the Ulu Cami has a delicate balcony and almost classical trompe l'oeil arches on its column. The city is built on the last hills before the sweeping arid plain of northern Syria. The border is just 12 miles to the south



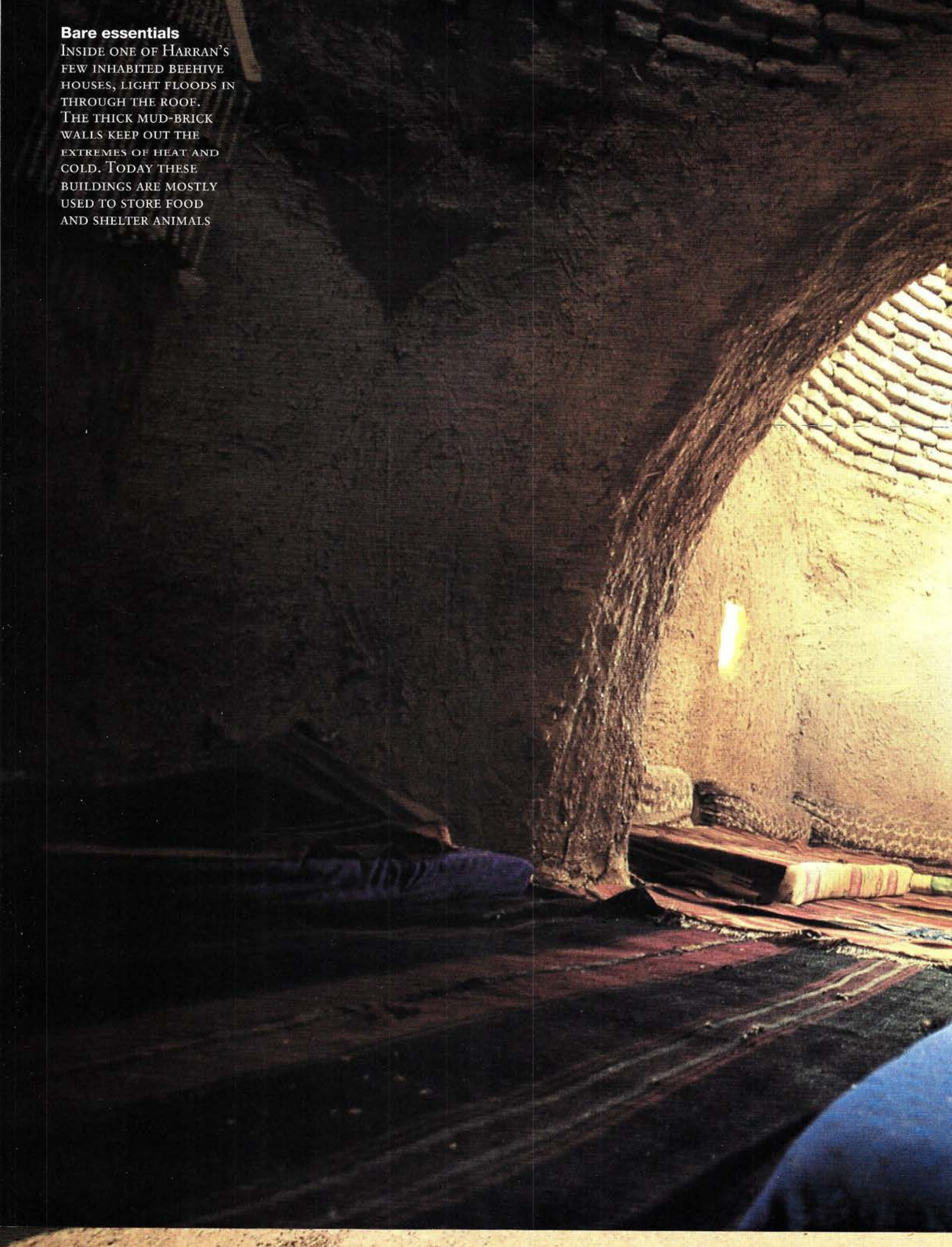
Crucial crossing

For 3,000 years the citadel of Rumkale, first built by the Hittites in the 9th century BC, controlled this narrow stretch of the Euphrates. Upstream of the flooded site of Zeugma, the fortress will not be submerged by the GAP dam project. But the waters have already risen and currents are eroding its foundations



The most ancient settlement on earth

These 'beehive' adobe buildings are perfectly adapted to the harsh life of the Plain of Harran, continuously inhabited for at least 6,000 years. It is hard to believe that Harran, now a cluster of crumbling dwellings, was a prosperous Assyrian trading centre and an important seat of learning for the Romans, Byzantines and Arabs. In the 13th century the Mongols destroyed the university

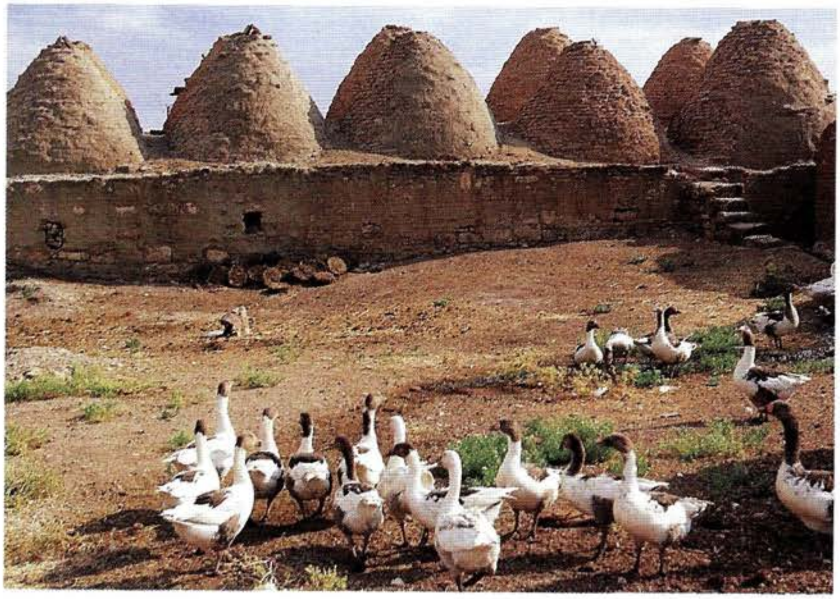


Bare essentials

INSIDE ONE OF HARRAN'S FEW INHABITED BEEHIVE HOUSES, LIGHT FLOODS IN THROUGH THE ROOF. THE THICK MUD-BRICK WALLS KEEP OUT THE EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD. TODAY THESE BUILDINGS ARE MOSTLY USED TO STORE FOOD AND SHELTER ANIMALS

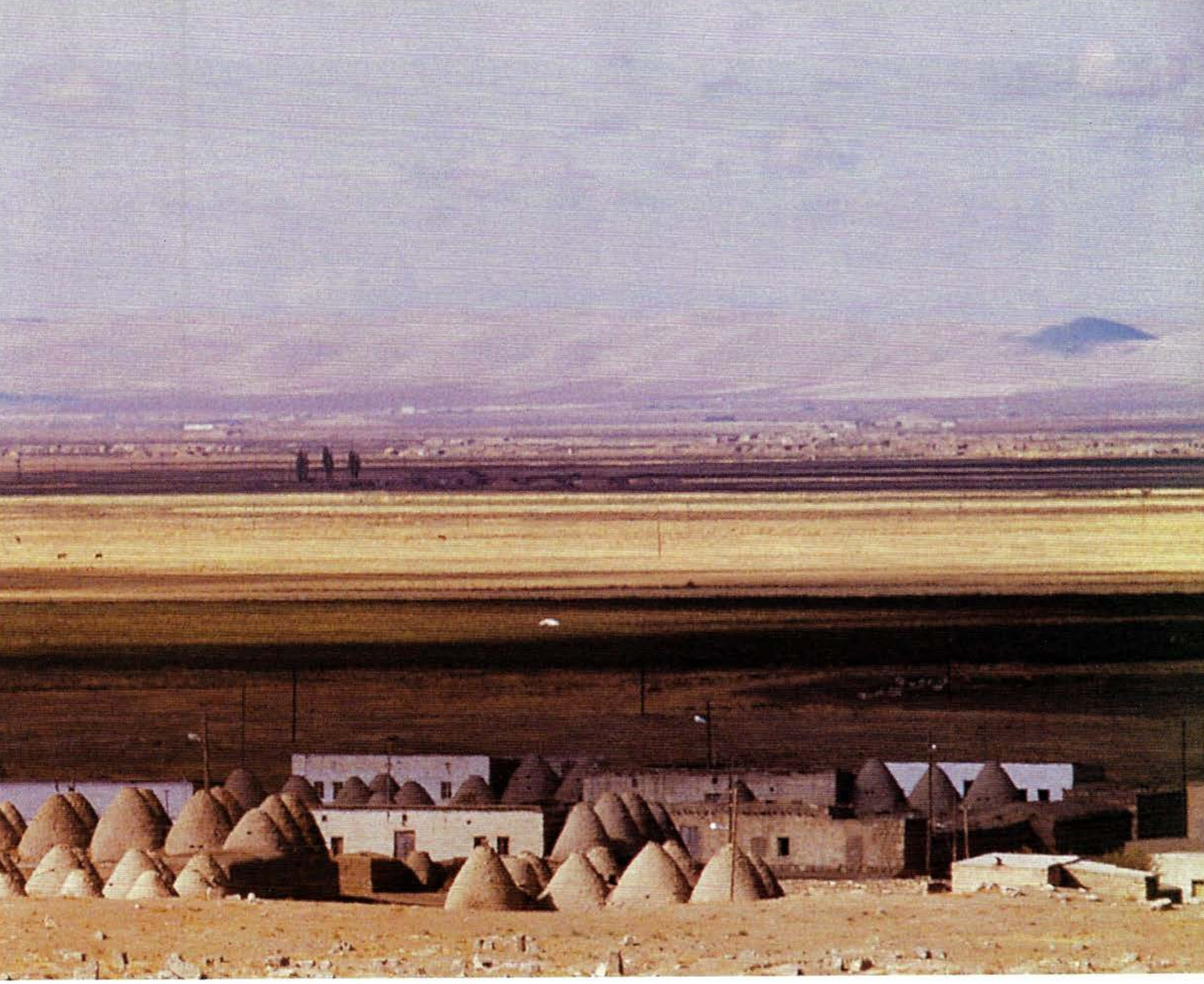
Bed with a view

A rustic four-poster bed overlooks the treeless Plain of Harran.
In summer families sleep out at night, draping nets over the uprights to keep out insects

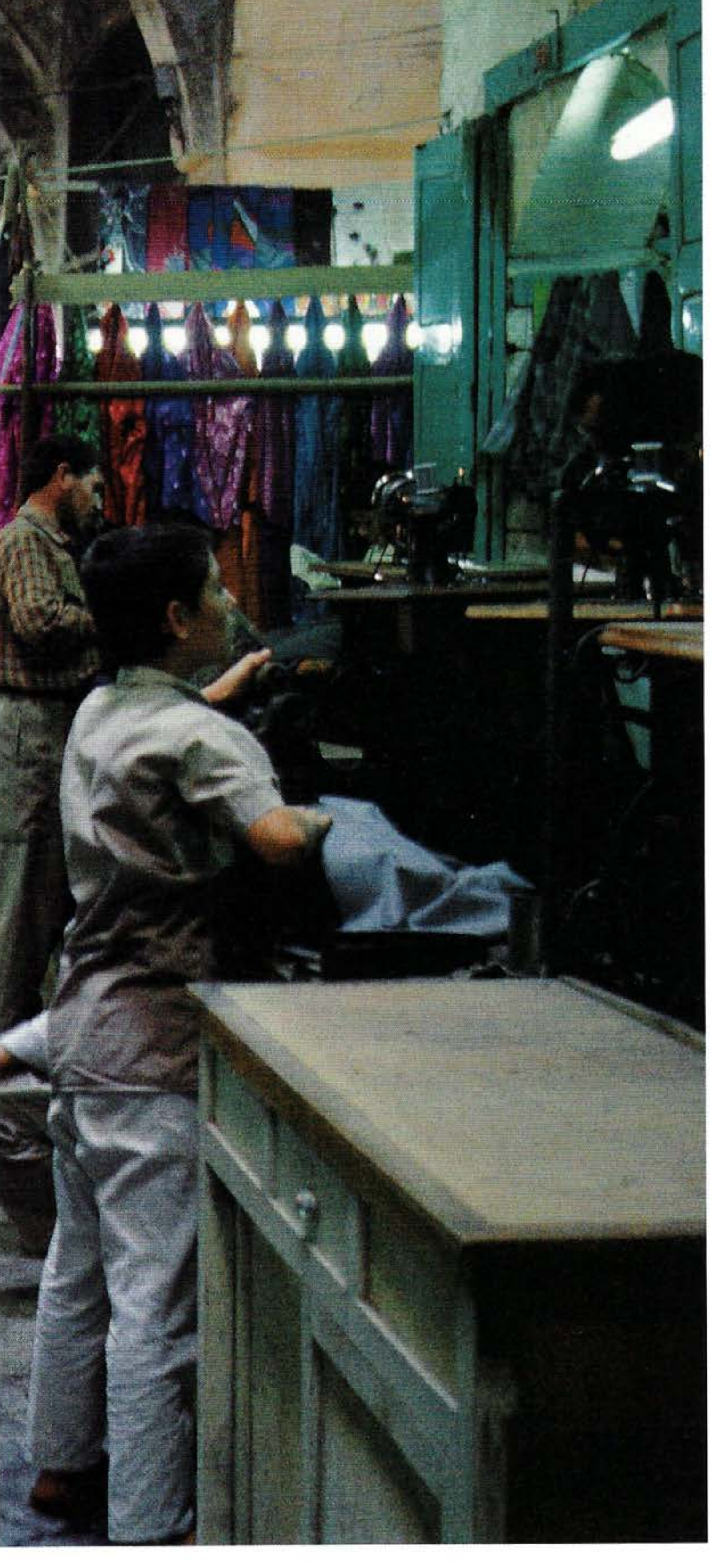


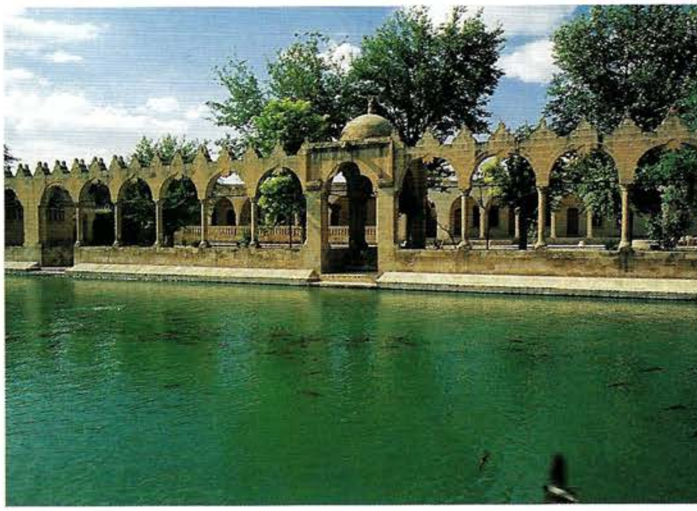
Waiting for water

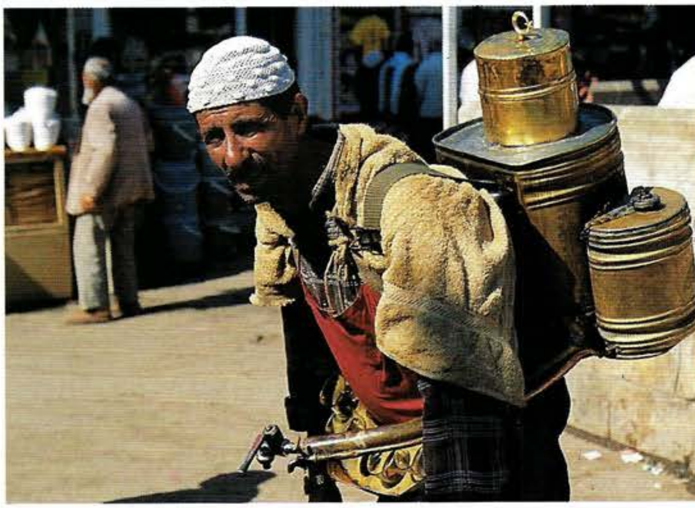
In this part of Turkey on the border with Syria, people eke out a fragile existence and depend more and more on cash handouts from tourists. Irrigation from the controversial dams to the north offers them hope of a better future. But will the traditional wisdom behind these deceptively simple buildings survive? Right: discs of sun-dried dung are used for fuel. Far right: running repairs – a family uses mud mixed with straw to plaster a mud-brick wall

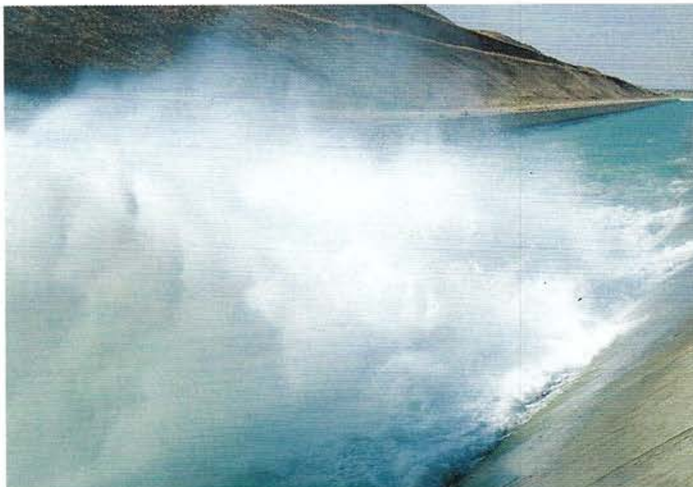


Profits and Prophets
The bustling textile district of Şanliurfa's covered bazaar. Many people in the area wear Arab dress and speak Arabic. Far right, from top: families come to the city to visit the sacred pool (Balikli Göl) where Abraham broke his journey from Ur to Canaan. Legend has it that God created the pool to save Abraham when the Assyrian king Nemrud tried to kill him by fire. The fire was turned into water and kindling into carp. Today



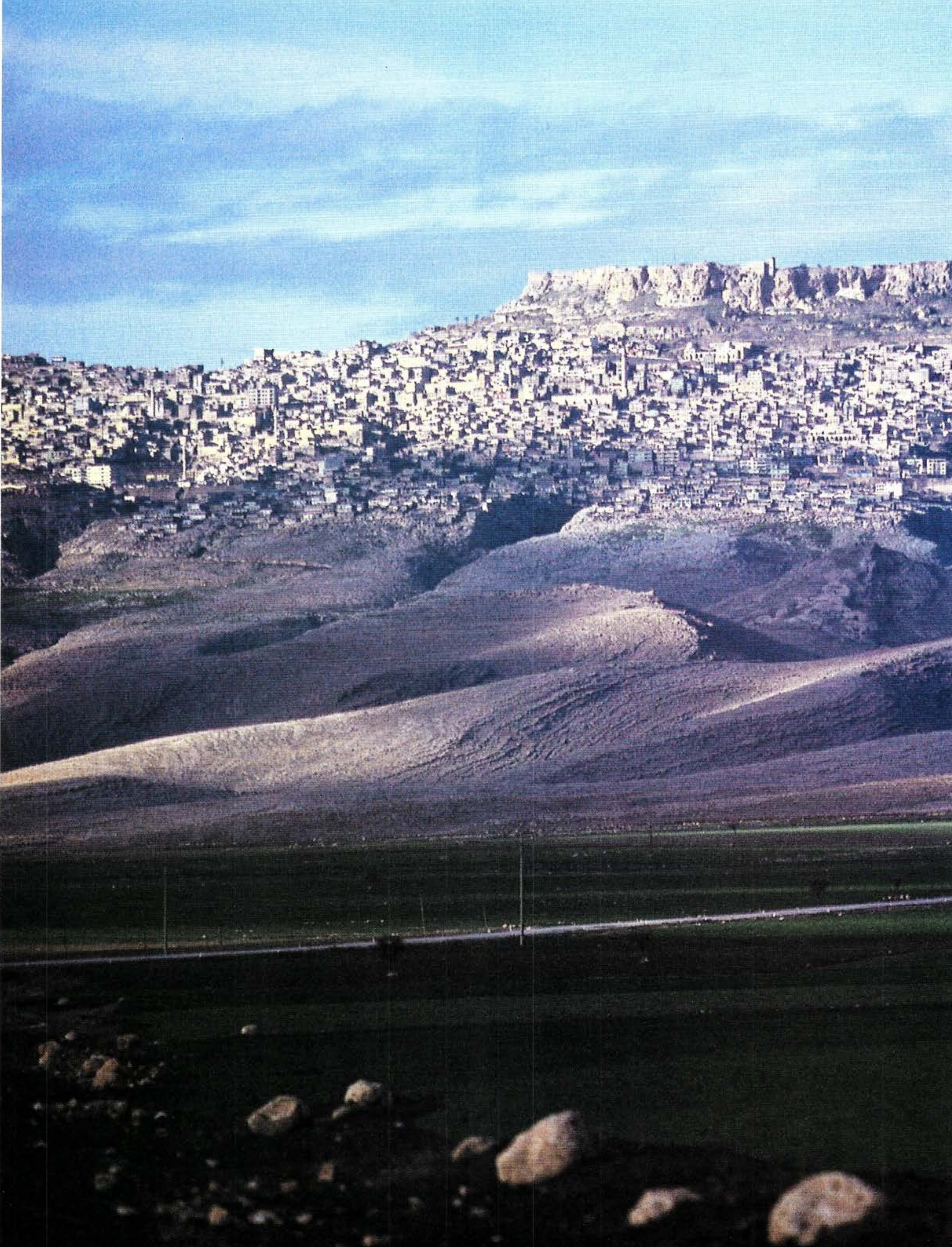


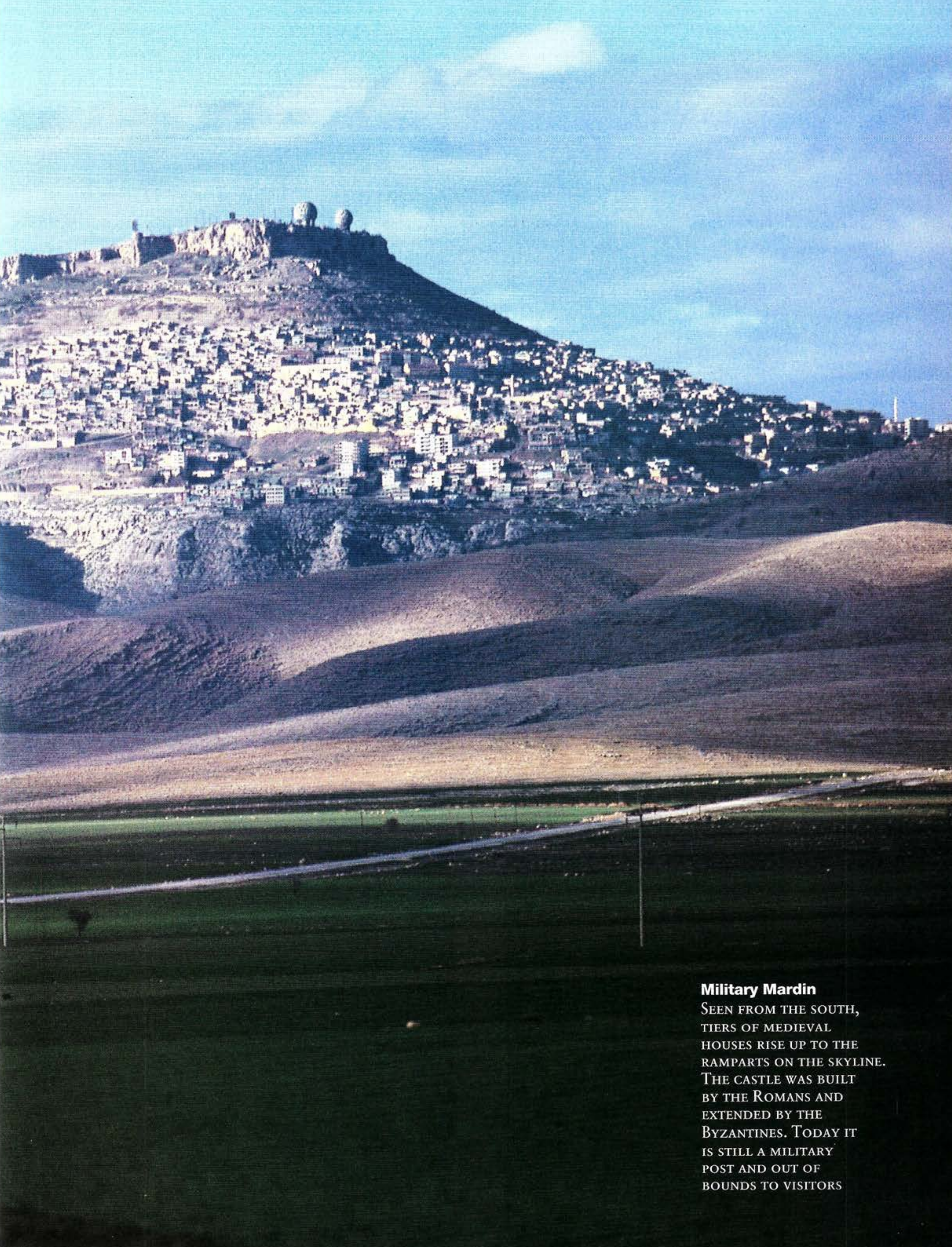




PILGRIMS FEED THE CARP. THE BEAUTIFUL COLONNADE BY THE SIDE OF THE POOL IS PART OF THE 18TH-CENTURY RIDVANIYE MOSQUE.

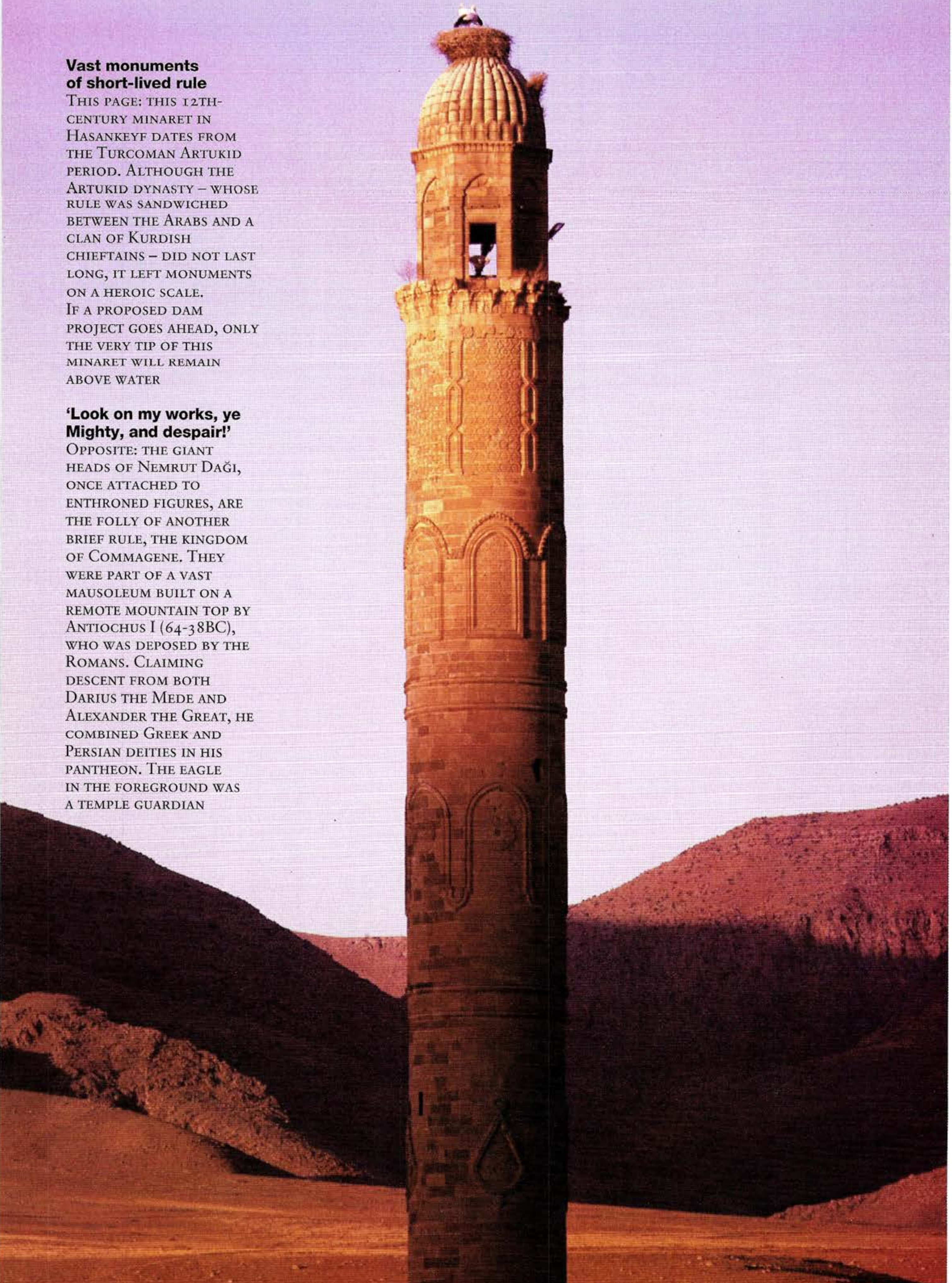
STREET COOL: AN ITINERANT SELLER DISPENSES CHILLED SHERBET BY THE GLASS. RIGHT: THE URFA OUTLET OF THE ATATÜRK DAM





Military Mardin

Seen from the south, tiers of medieval houses rise up to the ramparts on the skyline. The castle was built by the Romans and extended by the Byzantines. Today it is still a military post and out of bounds to visitors

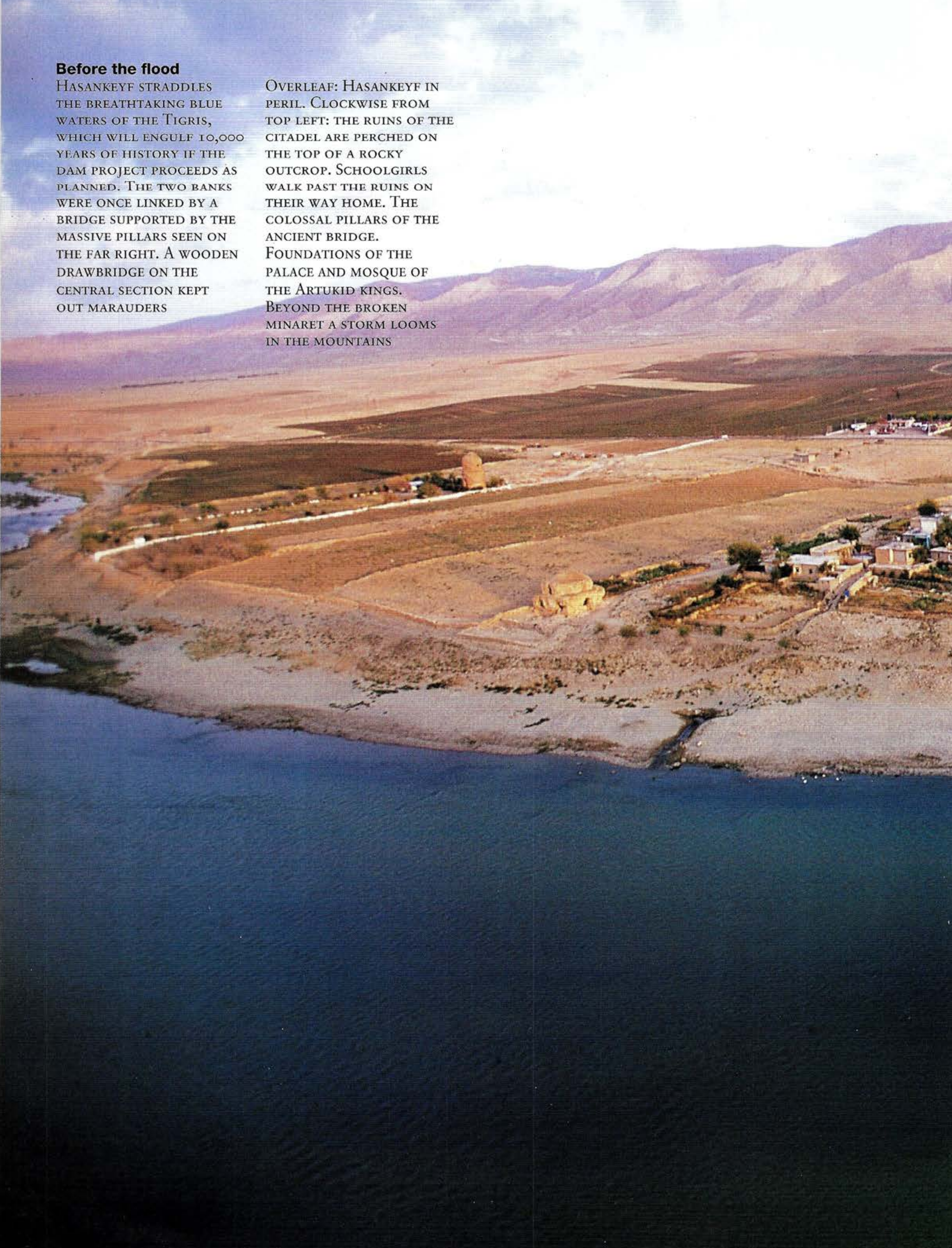


Vast monuments of short-lived rule

THIS PAGE: THIS 12TH-CENTURY MINARET IN HASANKEYF DATES FROM THE TURCOMAN ARTUKID PERIOD. ALTHOUGH THE ARTUKID DYNASTY – WHOSE RULE WAS SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE ARABS AND A CLAN OF KURDISH CHIEFTAINS – DID NOT LAST LONG, IT LEFT MONUMENTS ON A HEROIC SCALE. IF A PROPOSED DAM PROJECT GOES AHEAD, ONLY THE VERY TIP OF THIS MINARET WILL REMAIN ABOVE WATER

'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'

OPPOSITE: THE GIANT HEADS OF NEMRUT DAĞI, ONCE ATTACHED TO ENTHRONED FIGURES, ARE THE FOLLY OF ANOTHER BRIEF RULE, THE KINGDOM OF COMMAGENE. THEY WERE PART OF A VAST MAUSOLEUM BUILT ON A REMOTE MOUNTAIN TOP BY ANTIOCHUS I (64-38BC), WHO WAS DEPOSED BY THE ROMANS. CLAIMING DESCENT FROM BOTH DARIUS THE MEDE AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT, HE COMBINED GREEK AND PERSIAN DEITIES IN HIS PANTHEON. THE EAGLE IN THE FOREGROUND WAS A TEMPLE GUARDIAN

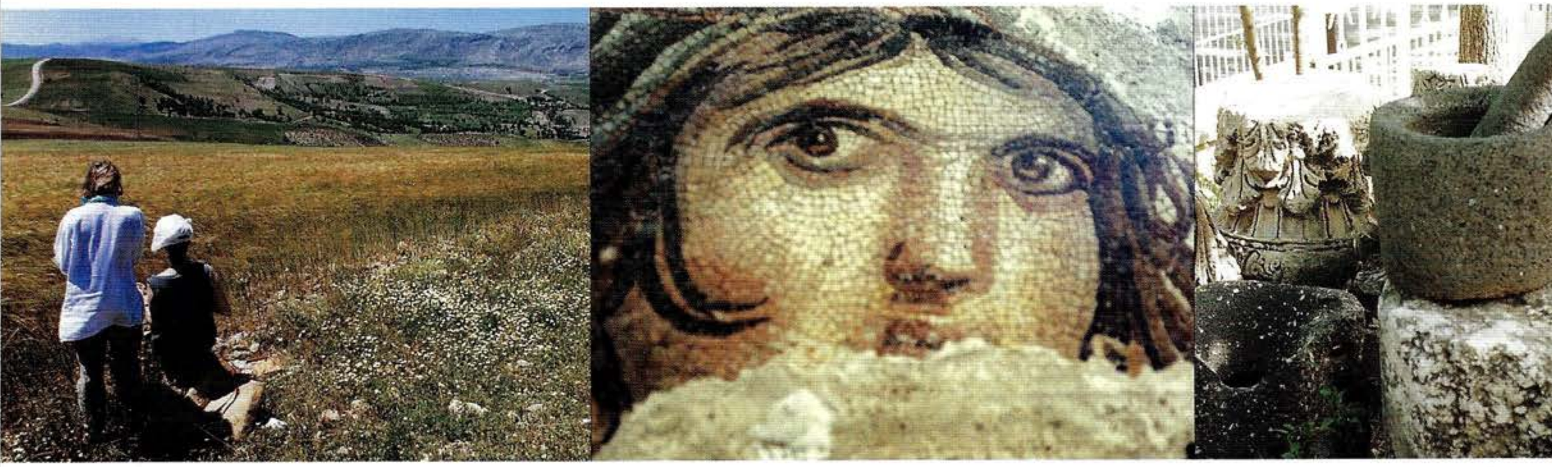


Before the flood

Hasankeyf straddles the breathtaking blue waters of the Tigris, which will engulf 10,000 years of history if the dam project proceeds as planned. The two banks were once linked by a bridge supported by the massive pillars seen on the far right. A wooden drawbridge on the central section kept out marauders

Overleaf: Hasankeyf in peril. Clockwise from top left: the ruins of the citadel are perched on the top of a rocky outcrop. Schoolgirls walk past the ruins on their way home. The colossal pillars of the ancient bridge. Foundations of the palace and mosque of the Artukid kings. Beyond the broken minaret a storm looms in the mountains

JOURNEY TO THE WILD EAST:



Memorable impressions. Kâhta: painting the hills blue. Gaziantep: poignant mosaic from Zeugma; a rough mortar and pestl

The Euphrates, the Tigris, Mesopotamia and the cradle of civilisation were the evocative phrases that had drawn me into joining a trip organised by the Istanbul Heritage Fund across lands lying between the two great rivers and bordering Syria and Iraq to the south.

Glancing at the heaps of smart luggage – even my own was relatively new – being loaded into a coach that for the next few days was to be a haven for the thirty or so of us travelling through eastern Anatolia, I wondered whether our suitcases wouldn't advertise "Rich People, Suitable Hostage Fodder".

Evidently VIP Tourism of Istanbul had thought of this too, for whenever we were passing through a sensitive area, heavily armoured vehicles escorted the bus back and front, thus drawing attention to our presence, but at the same time nipping in the bud any trouble – and none ensued.

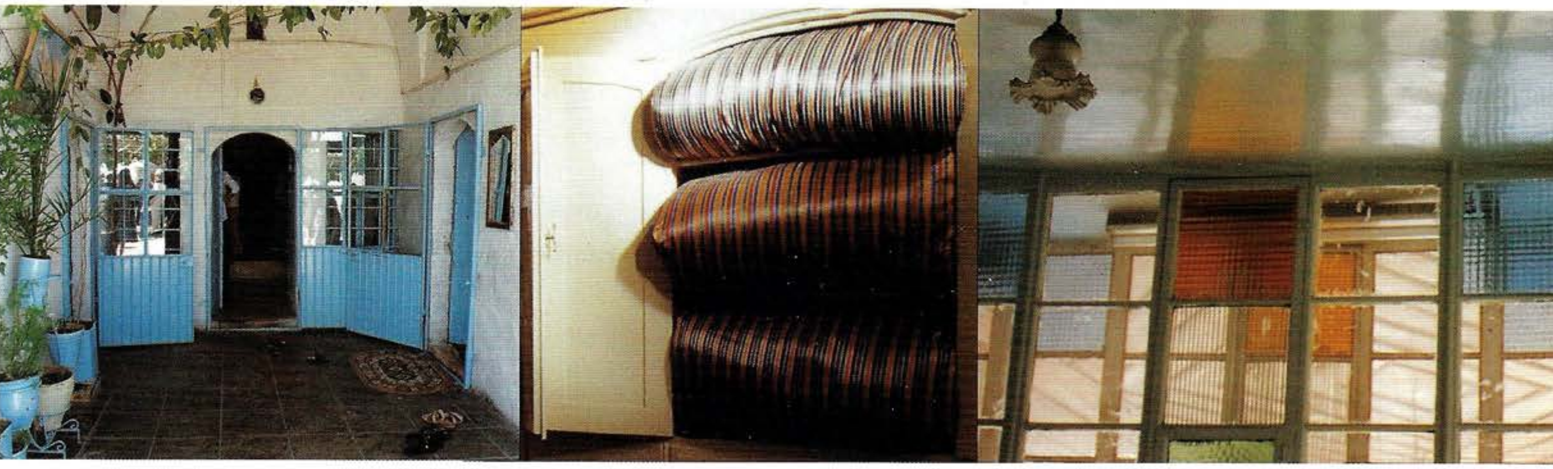
DAY ONE

Our flight from Istanbul to Gaziantep entailed a 4.30am start, and remains an uneventful haze, with dim recollections of something musically folklorish meeting us on the Tarmac, and several of our party getting on the wrong coach, having failed to recognise their fellow travellers. Once en route, Haluk – a Tatar by birth, an angel by nature and our Marlon Brando lookalike guide for the expedition – gently explained that we would do well to stick to tea and soup for the next few days as our delicate digestive systems would never cope with Turkish cuisine. How we laughed and resolved to ignore his advice.

Everywhere there are roses at the roadside and low bushy trees of pistachio nut, a speciality of the region, but my strongest impression is that every man in these parts must either be a lorry driver, a garage owner or a motor mechanic. Sometimes there are six repair workshops in a row in the middle of nowhere.

Just as the scorching sun reaches its zenith, we arrive at Belkıs, the site of ancient Zeugma. Personally I feel too hot and sleep-deprived to appreciate the full significance of what is here, or since we are beside an artificial lake behind a dam on the Euphrates, what is no longer visible, either having been

MIN HOGG'S ANATOLIAN DIARY



MARDIN: A HOUSE EARMARKED FOR A B&B. GAZIANTEP: BILLOWING BED ROLLS AND A HIGH-GLOSS REFLECTION IN THE ETHNOGRAPHY MUSEUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIN HOGG

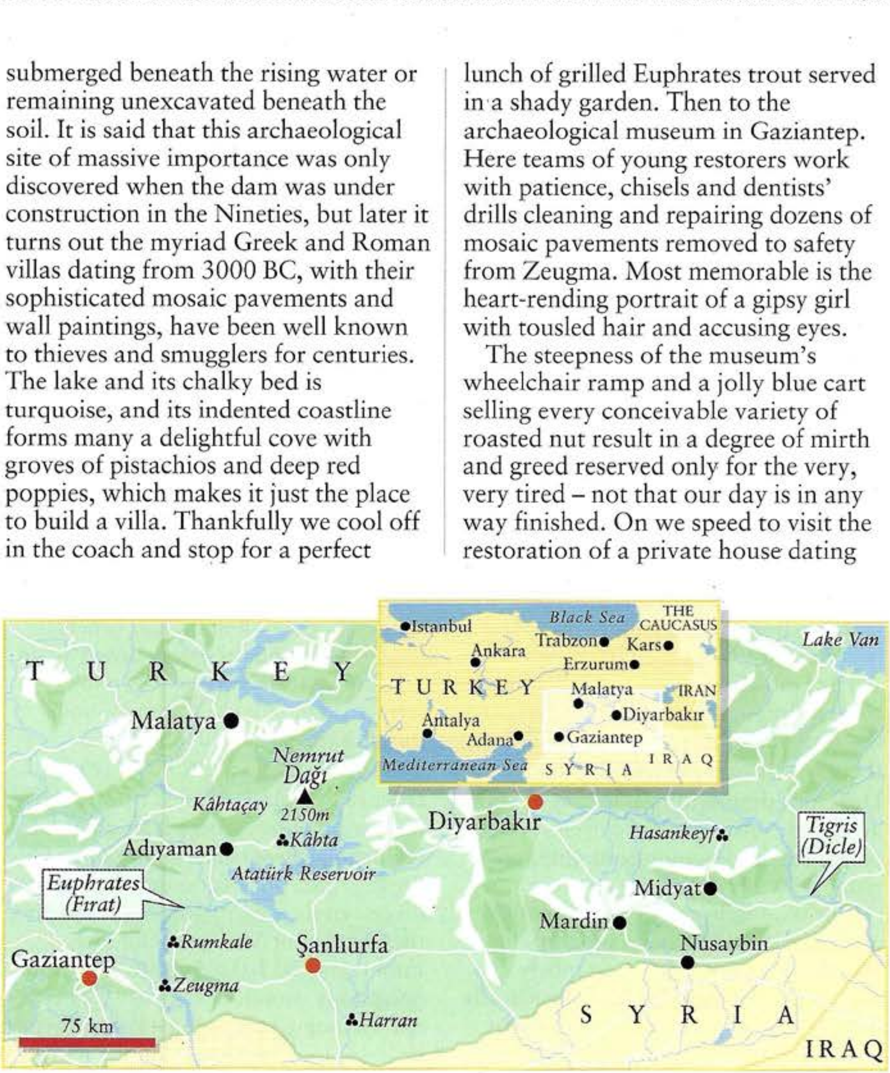
submerged beneath the rising water or remaining unexcavated beneath the soil. It is said that this archaeological site of massive importance was only discovered when the dam was under construction in the Nineties, but later it turns out the myriad Greek and Roman villas dating from 3000 BC, with their sophisticated mosaic pavements and wall paintings, have been well known to thieves and smugglers for centuries. The lake and its chalky bed is turquoise, and its indented coastline forms many a delightful cove with groves of pistachios and deep red poppies, which makes it just the place to build a villa. Thankfully we cool off in the coach and stop for a perfect lunch of grilled Euphrates trout served in a shady garden. Then to the archaeological museum in Gaziantep. Here teams of young restorers work with patience, chisels and dentists' drills cleaning and repairing dozens of mosaic pavements removed to safety from Zeugma. Most memorable is the heart-rending portrait of a gipsy girl with tousled hair and accusing eyes.

The steepness of the museum's wheelchair ramp and a jolly blue cart selling every conceivable variety of roasted nut result in a degree of mirth and greed reserved only for the very, very tired – not that our day is in any way finished. On we speed to visit the restoration of a private house dating from 1815 in Gaziantep's Armenian and Jewish district, now an ethnographic museum. Rooms surrounding a cool galleried courtyard are wood-panelled and painted in correctly high-gloss creams and duck-egg blues, with some coloured glass panes in the fanlights and internal windows. Bed rolls billow from storage shelves, their Ottoman stripes reflecting gaily in the shiny paintwork. Catacomb cellars far below are so cool that a block of ice will keep going all summer.

To the Tuğcan Hotel at last, where I get waylaid in the foyer by a mini-bazaar selling local craft products. Bales of beautiful silky corded moiré cloth, in every combination of stripe imaginable and at a derisory price, are not to be missed.

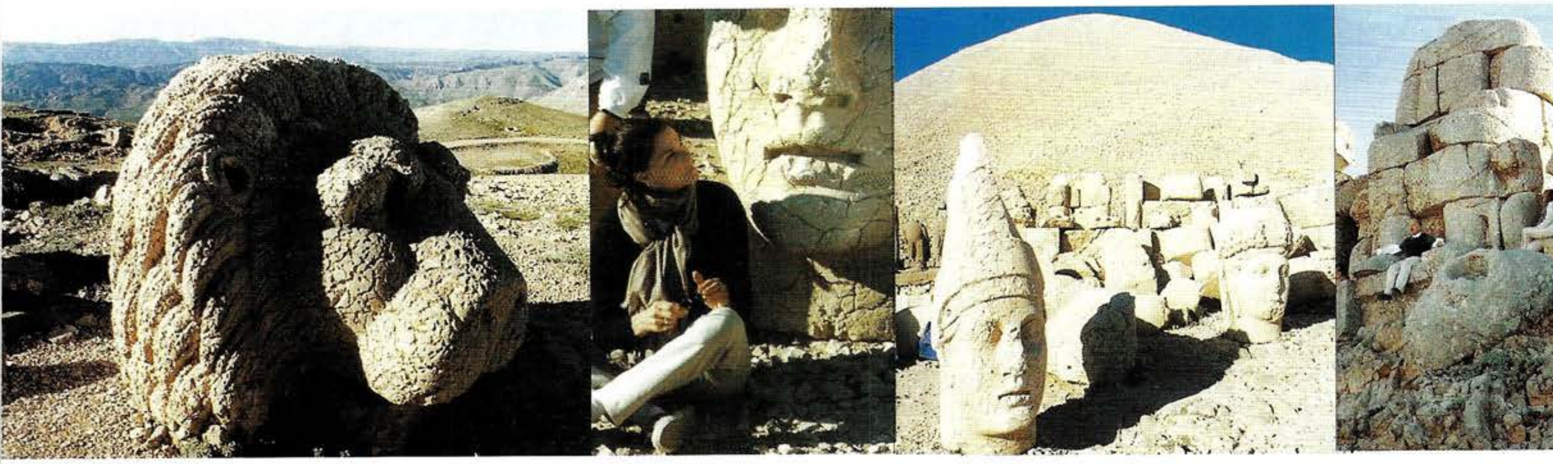
Dinner is in the woods a few miles out of town. Kartaltepe restaurant is a circular garden pavilion with tables radiating out from it like spokes in a cartwheel. The spread to which we are treated is lavish: the table top is obliterated by dishes of fresh-peeled walnuts, soft white cheeses, salads, dips, relishes, sauces, breads – and these were only the starters.

In our party, we have a Hollywood star, AMcG, and media attention is gathering momentum, not all of it welcome to her or to any of us. There are mutterings.



TURKEY
Malatya
Nemrut Dağı
Kâhtaçay
2150m
Kâhta
Adıyaman
Atatürk Reservoir
Euphrates (Fırat)
Rumkale
Şanlıurfa
Gaziantep
Zeugma
Harran
75 km
Diyarbakır
Hasankeyf
Tigris (Dicle)
Midyat
Mardin
Nusaybin
SYRIA
IRAQ
Lake Van
Istanbul
Black Sea
THE CAUCASUS
Ankara
Trabzon
Kars
Erzurum
TURKEY
Malatya
IRAN
Diyarbakır
Antalya
Adana
Gaziantep
Mediterranean Sea
SYRIA
IRAQ

SUSANNA HICKLING



NEMRUT DAĞI: THE GIGANTIC HEADS AND, FAR RIGHT, THE HUGE SEATED FIGURES TO WHICH THEY WERE ONCE ATTACHED.

DAY TWO

Outside the Tuğcan Hotel in Gaziantep there is yet more media presence, not for our film star this time, but for our American banker, EM, who resembles the Turkish finance minister Derviş so greatly that a reporter from CNN is accosting passers-by and filming their response to her question, "Who is this man?" Beaming, they express great pride in the curious impression that the minister has grown six inches since eating Gaziantep food.

We bus off towards Nemrut Dağı, 7,000 feet (2,300 metres) up. With a chilly climb ahead, we are armed with socks, stout shoes and sweaters. A flattish plain gives way to rocky outcrops. There are farm villages and drystone walls; the green cornfields are peppered with oaks, mulberries, pistachios and other low trees. Bare trunks of vine are trained up two-storey houses before bursting into leaf, forming canopies of shade over the flat roofs. Even modern block-built houses follow the Turkish tradition of having wooden courses at each floor and at their corners.

I am impressed with the importance of recording how country people live, build, farm, eat and dress wherever one is. These aspects are the quickest to change for ever, polluted by television and mechanisation. I wish we could pause to see inside a farm before its owners discover the internet and e-mail.

The countryside begins to look vast and grandiose, with rivers and rocks and in the distance noble mountains. Ball-shaped gum arabic pines join oaks amid barley and cotton rippling in the breeze. Kindling is stacked in the fields either around a tree trunk or high off the ground in the branches, like giant bird's nests. Hay cut by women is hand-spun into thick ropes, twisted into skeins like knitting wool and stacked to dry out on rooftops. Pink and white hollyhocks edge the fields and stork's nests crown every pole and pylon.

First stop is on a conical mound above the winding Kâhta Çay river, which flows into the Atatürk Reservoir. Standing above is a Doric column about forty feet tall topped with a carved eagle. It is the only man-made thing visible in miles and miles of rolling hills. Further round the mound, which is a tumulus for royal women dating from the reign of Antiochus I in the first century BC, are two more columns, one supporting a bull, the other empty, its lion now nestling in the grass. SF, our resident artist, wraps her head in a white turban and paints the scene.

Next stop is at a handsome Roman humpbacked bridge with four columns in pairs at either end. The mulberry trees nearby are laden with sweet fruit. There is a café where it is always teatime. It is hard to believe this place is under snow for much of the winter.

The landscape changes all the time, from intimate valleys and lazy rivers to the truly magnificent. Occasionally there is a distant glimpse of Nemrut Dağı, our destination. It is easy to spot among the other peaks, with its perfect cone of creamy-white stone chippings rising 150 feet above the summit.

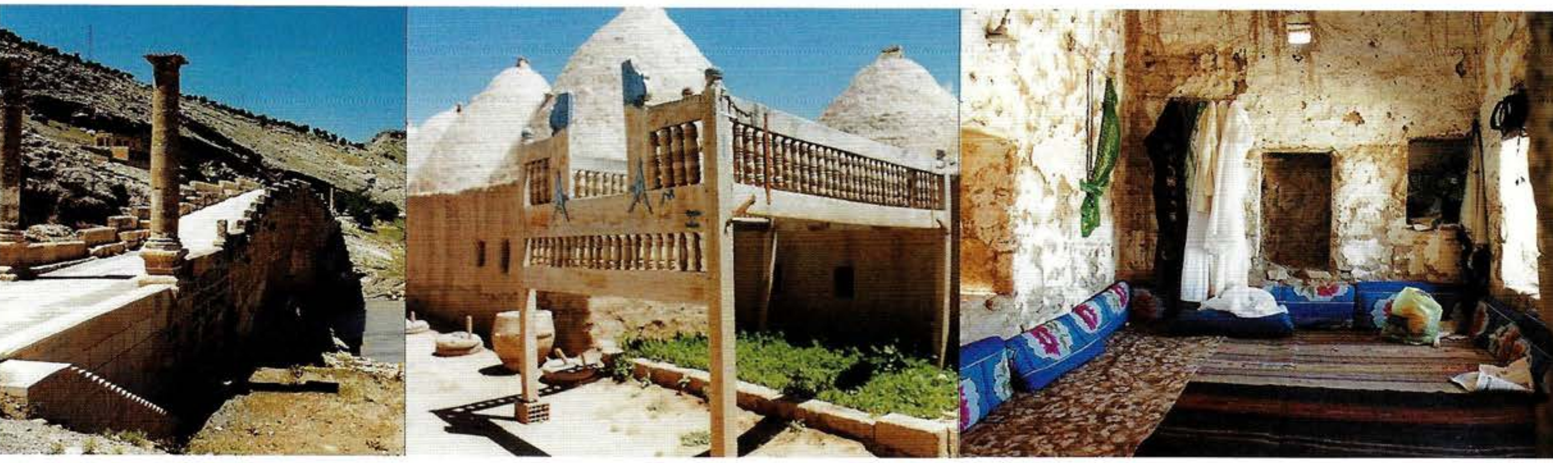
Our road hairpins its way slowly up and up. Sheep and goats plod in single file along the contours, and lonely ostrich-like oil derricks nod their heads as they pump up the sixty per cent of Turkey's oil that comes from this area.

Lunch, a Kurdish meal, is at the Euphrat Hotel huddled halfway up Mount Nemrut. We are astonished to find its car park chock-a-block with buses, taxis and private cars, yet we have scarcely seen another vehicle on the road all day.

Everybody but our group seems to be Turkish. The temperature has plummeted and we wrap up before making a dash into the bustling restaurant, where the band is playing its heart out and conversation becomes impossible. R, our Istanbul *grande dame*, insists the ladies' lavatory be sluiced down before we can use it. The food is wonderful, particularly the sweet tahini relish on cucumber salad.

The last stretch of road upwards is cobbled and we bump along with sheer drops and no fences – the beauty is breathtaking. Finally, in a temperature of three degrees, with a mean wind tugging at our clothes, we climb on foot up a slithery path, part steps and part loose stones, where wild euphorbia grow lush and green in spite of the gale. There is an ant-like army of figures, some toiling up and others gingerly picking their way down again.

Panting, at the top we find a flat terrace dominated by the man-made tumulus of shale. The terrace is a cascade of carved stone heads, each taller than a man, toppled from a row of huge stone thrones on a higher level. It is a lie that these heads all look like Elvis Presley. PM, our historian, poses briefly on one of the mighty thrones, surveying the vastness of Mesopotamia, the Euphrates and Lake Atatürk far below. Somebody produces a ghetto-blaster and I sabotage the volume control while he is not looking. A ceremonial path



KÂHTA: THE GRAND ROMAN BRIDGE. HARRAN: A FAMILY-SIZED SUMMER BED IN FRONT OF A BEEHIVE HOUSE; A SIMPLE INTERIOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIN HOGG

round the base of the shale leads to another terrace where there are more heads, set upright as though attached to bodies buried in the ground. There are also bushy-eyebrowed guardian lions and eagles. Antiochus I, who reigned 66–34 BC, built his Hierothesion "in proximity to the heavenly thrones in gratitude to the Gods for his happy and fortunate reign, as a sanctuary to his deified self". It is claimed that he himself is buried here and that certain archaeologists know the exact position of the tomb. In the setting sun's golden glow I almost believe it.

DAY THREE

For anyone launching a religion and wanting to get it off to a flying start, Şanlıurfa is the place: it is drenched in worship; every religion from first to last emerged from this province.

Back in 9000BC their idols were bulls, ducks, lions, wolves and snakes. By 2000BC the animals had given way to sun, moon and planet gods. But when the people heard of Jesus of Nazareth's teachings, they did not hesitate to embrace Christianity. Refusing an invitation sent by King Abgar Ukam to visit his new converts, Jesus congratulated the Şanlıurfa people for believing in him before seeing him but explained that he was too busy to come himself. Instead, the Apostle Thomas arrived bearing a miraculous handkerchief depicting Christ's portrait which had transferred itself onto the cloth as he mopped sweat from his face. This sacred handkerchief subsequently inspired thousands of icons by Christian artists, but needless to say it has been lost.

Having accepted Christianity so wholeheartedly, Şanlıurfa waited 600 years before embracing Islam with equal fervour; then gradually all churches became mosques.

Today Şanlıurfa is most celebrated for legends surrounding Abraham, who was born in hiding at the time when all pregnant mothers and boy babies were slaughtered on the orders of wicked King Nemrud. The watery Cave of Abraham's Confinement is today a much-visited shrine. Nemrud had had a dream interpreted by his oracles: it prophesied that a boy child would be born to destroy the kingdom and make its people renounce idolatry in favour of monotheism.

Having escaped at birth, eventually Abraham came out of hiding and did destroy the idols, but he was captured and sentenced to certain death by being catapulted from between a pair of Doric columns set high on a cliff above the town, and thrown down into a fire beneath. At the crucial moment God ordered the fire to cool and become a lake full of carp. The fish rose up and caught Abraham to save his life. The lake still teems with sacred carp that must not be fished; they entertain visitors sipping tea at the water's edge.

Our tour leader, ZO, announces that tonight's al fresco dinner is at the invitation of the governor of the province, and fancy dress will be worn, which we can buy in the bazaar nearby. Like all bazaars, this one needs working; one must feel one's way, especially as directions are impossible to follow. Something interesting or beautiful is around each bend, and seemingly blind alleys yield the greatest rewards. I enjoy watching bread-makers in their scrupulously clean tiled bakeries and men carving wooden saddles or welding chairs. The butchery section is fascinatingly terrible, with piles of severed heads and other nasty bits of hairiness. Little boys pick fresh green chickpeas from bunches of foliage to eat like sweets. I buy a gigantic veil, its transparent black silk weightlessly fine, but resist the seven-compartmented mousetrap as being hell to pack.

The prophets Moses, Job, Jacob, Isaac, Jethro and Elisha all have close associations with our next destination, Harran, a village within sight of the Syrian border, where the atmosphere is a little edgy. The prophets were so confusingly related by blood and marriage that only the Bible could sort it out. A woman in scarlet glides across the scrubby land, for all the world like Jacob's cousin Rachel on her way to the well where he fell in love with her.

Harran is still a working village, composed of clusters of beehive dwellings, inside which the temperature is regulated by ventilation holes in the roofs. The dwellings are blissfully cool despite the relentless sun. Low tables and sturdy little stools of a local design that must have evolved over the centuries are the main furnishings. Outside the ground is carpeted with discs of animal dung drying out for cooking fuel, and farm animals stroll where they please. There are wooden platform beds on raised legs in the open air for those who sleep at sundown and rise at dawn.

We all fall for the cheap and colourful artificial silk scarves laid out to entice us, but rather regret it when MC from Ireland tells us they are probably made in India.

MARDIN: FATHER ABRAHAM OF THE DARÜLZAFERAN MONASTERY. HARRAN: A SURPRISINGLY COMFORTABLE TRADITIONAL STOOL

Beyond the beehive village is a large archaeological site once containing Islam's first university. A million or two dollars would do wonders in piecing together the infinite jumble of carved blocks of stone, capitals and so on from literally all known periods of civilisation that lie about the compound. There is a spectacular honey-coloured tower standing like a sentinel about 200 feet tall.

We lunch under tattered dark brown woollen awnings with bolsters and carpets to loll upon. Only NL and AJ, the Indians, manage it with any elegance. Boys wearing surgical gloves serve a feast, and some limp dervishes dance in a flapping kind of way on a raised dais.

DAY FOUR

"The drive to Mardin will take about 45 minutes," our optimistic guide, Haluk, informs us. "Turkish minutes", he adds. Two hours later we skirt the edge of old Mardin, built on a hillside so steep that every façade of every house is visible. Most buildings are of beautifully cut and carved stone with a Crusaderish look. Our destination is further on, past a couple of military outposts at Darülzaferan Monastery, which was once a thriving Syrian Christian Orthodox establishment but is now reduced to a couple of priests, Fathers Gabriel and Abraham. They have two students and a few schoolboy pupils, but the situation seems a precarious one. Father Gabriel, probably in his fifties, wears long black robes and a curious black bonnet embroidered in white. He makes a small, knowing figure with darting eyes.

"You have arrived too late for the church service," he tells us. By now the monastery cloister has filled with another visiting group quite as undisciplined as our own and few of whom are attending to Father Gabriel's historical explanations. Exasperated, the priest says he is in a great hurry – what on earth for? I wonder – and that unless we listen quietly he will disappear. The discourse continues in Arabic and is translated for us by Haluk. Father Gabriel frequently butts in to correct mistranslations in his own perfectly good English.

Founded by a pagan sect 2,000 years ago, the monastery did not become Christian for another thousand years. The little chapel has a sharply carved geometric frieze punctuated with low-relief baskets in all shapes and sizes. Suddenly Father Gabriel relents, and after all a short service will be held. His boy pupils chant, and now and then we can make out the word Hallelujah.

Climbing the dark stone staircase to a flat roof, we have a dazzling view over melon-shaped domes to hundreds of miles of fertile Mesopotamian plain.

Lunch is under a stone arcade surrounding the sunny courtyard at fifteenth-century Kasimiye Medrese, once a centre of learning and religious law. Local women have cooked their specialities, including a notable soup. Moustachioed gentlemen dispense sherbet drinks from water bags slung over their shoulders so that, when they lean forward, liquid spouts into a waiting glass.

In Mardin we visit what will soon be the town's first bed-and-bread for tourists. It is a family house with something appetising bubbling away on the stove, and granny all golden-toothed and beaming from her divan. The white-painted tunnel entrance is festooned with climbing plants; iron gates, door and window frames are all painted turquoise blue. As every shelf inside is bulging with bed rolls, there would seem to be no limit, other than floor space, to the travellers they can accommodate for the night.

The drive to Diyarbakır is crisscrossed by tributaries of the Tigris, and on arriving we are slightly downcast at the sight of our high-rise hotel, the Dedeman, which HC, the author, names Hideous Pinky after Esther Freud's novel. Of course the rooms are hugely comfortable and the baths a dream.

A splinter group forms to skip the evening's entertainment and instead inspect Diyarbakır's big attraction, a great defensive wall built of black basalt that winds round the old town forming the vague outline of a turbot. From the wide, flat top we gaze down by twilight onto a sweep of the Tigris and a many-arched Roman bridge. A house where Atatürk lived is nearby. The town boasts Islam's fifth most important mosque. Inside, it has a new, deliciously thick-piled green carpet from wall to wall; it is so luxurious under our bare feet that the word Axminster flies unbidden to mind.

At dinner in a garden restaurant twinkling with lanterns, our taxi driver joins us and, when offered a cigar by J-LM, a French interior designer, helps himself to a fistful from the box. Deeming this outrageous, MC, the authoress, snatches most of them back, but there are no hard feelings.

"Kurdish demonstration," the driver

DIYARBAKIR: THE FORBIDDING BLACK BASALT WALLS. HASANKEYF: THE DOOMED 15TH-CENTURY TOMB OF ZEYN EL-ABDIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIN HOGG AND MANUEL ÇITAK

informs us phlegmatically as we return to the hotel by way of an angry crowd and many police.

DAY FIVE

The worry about Hasankeyf is that it is on the Tigris at a point where, if a proposed dam is built, it, and 180 surrounding villages, will be flooded and 10,000 years of history lost. "Is there a future for subaqua archaeology?" wonders Haluk.

Naturally the population are resisting relocation as best they can, but their voices are countered by strong economic arguments in favour of the dam project. The ethical debate has been taken up internationally and I am thankful not to be the arbiter of such a heart-breaking dispute.

At Hasankeyf, the Tigris, which has meandered through our journey here, becomes one of the most beautiful rivers I have ever seen. On the far bank, a tall sandstone cliff rises up, its face hewn with cave dwellings and flights of steps zigzagging to the top, where a grassy plateau is layered with buildings and ruins from every civilisation. The Tigris, which is no longer in full spate in late May, has beaches and islands where locals are splashing in its blue waters, or picnicking under makeshift awnings on the shallow-sloped sands.

We stop to take a closer look at a small mausoleum to Zeyn el-Abdin, idyllically set in a field running down to the river. All around are vines and scarlet-flowering pomegranate bushes, while the little pointy dome is fuzzy with grasses that have seeded there. It is an Eden in which to spend eternity.

Crossing a modern bridge into the city affords a splendid view of the original Roman one some way upstream. A few of its hefty piers still stand firm against the current, and we learn that once the central arches were connected by a wooden drawbridge, raised occasionally to exclude marauding armies.

Our bus parks beside a towering pink brick minaret and we hear that just its tip will remain visible above the water if the dam is built. Two cliff faces, either side of a narrow ravine, are pockmarked with the doors and windows of thousands of cave dwellings. We troop slowly up the traverses of a stone-paved path with ridges across its width presumably intended to help retain one's foothold in rainy or icy weather. Today it is boiling hot and gratefully we buy bottled water that cheerful children are offering. "Check the bottle seal," we are warned, "otherwise you will be drinking river water," but none is found to be tampered with.

Abandoned cave houses have been adopted for the day by picnickers. They fan charcoal braziers on which they cook lamb kebabs and green peppers and offer us a taste as we huff and puff past. There are minuscule cafés and restaurants clinging to the cliff face, with vine-covered wooden verandas built out over the ravine. At the summit are the remains of churches, mosques, citadels and palaces. It is a minestrone of buildings, each period having cannibalised cut stones from the one before; one cannot be certain of any given dates. We are filled with awe at the powerful atmosphere created by so much compacted history, and the 500-foot drop to the Tigris.

Lunch has been arranged under brushwood canopies on the river bank. The egg I have been carrying up hill and down dale in my bag all day, which was intended as a stomach-calming substitute for the menu, turns out not to be hard-boiled, as I thought, but totally raw and ends up smashed in the grass.

On our last evening in eastern Anatolia we dine beside a glamorous floodlit pool in Diyarbakır's Class Hotel, but a freakish dust- and rainstorm blows us indoors. On our return to Hideous Pinky, my room seems to have been ransacked, with clothes strewn all over the floor. But it was only the fierceness of the wind, and I wonder if this is a message from the gods telling us it is time to leave this magical place.

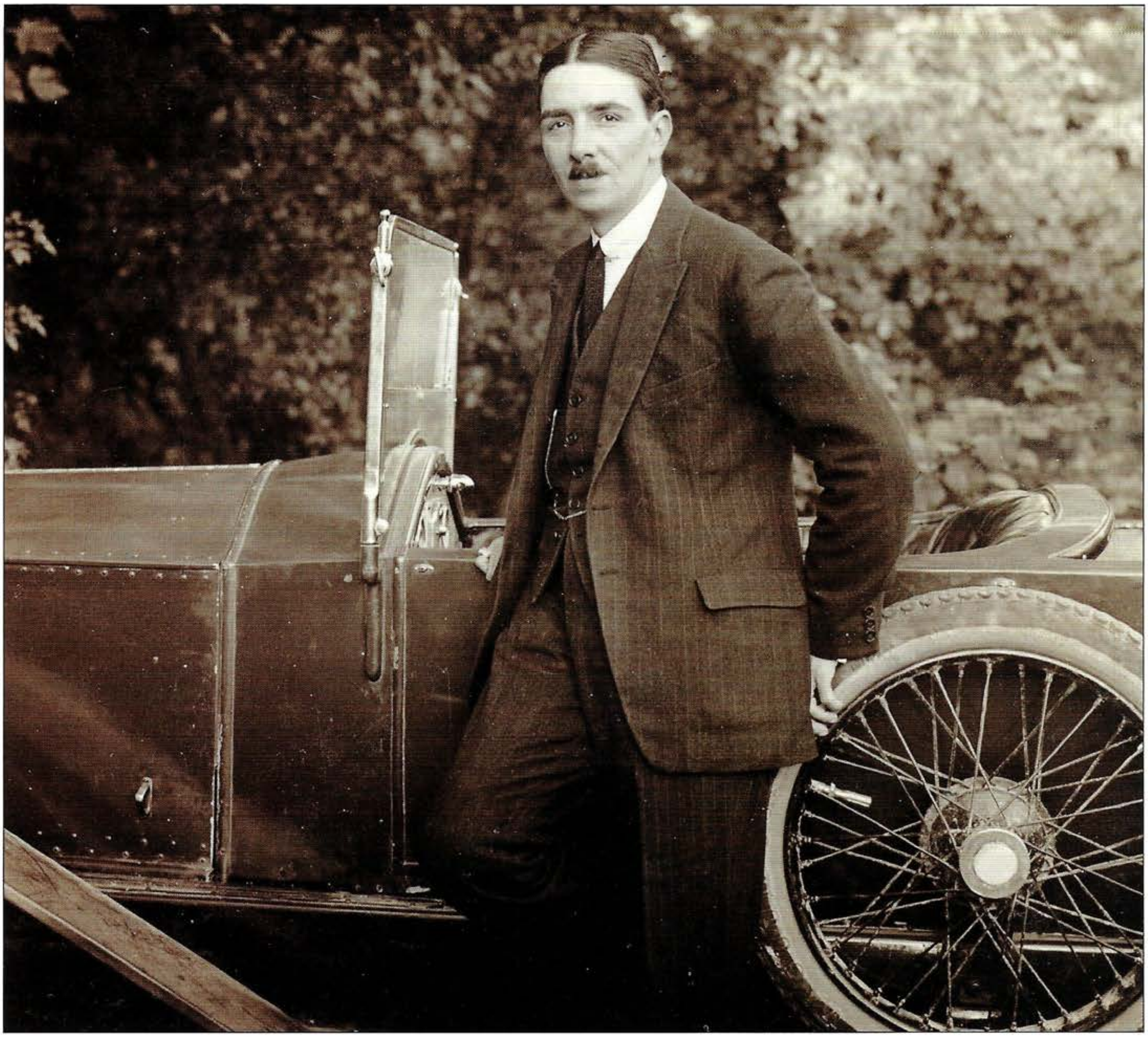
◆

TRAVEL NOTES

Even a short expedition to southeast Turkey can be profoundly rewarding. An early flight from Istanbul can have you sipping a late breakfast tea in the stone courtyard of Şanlıurfa's restored Valilik, for instance. The complexities of the place are striking: on arrival you feel you've crossed the threshold of Arabia. **Flights:** Turkish Airlines flies daily to Diyarbakır, Gaziantep and Şanlıurfa. **Hotels:** in Gaziantep stay at the five-star Tuğcan Hotel (tel 90-342-220 4323, fax /220 3242). An attractive hotel in Şanlıurfa is Urfa Valiliği Konukevi (tel 90-414 215 9377, fax /312 3368), listed in a useful directory to Turkey's small hotels, *The Little Hotel Book* (www.nisanyan.net). **Tours:** travel agents Sea Song (in Turkey tel 90-212 292 8555; in the US toll-free 0800-480-9171) organise tailor-made tours of the area. Min Hogg travelled with VIP Turizm, tel 90-212 241 6514. Tours and car hire can be arranged locally through hotels. For suggested itineraries, go to www.cornucopia.net.

THE MONSIGNOR AND THE MINISTER

OSMAN STREATER RECOUNTS A REMARKABLE PIECE OF UNRECORDED HISTORY: THE WARTIME FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE FUTURE POPE JOHN XXIII AND HIS GREAT-UNCLE NUMAN MENEMENCIOĞLU, TURKEY'S FOREIGN MINISTER FROM 1942 TO 1944



LEFT: MONSIGNOR RONCALLI IN THE PRINCES ISLANDS WHEN HE WAS PAPAL NUNCIO. ABOVE: MENEMENCIOĞLU IN 1922

Soon after the white smoke went up at the Vatican Conclave of 1958, soon after the new Pope began, in the words of *Time* magazine, throwing open the windows of the Holy See, my cousin Ayşegül, then at Heathfield boarding school in England, composed a letter addressed to Pope John XXIII. In it she wrote: "Do you remember me? I am the great-niece of your friend Numan Menemencioğlu. My grandmother, mother and I all lived with him in Ankara and then in Paris. He was so pleased when you followed us to Paris as Papal Nuncio. But did you know that he died last February? I loved him so much and I cry for him."

In English boarding schools, especially those for girls, it used to be the custom for the authorities to examine incoming mail to make sure that it was suitable. So there was a commotion when, a couple of weeks later, a letter addressed to Ayşegül arrived in a magnificent envelope bearing the papal seal. Inside they found an ornate letter signed Joannes XXIII.

He wrote: "Of course I remember you. Do you not remember how I would always say *'Io amo i turchi'*? I love the Turks, but I especially love Numan and his family, who did so much for me in Turkey and then in Paris. Numan used to tease me by saying that I was the real Turkish Ambassador in Paris. I heard about his death and was very sad. You tell me that you cry for him. I want you to know that I pray for him. And I want you to promise to be worthy of him in

> THE MOST IMPORTANT AREA OF THEIR JOINT WORK IS ONE THAT IS NOT MENTIONED IN HISTORIES OFFICIAL OR UNOFFICIAL: THEY SAVED ABOUT 100,000 JEWS FROM THE NAZIS

your life, for which I send you my blessing." The school authorities' stuffy reaction was to mutter: "Hmmm. What's the new Pope doing writing to a Turk? She's not even a Christian."

In Peter Hebblethwaite's 504-page biography of John XXIII, there is strangely only one mention of my great-uncle Numan Menemencioğlu. Nothing is said of him in the chapters describing Angelo Roncalli's nearly ten years in Turkey as Apostolic Delegate from 1935, even though Numan was Secretary-General of the Foreign Ministry when he arrived and then, from 1942 to 1944, Foreign Minister.

Diplomatic coup: de Gaulle gave the Turks their splendid embassy in Paris when Menemencioğlu was envoy to France. Above: Roncalli leads a procession at the French embassy in Istanbul, 1943

Roncalli with his secretary, Monsignor Testa, above the Golden Horn. They are wearing civilian dress to comply with Atatürk's 1935 law against religious attire. Roncalli did not mind, even instructing his clergy to set an example by wearing modern dress

Numan gets his only mention when Hebblethwaite describes Roncalli's first official function in Paris at the Elysée: "He had a pleasant surprise. There was a familiar face in the crush. Menemencioğlu, the Turkish Ambassador, had been telling everyone what a splendid fellow Roncalli was and basked in the glory of having helped him to prepare for his present mission. Since the Turks had paid no attention to him while he was in Turkey, here was a paradox that needed some explanation." Despite observing that an explanation is needed, Hebblethwaite's Jesuit training fails to push him to find one.

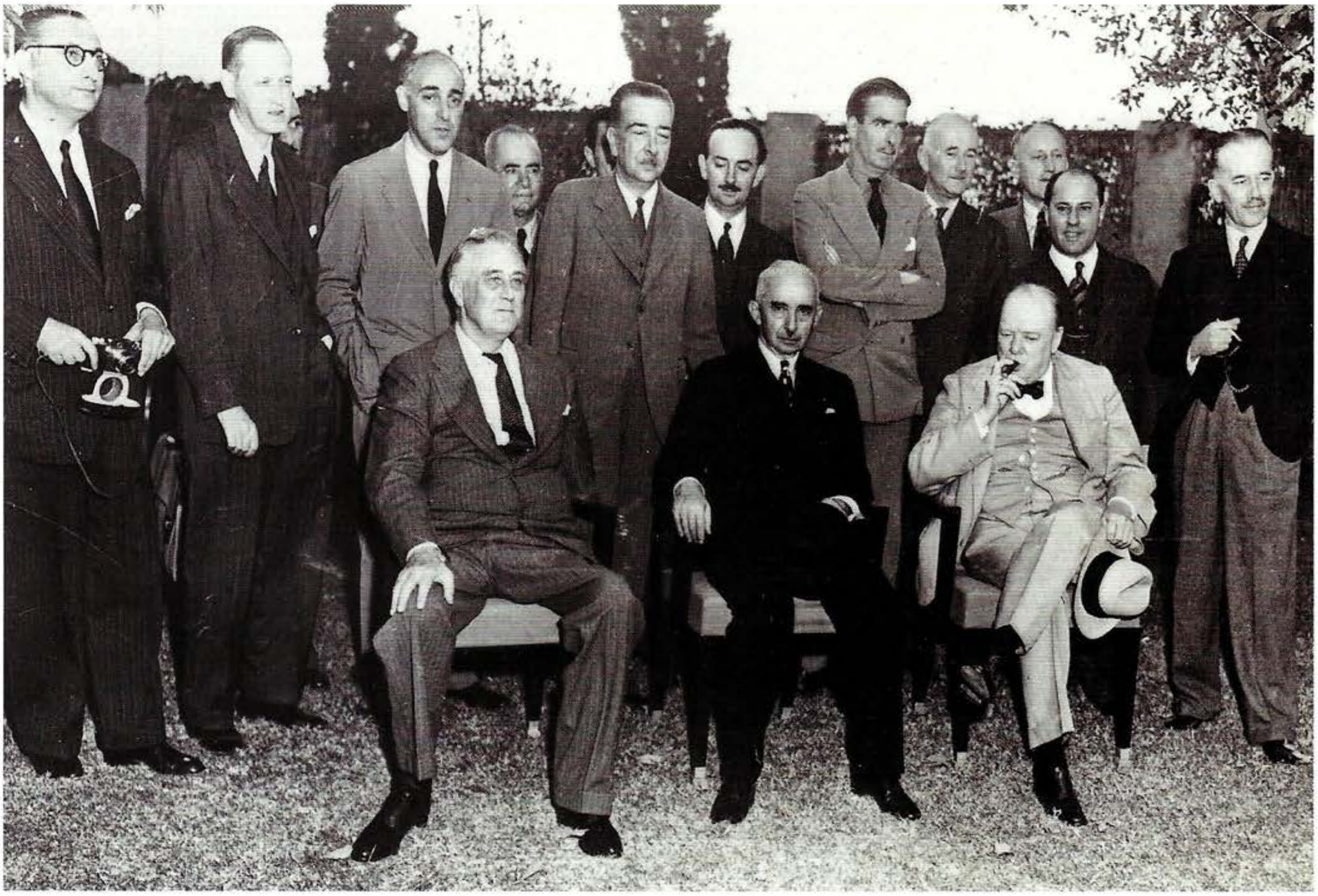
After being shipped from Ankara to boarding school in England in the early 1950s, I had wonderful holidays at the Turkish embassy in Paris. This is the eighteenth-century Palais de Lamballe off the Quai de Passy. Perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most visible, demonstration of Numan's diplomatic skills was that he persuaded de Gaulle to donate this magnificent building to Turkey. I can therefore lay claim to childhood memories of Monsignor Roncalli coming round to visit Numan, when we would kiss his hand in the Turkish style. That, as Peter Hebblethwaite never discovered, was how the two men always met: in private. Roncalli found Numan's household a good place to relax in, and in Paris, as we now know, with his problems with worker priests on the one hand and with intellectual priests like Teilhard de Chardin on the other, Roncalli clearly needed to get away now and then.

Roncalli loved most things Turkish – even modern Turkish music. When Numan took him to the first performance in Paris of Adnan Saygun's *Yunus Emre* oratorio, both performers and audience were soon entranced to see the Nuncio enthusiastically beating time. Above all, Roncalli loved Turkish food. *Böreks* were a favourite of his, as were stuffed vegetables, especially *kabak dolması* (stuffed marrows). Sometimes, when he felt tired, he would call for the embassy chef and ask him to cook some *lapa* (rice congee). Roncalli would say that *lapa* demonstrated that the Turks were a truly civilised people: in what other country, he would ask, do they have a dish designed to be light on the digestion when your body is tired? Not content with the food he ate on his visits, he scandalised the French chef at the nunciature in Paris by ordering him to report to the kitchens of the Turkish embassy to learn how to cook his favourite dishes.

Roncalli went on in 1953 to become Cardinal-Archbishop of Venice, where Numan went to stay with him, then to become Pope in 1958. The historic achievements of his pontificate have been much written about. What has not been written about is the important work that Roncalli and Numan did together during the Second World War, in which the unofficial nature of their friendship was a great help – not least because Roncalli did not exactly stick rigidly to the official Vatican line in foreign affairs.

The most important area of their

> NUMAN BECAME CONVINCED THAT THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, ANTHONY EDEN, WANTED TO ADD TURKEY TO THE PARCEL OF EASTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES TO BE OFFERED TO STALIN FOR HIS DELECTATION



joint work is one that is not mentioned in histories official or unofficial: they saved about 100,000 Jews from the Nazis and from other fascist regimes in Europe. Together in their desire to save lives, they were also as one in their search for a negotiated peace, often scorned, and in their even more scorned opposition to the Allied policy of unconditional surrender, based as it was on making a present to the Soviets of the whole of Eastern Europe.

Roncalli was particularly horrified at the potential fate of *Polonia Semper Fidelis*, the ever-faithful Catholic Poland. He had organised a committee in Istanbul to help Polish refugees on the very day that Warsaw fell to the Germans, September 28, 1939. Later Numan became convinced that the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, wanted to add Turkey to the parcel of Eastern European countries to be offered to Stalin for his delectation.

To give an idea of the kind of person Numan was, and of why the man who would be called *Il Papa buono* was attracted to him, I cannot resist telling a story from my childhood. Newly arrived at prep school in Somerset in the early 1950s, I had caught flu and was being cared for in the sanatorium by two young matrons. I heard them excitedly discussing their forthcoming trip to Paris in the school holidays. It was to be their first trip abroad and they would be staying in a small hotel on the Left Bank. Well, it was going to be my first school holiday staying with Numan; and as by then I had learnt that the thing to do in England was to invite people to tea, I very grandly invited the matrons to take tea with me in the Turkish embassy. But then, in Paris, I felt guilty, and confessed to Uncle Numan about my invitation, saying that I would of course telephone the girls' hotel to cancel it. Numan said: "Certainly not. It will go ahead." The idea had taken his fancy.

FIRST CAIRO CONFERENCE, NOVEMBER 1943. FOREIGN MINISTER NUMAN MENEMENCIOĞLU STANDS BEHIND ROOSEVELT, INÖNÜ AND CHURCHILL. NEXT TO HIM, ARMS FOLDED, IS HIS ARCH-RIVAL ANTHONY EDEN, WHO EVENTUALLY FORCED HIS RESIGNATION

On the day, he gave me his limousine and chauffeur to pick the girls up from their hotel. When we arrived at the embassy, the doors were opened for us by İhsan, the major-domo, in white tie and tails. The doors of the state drawing room, measuring a good thirty metres across and used only for the most formal state occasions, were flung open. Then tea was served on the gold tea service left over from the Ottoman Empire. Only a few years ago, I ran into the headmaster of my school, and he informed me the story the girls had told everyone on their return was still being remembered at a recent staff reunion. That was Numan.

As for Roncalli, a study of his nearly ten years in Turkey gives hints of the Pope he was to become. It also casts a new light on some aspects of the history of the period. For example, no historian to date has commented on the fact that von Papen, the German ambassador to Turkey, was a faithful Catholic. Roncalli was certainly aware of von Papen's attempts to use this to influence him, but it still made a difference. Frau von Papen would arrange the flowers in Roncalli's splendid cathedral of St Esprit, then as now hidden from the eyes of Istanbul residents behind the grey walls of the Dames de Sion Lycée in Harbiye. Anticipating his revolutionary decision as Pope that Mass was no longer to be celebrated in Latin but in the local language, Roncalli stunned many Istanbul Catholics at St Esprit by introducing Turkish into the Divine Praises, so that, for example, *Benedictus Deus* became *Tanrı Mubarek Olsun.* It is not true, however, that he himself said Mass in Turkish. While on retreat with the Jesuits at their house in Ayazpaşa, in November 1939, he wrote in his diary: "It is my special intention, as an exercise in mortification, to learn the Turkish language. To know so little of it, after five years in Istanbul, is a disgrace."

He may not have managed to learn Turkish, but he did learn from the Turks. Looking out at night over the Bosphorus, he was impressed with the cheerful hard work of the fishermen, catching sea bass in hundreds of little boats. "I find the sight very moving," he noted in his diary. "The other night, towards one o'clock, it was pouring with rain but the fishermen were still there, undeterred from their heavy toil. Oh, how ashamed we should feel, we 'Fishers of Men', before such an example!"

This was a time when Britain was pressing Turkey for air bases from which to bomb the Romanian oilfields, and Numan was resisting, knowing from von Papen that Germany would bomb Turkish cities if the bases were granted (and of course von Papen was reading all the latest secret British telegrams, thanks to Cicero, the valet of the British ambassador, Knatchbull-Hugessen). It was also a time when Numan was trying to get the British to understand that, after thirteen Russo–Turkish wars in less than two centuries, Turkey regarded Stalin as its worst Russian nightmare come true.

The period can be summed up through Menemencioğlu family anecdotes about the Cairo conferences of 1943 held by Roosevelt, Churchill and the Turks. They come from my uncle Turgut, my mother's brother and at the time a very junior diplomat.

At the first Cairo conference, when Eden had been assuring the Turks that the Royal Air Force could easily prevent the Luftwaffe from blitzing Turkish cities if Turkey gave him the air bases he wanted, Churchill informed the assembled company that the complex of villas where they were housed was being guarded by five RAF fighter squadrons. Numan quietly asked Churchill if five squadrons were enough, and Churchill replied that he hoped so, but you never knew when those cunning Luftwaffe pilots might sneak in at sea level from Crete.

Numan then pointed out that much closer to Istanbul were the Luftwaffe in Bulgaria, and that Istanbul was much larger than the complex of villas they were occupying, yet the British embassy had assured him that the two and a half RAF fighter squadrons allocated to Istanbul's defence were more than adequate. At this, Roosevelt roared with laughter, slapped the table and exclaimed, "He's got you, Winston, he's got you."

When they met again in Cairo later in 1943, Roosevelt was by then quite sympathetic to the Turks, and made a remark to that effect during the discussions, which of course in those days were all in French. Eden sharply said, in English – assuming that no Turk could understand – "Mr President, you forget that we have an undertaking towards the Russians." Turgut, a graduate of Robert College, translated this remark for Numan's benefit, thereby realising his worst fears.

In a third conversation with Eden, Numan casually asked what was to be the fate of Poland after the war. Professor Peter Hennessy, in his recent acclaimed book about British prime ministers since the war, comments on Eden's temper, which caused his private secretaries to hesitate before going in to see him. On this occasion, Eden definitely lost his cool and shouted: *"La Pologne ne vous concerne pas"* ("Poland is none of your business"). Numan calmly replied: *"Au contraire, la Pologne c'est pour nous la pierre de touche"* ("On the contrary, Poland is the touchstone for us"). On his return, Numan told this story to Roncalli and the Polish ambassador, Sokolnicki, who, after the ensuing debacle of Poland, was allowed to stay on in Turkey and was looked after by the Turks.

After those encounters with Eden, the Turks stopped mentioning Russia. They had got the message. But Eden got Numan in the end. After the success of the D-Day landings, he made vociferous demands of Inönü, the Turkish President. It was clear a change was needed, and Numan accordingly resigned as Foreign Minister on June 15, 1944. But by then, the Roosevelt administration had gone beyond merely sympathising with the Turks. It had become much more actively involved in the region in a way that Churchill and Eden deeply resented as an intrusion into what they considered the British zone of influence. This was not, at first, because of the Soviet threat. It was because of the Jews.

It is a common misconception that during the Second World War Britain and, once it had entered into the war, the United States did everything possible to save Jews. Not so. The Foreign Office view was that it was most concerned "with the difficulties of disposing of any considerable number of Jews should they be rescued from enemy territory".

Well, what about disposing of any considerable number of Jews by welcoming them into Britain? No such welcome was on offer. As the Home Secretary, Herbert Morrison, told the Cabinet on September 23, 1943, entry to Britain was barred "unless in some quite rare and exceptional cases it can be shown that the admission of the refugee will be directly advantageous to our war effort".

Well then, what about disposing of any considerable number of Jews by admitting them to Palestine under the terms of the Balfour Declaration? Certainly not. The quota for entry visas to Palestine for Jews was a maximum of 75,000 over five years starting in 1939, and preferably many fewer than that. The reason, at least officially? The Arabs, who had rioted on that subject in 1936. As a Foreign Office official put it, "If we antagonise the Arabs, they are free to change sides, so to speak, and throw in their lot with the Axis, who will certainly be ready to welcome them. If, on the other hand, we antagonise the Jews, they have no such alternative, and will be forced still to

Monsignor Roncalli surrounded by the Frères of the two French lycées in Istanbul, St Michel and St Joseph

adhere to our cause, since the whole of their racial future is wrapped up in our victory. Every Jew must recognise this, including the Zionists in the USA."

What about the USA, then? Surely there was a much more pro-Jewish feeling there? Well, no – at least not until American policy towards Jews began to change as a result of domestic pressures in 1944. Until then, the Roosevelt administration was very happy to support the British policy of keeping Jews out of Palestine and generally doing nothing. Even after that, progress was slow. Who would believe today, for example, that as late as May 1944 the US Congress threw out an administration proposal to grant just 1,000 Jewish refugees temporary refuge in America?

Meanwhile, not inconsiderable numbers of Jews inconveniently kept on coming. Their ways out of Europe were few, and soon came down to one. Marseille was closed after the German victory over France. Switzerland soon proved of little use, refusing to allow in anyone with the word *Jude* (Jew) on their passport. Sweden was too remote. In October 1940, Portugal declared its doors closed to Jewish refugees in transit. That left Turkey.

However, it took time for Turkey's unique position to sink in, not least with the Jewish Agency for Palestine, which continued to pin its hopes on Switzerland long after the door had effectively been closed. It also took a shock. This was provided in December 1941 by the *Struma* – a clapped-out seventy-four-year-old ship that limped out of the Romanian port of Constanza and arrived outside the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus with nearly 900 Jewish refugees on board. The *Struma* was towed into Istanbul harbour, and the British government set out to make it into a test case.

For seventy-one days the vessel lay off Seraglio Point, its passengers fed and tended by Turkish Jews from the nearby Sirkeci Synagogue, with Roncalli and his nuns of the Dames de Sion taking a close interest. But the British were determined: 4,400 Jews had gone through from Turkey to Palestine so far in 1941, a number considered far too high by the Palestine administration. Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British ambassador, weakened and pleaded with London to let the *Struma* through. An assistant to Lord Moyne, the Colonial Secretary, minuted: "This is the first occasion on which, in spite of numerous efforts, the Turkish Government has shown any signs of being ready to help in frustrating these illegal ships, and then the Ambassador goes and spoils the whole effect on absurdly misjudged humanitarian grounds."

So, after 71 days, the *Struma* was towed back out into the Black Sea and abandoned. Soon afterwards, there was an explosion and she sank. Only after the war did it become known that a Soviet submarine had been waiting for the ship and torpedoed her, the sub's captain being immediately awarded a medal by Stalin. There was one survivor, a teenage boy named David

Stollier, who was then refused entry into Palestine on the grounds of being an enemy alien. He spent the rest of the war being looked after in Istanbul.

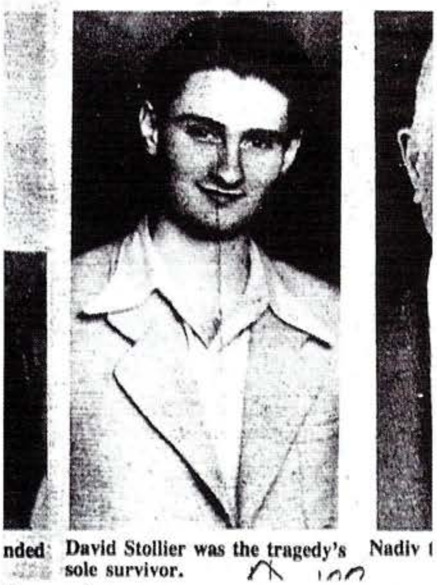
The only good thing about the *Struma* catastrophe was that it gave Numan the moral authority to ignore further British pressure. Here, for example, is Chaim Barlas, head of the Jewish Agency in Turkey, describing to US Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt his meeting with Numan when he went to ask permission for another ship, another potential *Struma,* to be allowed into Istanbul in April 1944: "As a result of the personal visits I made to the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Bulgarian *S/S Milka* was allowed to enter the port of Istanbul without proper documents and although previously declared unseaworthy by the International Red Cross. He telephoned the Minister of Communications in my presence and requested him to provide the necessary four or five railroad cars immediately to transport the refugees from the *Milka* to Syria."

It is not exaggerating to say Istanbul then became the focus for attempts to save Jews from the Nazis. In the course of 1943 fourteen different Jewish organisations in addition to the Jewish Agency for Palestine established bases there, often with Turkish government help. Starting in the Pera Palas, their offices soon overflowed into the Continental next door and then into an apartment block. Among many others, Teddy Kollek, future mayor of Jerusalem, spent much of 1943 in Istanbul, working for the Histadrut trade union organisation. This was work in which it is possible to identify the essential roles played by Numan and Roncalli.

In Roncalli's case, there is clear evidence that he used the eastern European network of the Dames de Sion nuns for intelligence-gathering purposes. Events started multiplying. For example, in January 1943 trains of Jewish children from Slovakia, organised by Roncalli with Turkish help, started arriving in Istanbul.

Roncalli's greatest identifiable success was in saving 26,000 Jews from Hungary. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Budapest had negotiated a deal which the Germans kept to in the early period of the Final Solution, whereby converts to Christianity would not be sent to Auschwitz and could leave. Roncalli supplied thousands of certificates of baptism from Istanbul, together with assurances that they were intended to save lives, and that he would not think that any Jews thus "baptised" had abjured their faith. By then also the Turks, fed up with British reluctance to issue entry visas to Palestine, had started accepting visas issued by the Jewish Agency. On arrival in Istanbul, the refugees had a choice of staying safely in Turkey for the rest of the war, or of being sent on to small ports, especially Marmaris and Bodrum, from where the Mossad Aliyah Beth – the future Israeli secret service, started for just such purposes before independence – organised small boats to attempt the journey to Palestine.

'THERE IS CLEAR EVIDENCE THAT RONCALLI USED THE EASTERN EUROPEAN NETWORK OF THE DAMES DE SION NUNS FOR INTELLIGENCE-GATHERING PURPOSES'


nded: David Stollier was the tragedy's Nadiv
sole survivor.

DAVID STOLLIER, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE STRUMA TRAGEDY. REFUSED ENTRY TO PALESTINE, HE SPENT THE REST OF THE WAR IN ISTANBUL

As to Numan, his greatest identifiable success was in saving all but a few of the 10,000 Jews of Turkish citizenship in Vichy France after the German occupation. After the war, at Nuremberg and later in his memoirs, von Papen claimed the credit for this, but it is clear from the German records that it was Numan's work. At Drancy, the camp outside Paris from which Jews were deported to Auschwitz, Turkish Jews – to the amazement of the German SS as well as other Jews – were classed as Non-Deportables, and would await visits from Turkish consular officials to organise their release.

Roncalli, of course, was working on his own, and without Vatican approval. He could not rely on automatic support from colleagues. What is perhaps a particular issue of pride with Numan is that all his staff in the Turkish diplomatic service shared his attitude. Numan is named on the Simon Wiesenthal Centre internet site, and is one of seven Turkish diplomats thanked on a Sephardic site.

One Turkish diplomat, Salahattin Ülkümen, consul-general in Rhodes from 1943 to 1944, has been recognised as a Righteous Gentile at Yad Vashem (as was the better known Oskar Schindler) for his action in saving Jews of Turkish origin after the Germans occupied Rhodes in 1943. Incensed by his successful intervention, the SS arranged for the Luftwaffe to drop an "accidental" bomb on the Turkish consulate-general, mortally wounding his heavily pregnant wife, who died after just managing to give birth to a son.

In France, whereas US consulates warned Jewish Americans that nothing could be done to protect them from the Germans, Turkish consulates always insisted it was none of the Germans' business what the religion or racial origin of a Turkish citizen might be, and they were almost always successful. Necdet Kent, then a very young vice-consul in Marseille, has given an extraordinarily moving – and modest – account of how he intervened personally on one occasion to save some eighty Turkish Jews being sent by cattle train to Auschwitz.

When the German officer in charge of the loading at Marseille railway station would not release the Turkish Jews, saying that as far as he was concerned they were "just Jews", not Turks, Necdet Kent got into their cattle car with them. When the train moved off with him on board, the officer had to report what had happened to his

'JEWISH HISTORIANS EITHER IGNORE OR POOH-POOH THE TURKISH CONTRIBUTION TO SAVING JEWS... WHAT OFTEN STANDS OUT IS A BARELY CONCEALED AND IGNORANT PREJUDICE'

superiors. The train was stopped, and senior German officers climbed on board to apologise to the young Turkish diplomat. He insisted on, and secured, the immediate release of all the Turkish Jews. He then refused to get into the official Mercedes which the embarrassed Germans offered him, and hired a wood-burning local taxi to return to Marseille.

You may ask why this work has not been recognised by historians. In Roncalli's case, it still embarrasses the Vatican, for it raises the thorny issue of Pius XII's actions during the war, which are still highly controversial. In Numan's case, and that of Turkey in general, the reasons are more complicated. There is, of course, one simple reason: the *Varlık Vergisi*, or Wealth Tax, introduced in November 1942.

Ostensibly designed to tax "people who had earned a lot of money during the war", it was perhaps more accurately described by one of its Turkish critics, the journalist Nadir Nadi, as being designed "to free the market from the control of the minorities and open it to Turks". Certainly a number of Turkish Jews as well as Turkish Christians were impoverished by the tax before it was abolished in March 1944. Perhaps the best comment on the subject is that of Professor Geoffrey Lewis, who has said that the Wealth Tax was a one-off event, that it was part of the reaction by backward elements following Atatürk's death, and that he does not know of any Turk familiar with its history who is not ashamed of it. At least Numan and the Foreign Ministry had nothing to do with it. That it took so long to abolish is another pointer to the United States' slowness to become interested in the region and its minorities.

There are, however, other reasons for the lack of historical recognition which cannot be laid at the Turks' door. There is fierce in-fighting between Jewish historians over whether more Jews could have been saved during the war. Some say they could; others insist they could not. What they all have in common is that they either ignore or pooh-pooh the Turkish contribution to saving Jews. Indeed, what often stands out is a barely concealed and ignorant prejudice that Turks and Arabs are all the same, and that it cannot be true that Turks saved Jews, whether during the Second World War, or from Spain in 1492, or indeed ever.

The great exception is Stanford J Shaw's *Turkey and the Holocaust: Turkey's Role in Rescuing Jewry from Nazi Persecution, 1933–1945*, published in 1993. Professor Shaw's wife, Ezel Kural Shaw, is the daughter of a Turk who was a wartime frontier official near Edirne. He first aroused Shaw's interest when he told him of all the Jews he had let into Turkey in the course of his daily – and particularly nightly – work during the war.

Shaw goes into areas that I am not qualified to do, such as the rivalry between Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews, the latter being by far the largest group in Turkey, whereas Ashkenazim predominate in America, Europe and Israel. For example, he recounts how, at the Second Yad Vashem International Historical Conference in 1974, after a talk on how Numan and the Turkish consulates in France had saved 10,000 Turkish Jews, one Joseph Friedman rose. Admitting: "I am not a historian, nor am I involved in research", Friedman continued: "I must admit I know nothing about the 10,000 Turkish nationals. It seems to me that there must have been a mistake and that the number was not more than 1,000. As far as the matter itself is concerned, as I mentioned, I know nothing."

Shaw is particularly critical of Ira Hirschmann, the executive from Bloomingdale's, the New York department store, who was for some reason chosen by Roosevelt to go to Turkey as the agent of the War Refugee Board, created in 1944. Hirschmann wrote up his experiences in 1946 in *Lifeline to a Promised Land*, a book some today might consider racist. He had an obsession with eyes, often calling Turks "sad-eyed", and even commenting on Roncalli's eyes. Hirschmann's arrival worried US Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt, himself a Jew, because his behaviour was so crude and undiplomatic. Worse was his total inability, as someone who had never worked in another, much poorer country before, to understand just how limited Turkey's resources were. He complained, for instance, that the ships he was offered by Turkish shipowners to bring Jews out of eastern Europe were "old tubs", and that their owners' request that they should be replaced in the event of being sunk by U-boats was "piratical". Numan pointed out to Steinhardt that Turkey was offering nearly one fifth of its total shipping fleet to rescue Jews. On Steinhardt's advice, the State Department duly provided the guarantee scorned by Hirschmann.

The story of this period comes full circle in an extraordinary Anglo–Turkish family coincidence. Eden's pressure on Numan during 1943 to grant the RAF air bases from which to bomb Romanian oilfields came about because RAF bombers based in North Africa did not have the range to fly the return journey. However, the Liberators of the US Army Air Force did have the range. Their commanders also had a fierce desire to score a big success. What they lacked at that time was the experience to plan such a raid. So they asked the RAF for help, which they received in the form of my father, Wing Commander Jasper Streater, who had gone straight from Istanbul on the outbreak of war to join the RAF in Egypt, and was by 1943 a highly experienced intelligence officer. The result was the famous Ploesti Raid of August 1, 1943 by 165 Liberators. It delighted Roosevelt, who awarded my father the Legion of Merit. What Eden thought of it is not known. At any rate, Ploesti must have lessened Eden's ability to press Numan for air bases.

Anglo–Turkish marriages are now happily common, but in those days they were very rare indeed. It is just one more coincidence that the British side of my family, as well as the Turkish side, should have become involved in the remarkable wartime friendship between Numan Menemencioğlu and Angelo, Monsignor Roncalli.

◆

Osman Streater is a writer, historian and advertising director. He is writing a book on the history of the Menemencioğlu family since 1219

The colour red is the undying passion of Robert Chenciner. Barnaby Rogerson catches up with this tireless collector and scholar while Min Hogg styles his treasure chest of textiles.

Photographs by Simon Upton

MAD ABOUT MADDER

'Chenciner has sourced all the world's recipes for red – for Saharan shawls, for the Coptic script in Fatimid weaving, for the kilts worn by Roman legionaries on Hadrian's Wall, for the silk ikats of Bukhara, for an 8,000-year-old thread from Çatalhüyük'

There are half a dozen people of colour in Britain. Lady Aldington will always be linked with her indomitable quest for white horses; research into indigo dyes is the province of Dr Jenny Balfour-Paul; while madder red is the undisputed territory of Robert 'Madder Bob' Chenciner. These people of colour are a rare but passionate breed. Their enthusiasm acknowledges no limits or geographical boundaries and flits through centuries and cultures like some highly charged neutron on mission. I vividly remember the passion with which I watched Lady Aldington search for Herodotus's River Bug, one of the lost breeding grounds of the sacred white horses of the Scythians and Persians. Later I witnessed a similar glint in the eye of Jenny Balfour-Paul (matching the twinkle of her embroidered shawls and lapis lazuli) as she revealed the existence of a lost diary by a British eighteenth-century indigo planter in Bengal. Chenciner is quite their equal.

Indeed madder red is not a subject to bring up lightly in his presence. For it is like opening a dictionary at random – never knowing where you will be taken off to next. Chenciner has the historian's eye for continuity, the chemist's interest in the telling detail, the merchant's enthusiasm for the roller-coaster laws of supply and demand and the salesman's appreciation of a winning pitch.

Nor is red for him simply an intellectual interest, something to be kept in neat files for an academic career. It is the colour of life, of wine, of blood, of success and of desire. Here you enter the mythical land of pigeon-heart gems, coloured powders chosen to warm the bones of the long dead, Aztec sacrifices, doomed poppies and roses. He is delighted to tell you that Ted Hughes, that man of men, chose "Red" as the last poem in his last volume of poetry, *Birthday Letters*.

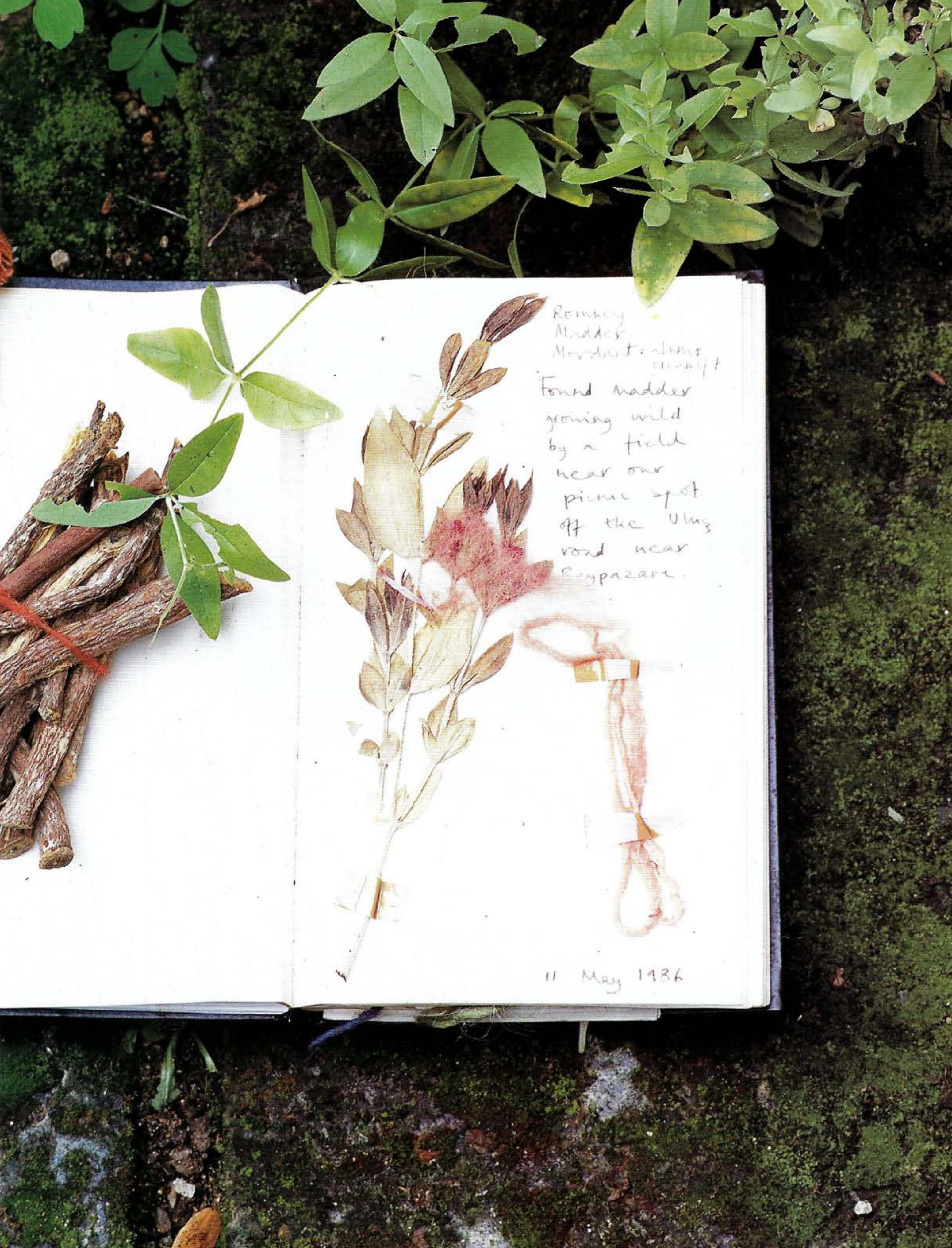
To listen to this stream of propaganda for crimson from Madder Bob, you should ideally be seated in his warm kitchen and feel your cheeks glow as you are fed with slivers of red sausage and rummers of red wine.

Chenciner has sourced all the world's recipes for red, whether for Saharan shawls, for the Coptic script in Fatimid weaving, for the red kilts worn by Roman legionaries on Hadrian's Wall, for the silk ikats of Bukhara produced by the Jewish dyers of Central Asia, or for an 8,000-year-old thread from Çatalhüyük.

Although red hues can be created from saffron, henna, cochineal or the famous murex shell of the Phoenicians, it is the dye from the madder root that commands the centre of the spectrum of red. As Bob lists, mantra-like, the palette produced from madder – light terracotta, burnt orange, lacquer red, dark henna, dull orange, rose-brown, dark coral pink – one wonders why he never took to the stage. The answer is that he has taken to the rostrum instead. He is a star speaker at the 'rug clubs' of the United States as well as on the more austere conference circuit of Oxford and Vienna.

The story of madder red starts with a wonderful, if often vague, catalogue of ancient descriptions and samples backed by a shifting cloud of folklore. The symbolism of colour and the magical role of the dyer as transformer dance in and out of the tale. The Dark Ages provide an interlude before the story gathers pace, with European merchants and ministers becoming desperate to lay their hands on the textiles and techniques of the East, including the secret of Turkey red. This search reaches its zenith when the opulent exports of Persia and the Ottoman Empire become the great

Skeins of silk dyed with madder next to a bundle of the plant root. Marian Chenciner, Robert's wife, used English madder root from Romsey in Kent to dye the small thread of wool in her dye book



Romney
Madder
Mordant: alum
cream/t

Found madder
growing wild
by a field
near our
picnic spot
off the Ulus
road near
Beypazari.

11 May 1986

LEFT: EUROPEAN VERSIONS OF ORIENTAL DESIGNS PRINTED ON COTTON USING MADDER REDS

ABOVE: SKEINS OF WOOL AND A PILE OF ANTIQUE WOOL CARPETS FROM TURKEY, PERSIA, TURKMENISTAN AND DAGHESTAN SHOW THE GREAT RANGE OF COLOURS CREATED WITH MADDER – PURPLE, LILAC, BROWN, BEIGE, BRICK, APRICOT, ORANGE AND PINK, AS WELL AS RED

status objects of northwest Europe in the sixteenth century and gain pride of place in royal portraits. From the seventeenth century the ancient techniques are copied, and with the expansion of world markets the trade in madder root and madder red reaches its peak in the early nineteenth century.

The old techniques began to die out in the 1850s with the first great chemical red dye, synthesised from coal-tar by a British chemist, Henry Perkin. In the succeeding thirty years a flood of patented chemical inventions swept away the old dyestuffs.

Madder red was dead by the end of the nineteenth century – though the secret of the Phoenicians' Tyrian royal purple would not be cracked until 1998. In our modern age we are left with the consolations of poetry and colour symbolism and the delight of trading in pre-1850 textiles dyed with madder.

A recognised figure at antique textile fairs, Chenciner has the "eye" of the dealer-collector to an enviable degree. Only last year he managed to unearth a Qajar Persian portrait in a local Oxfam shop. Back in the late Eighties he was one of the first to appreciate the indigenous textiles of the Caucasian republic of Daghestan. He travelled there to hunt out Caucasian dragon rugs, but was soon happily diverted towards the indigenous Kaitags. The result was a beautifully illustrated catalogue, *Kaitag: Textile Art from Daghestan*, in 1993, followed four years later by *Daghestan: Tradition and Survival*.

Now his long journey along the highways and byways of madder has produced another publication, *Madder Red: A History of Luxury and Trade*, published by Curzon Press. The book was launched at the Chelsea Physic Garden in London in the summer of 2000. It is, as one might expect, full of diagrams, charts, appendices, notes, a glossary and a so-called selective bibliography sprawling over ten densely packed pages. Few readers could honestly join Bob in thanking his publishers for "enlightened design and editing". The dire red used on the jacket warns one

what they might have done had they made any use of colour photographs. I hope that *Madder Red* will one day be replaced by a beautifully produced, tightly edited, well-designed second edition. Until then I will continue to cherish the first edition, warts and all.

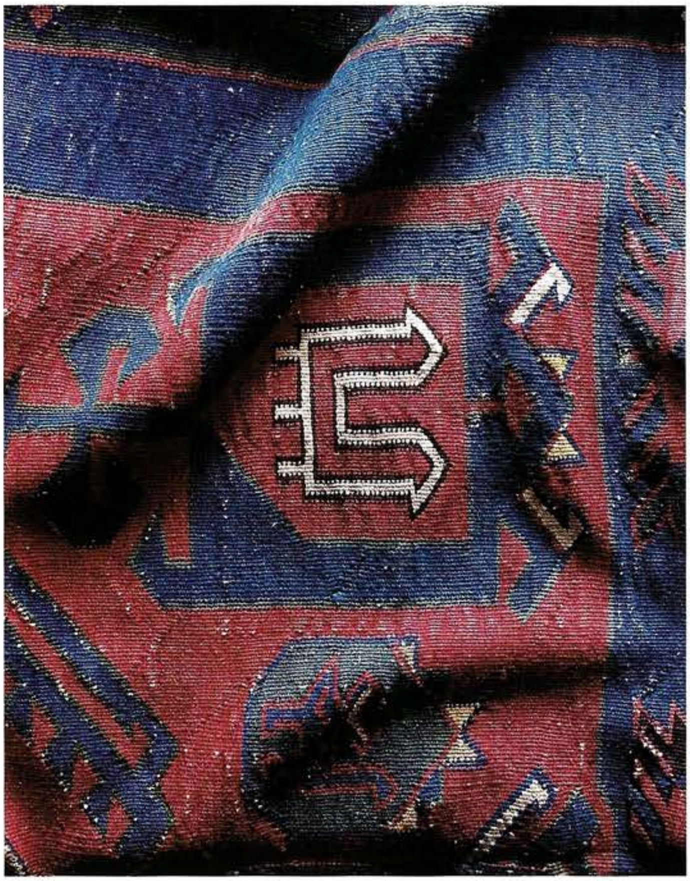
It would be a mistake, though, to leave with the impression that Chenciner is just one in the long line of British scholar-eccentrics with an interest in Central Asia. He is also a broker dealing in the bottom-line world of business-to-business buy-outs and acquisitions. Married to a highly qualified Amnesty International desk officer, he prepares expert reports in asylum appeal cases and has a Mediterranean affinity for children, the kitchen and his two daughters.

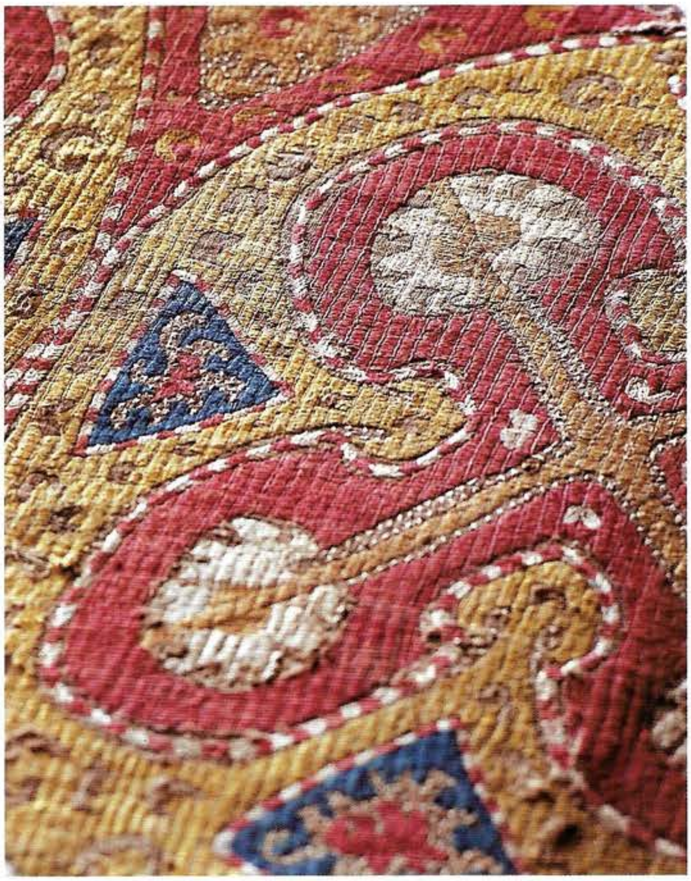
You could trust him with your life, but if you are in a hurry, you might think twice before engaging him on the matter of madder. ◆

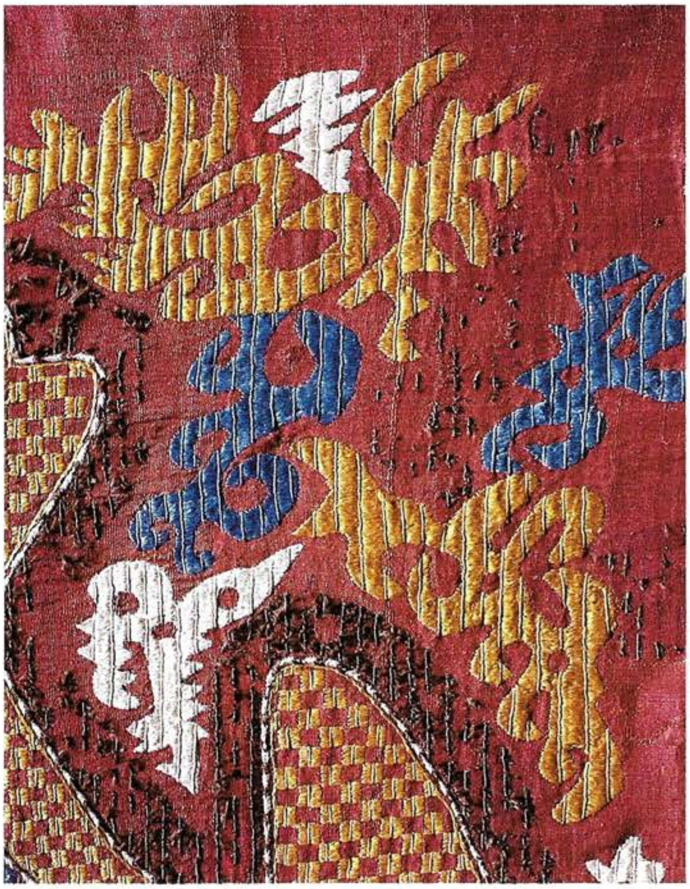
'Madder Red: A History of Luxury and Trade' is published by Curzon Press at £25. Chenciner's earlier book 'Kaitag: Textile Art from Daghestan' (Textile Art Publications, £75) is on offer to Cornucopia subscribers at the special price of £69.99

ABOVE: VARIOUS SHADES OF MADDER-DYED SILK ON AN 18TH-CENTURY SHIRVAN DRAGON RUG

OPPOSITE, TOP LEFT: PART OF A 5-METRE-LONG GREAT DAVAGHIN RUG, TAPESTRY-WOVEN IN THE 19TH CENTURY WITH A 13TH-CENTURY SELJUK ANIMAL MOTIF. TOP RIGHT: 18TH-CENTURY KAITAG SILK WITH A 'FLORAL CROSS' DESIGN USING LAID-AND-COUCHED EMBROIDERY; THE SILK WAS GROWN LOCALLY. BOTTOM LEFT: DETAIL OF AN 18TH-CENTURY 'ANIMAL SKIN' KAITAG SILK EMBROIDERY FROM DAGHESTAN. BOTTOM RIGHT: ANOTHER GREAT DAVAGHIN 19TH-CENTURY TAPESTRY WEAVE, THIS ONE WITH AN EAGLE SUNBURST DESIGN







LIGHT YEARS F

ROM NEW YORK

AMERICAN-BORN CARLA GRISSMANN WROTE 'DINNER OF HERBS', HER PORTRAIT OF AN ISOLATED HAMLET IN CENTRAL ANATOLIA, TO ASSUAGE HER LOSS WHEN SHE WAS FORCED TO LEAVE AT A FEW DAYS' NOTICE. THIRTY YEARS LATER, SHE WAS PERSUADED TO PUBLISH IT AT THE MOMENT HER SECOND ADOPTED HOME, AFGHANISTAN, WAS TAKEN FROM HER. SHE TALKS TO MAUREEN FREELY OF HER LOVE OF REMOTE PLACES AND PEOPLE. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN DURING HER STAY IN TURKEY

AT HOME: CARLA GRISSMANN (HOLDING THE BABY, RIGHT) IN THE ANATOLIAN VILLAGE THAT ADOPTED HER

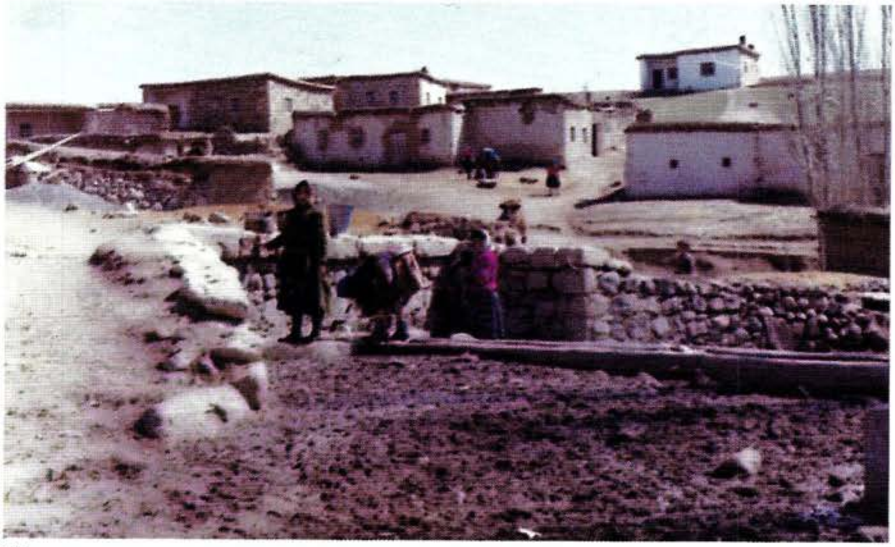
Carla Grissmann does not keep a diary. She is not one for dates. But she is fairly sure she made her first visit to Anatolia in the spring of 1968 or 1969. She would have been forty or forty-one at the time. She was based in Jerusalem, working in the proofreading department of an English-language newspaper. Someone had told her about the cave churches in Cappadocia, and she wanted to see them for herself.

During her two-month stay in Ürgüp, she made friends with a young schoolteacher named Kâmuran. In halting English, he told her about the central Anatolian hamlet where he taught. She listened carefully to his stories and tried to make a picture from his faltering words: "village, forty houses, 300 people in all, no electricity, no road, walking from one village to another with his hands full of stones to throw at the dogs that leapt around him".

Before moving to Jerusalem, she had worked in Morocco and Tunisia. Her brief glimpses of village life in those countries had made her hungry for more. "For a long time I had wanted to touch the life of a Turkish village, knowing how remote it was from the classical splendours of Istanbul or the Ionian coast, and how different it must be from a Muslim village in North Africa, but I knew I could not approach a village alone." So she asked Kâmuran if he could take her there. His first response was, "You will not like it."

When she asked him why, he urged her to read *Bizim Köy* and *Mehmet, My Hawk*, though he admitted that, in fact, his village was not as bad as those portrayed in these classics of village life. The

A NEIGHBOUR POSES PROUDLY FOR CARLA. NO BUS WENT TO UZAK KÖY: THE LAST FIVE MILES WERE COVERED BY JEEP OR ON FOOT



WATER CAME FROM A SPRING IN THE CENTRE OF THE VILLAGE. ABOVE: A GENTLE GIANT, SAHIB WAS POET, STORYTELLER AND SHEPHERD

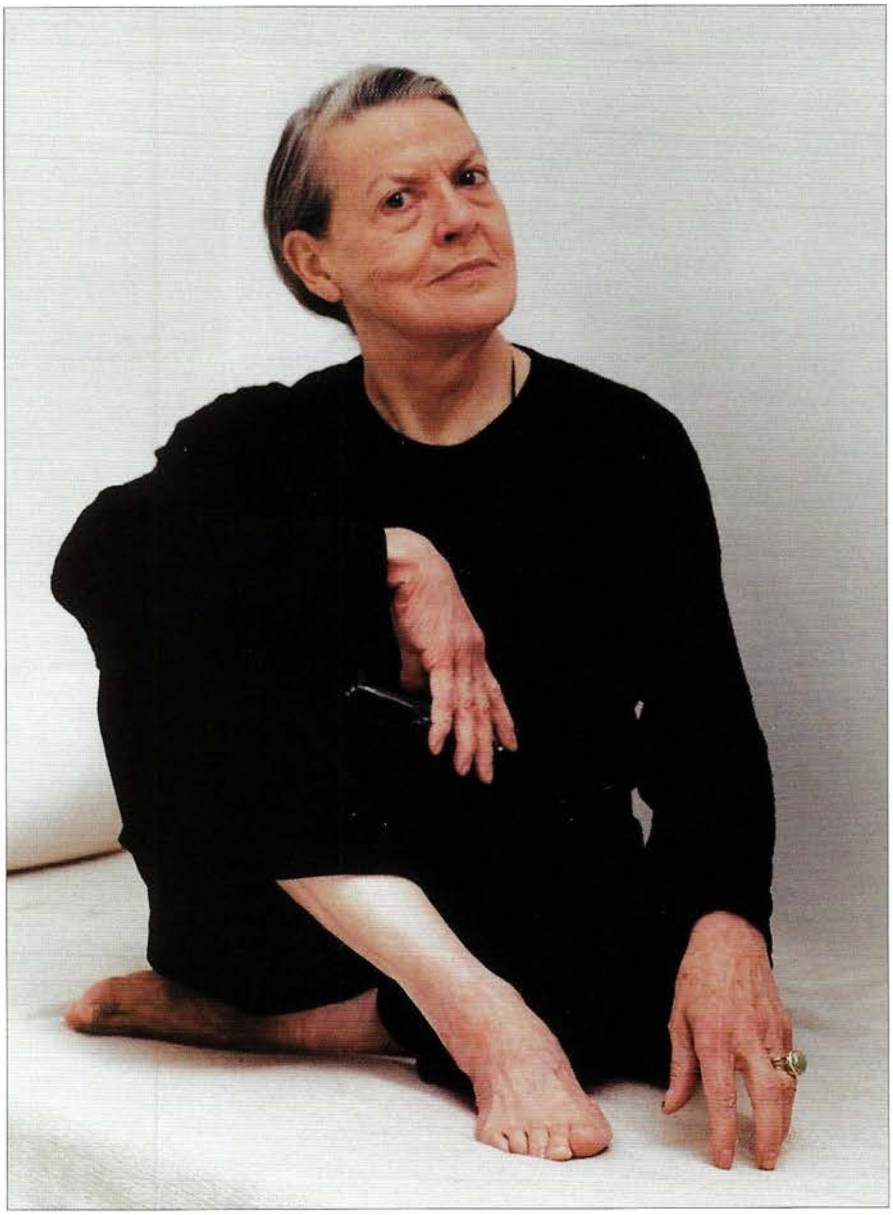
people were "open and kind". Eventually he agreed to approach the Muhtar and the elders to ask if they would "allow a foreigner, a stranger, a woman to be a guest in their village for a while". Their answer was "Yes, of course, yes."

So in early autumn of the same year, Carla returned to Ankara and boarded a bus that took her 250 kilometres east, to a town somewhere between Yozgat and Yerköy. Here her friend Kâmuran was waiting for her. Together they boarded an old farm bus that took them to a village she calls Bulutlu. On this first day they found a jeep to take them the last eight kilometres to Uzak Köy. But on many other occasions she would make this last leg of the journey by donkey or even on foot.

And then there it was, Uzak Köy, "held in the cupped palm of a rise of high land, overlooking a broad dry river bed crawling out of sight around the feet of the retreating hills". The "forty-odd houses that sheltered the inhabitants of the village all faced in the same direction, open to the sun". Below them was a patch of land that caught the overflow of water from a spring. Here there were "long rectangular strips of gardens".

"The only trees, you could count these graceful shimmering poplars on one hand, grew along this same invisible path of precious water."

Carla was met by a swarm of women and children and taken straight to the Muhtar's house for her formal welcome. After the meal they had made in her honour, the Muhtar's mother, wife and children conferred and decided that Carla was to live as a paying guest with another family that was "poor but good". She was never sure that they consulted the family in question before making this arrangement: as she soon discovered, it would not have mattered if they hadn't. This was not a village of separate households. People were in and out of each other's houses from dawn until bedtime. They slept in large groups in the same rooms where they lived during the day. They prayed and fasted and feasted together, and whenever there was a problem that was larger than they were,



Carla Grissmann today in her London flat, photographed by Simon Upton

it was Hacı İsmail the Muhtar and the elders who led the discussion.

And so it was the following June, when Carla was abruptly summoned to Ankara and told about a law that prohibited foreigners from living in any village classified as a hamlet. She was given three days to pack up and leave. Upon her return to Uzak Köy, Hacı İsmail offered to go with the elders to Ankara and insist that she be given a reprieve. When she told them that it would be no use, he offered her a sheep to take back to her father. She explained it would never survive the journey, but then Hacı İsmail's wife, İnci, came to her with what she hoped would be the perfect solution. Carla could become Hacı İsmail's second wife.

What 'Dinner of Herbs' did not quite explain was how a single, childless, foreign woman was able to gain the villagers' trust. But I knew the answer the moment I saw her eyes. They are clear and open and guileless

"You will live with us," İnci said. "I will teach you how to make bread. I will teach you how to pray. We will be sisters." It was impossible to explain to İnci why it could not be.

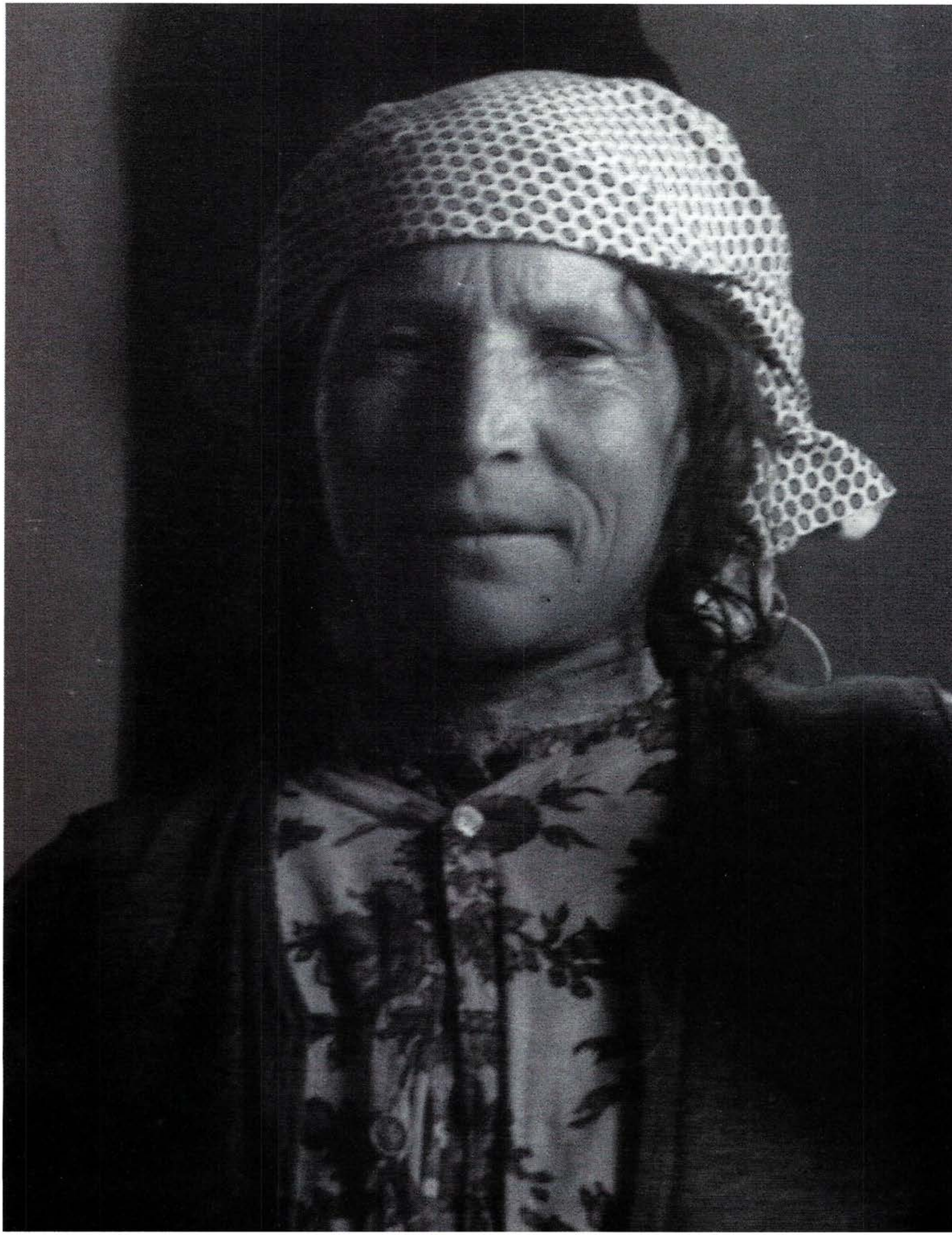
Before she knew it, Carla was back in New York. It did not feel like home. She had been born in the US to an American mother and a German father, and educated at American schools; she had moved to Paris as a young adult and had spent most of her time since then abroad. Now she felt more like a foreigner than ever. "I was grieving and frustrated."

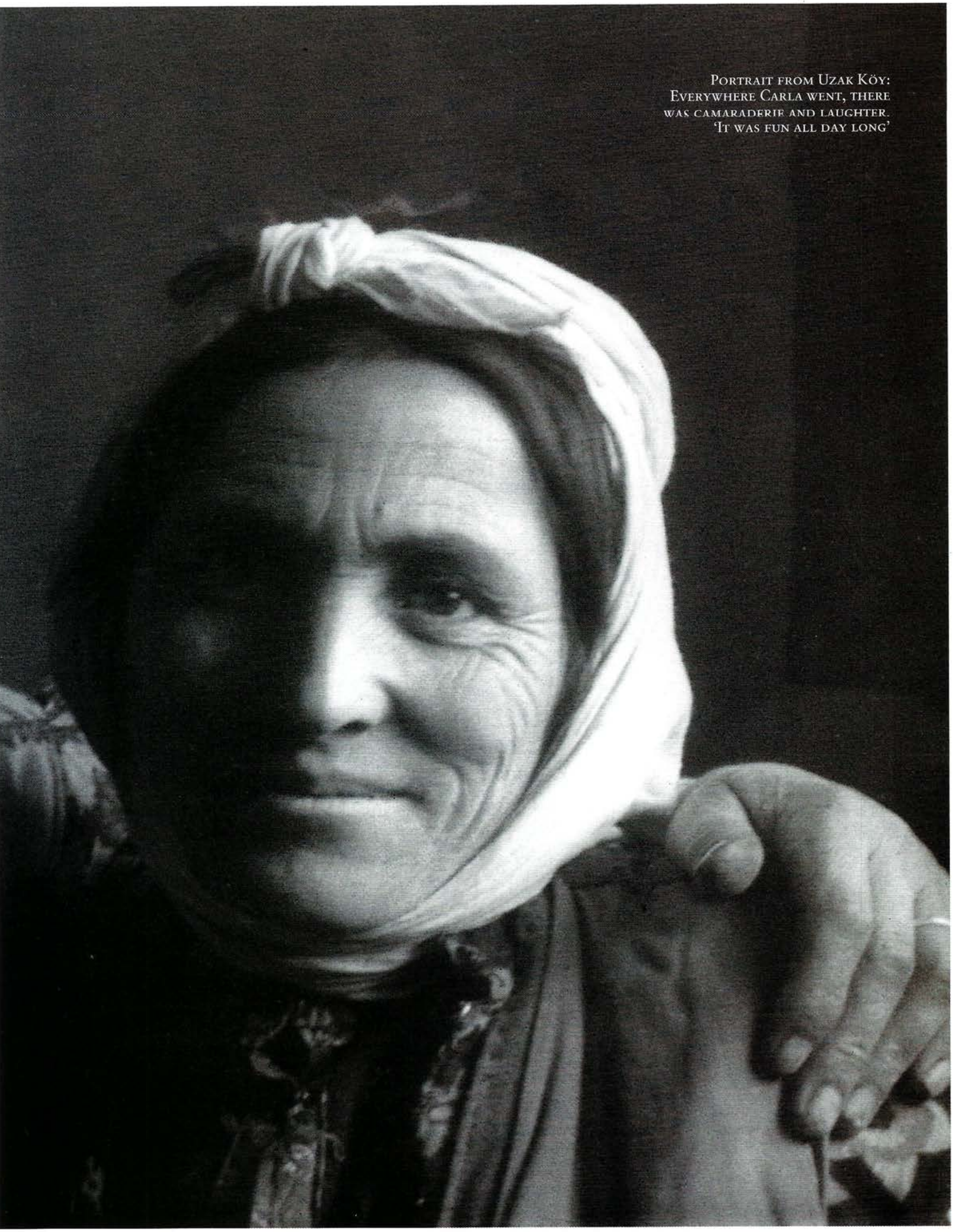
So she decided to make use of the manual typewriter that happened to be in the house where she was staying. Writing came easily to her. "I began and it came and it came and it came." She is less sure about what "it" was. "I cannot say I put my memories into words because they were not yet memories but part of my daily life."

She packed the typescript away when it was done, but when she left New York for Afghanistan later that same year, she took it with her. It has accompanied her ever since. It was only last year that a writer friend persuaded her to show it to a publisher. Now, at last, it is a proper book. Its title comes from Proverbs 15:17, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It applies to the writer as well as the subject.

Carla places herself in the background of almost every story she tells. At times she is no more than a pair of eyes. She studies and learns before she passes judgment. She expects her readers to be as respectful as she is, but in this she has been disappointed. When I met her in London, in her pristine basement flat just off the Fulham Road, she told me how appalled she was when one reviewer alluded to a life of "grinding poverty".

"*What* grinding poverty?" she wanted to know. It might have been true that the inhabitants of Uzak Köy lived in mud huts, and were strangers to running water, toothbrushes, doctors and basic hygiene, and wore rubber shoes, and kept themselves warm in winter by wearing many layers of clothing because they owned no overcoats. Yes, most of the adults were illiterate. No, it had not been easy to get them to use funds she raised abroad to help them build a new schoolhouse. From time to time, she had seen them accept unnecessary hardships with a fatalism that she, an educated Westerner, could not quite fathom. "But there was no grinding poverty. There were some poor families but everything was relative." Everywhere you went, there was so much camaraderie and





Portrait from Uzak Köy:
Everywhere Carla went, there
was camaraderie and laughter.
'It was fun all day long'

TOP LEFT: PEOPLE WERE IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER'S HOUSES FROM DAWN UNTIL BEDTIME. TOP RIGHT: THE MUHTAR AND HIS WIFE. LEF

laughter. "It was fun all day long."

I have many happy childhood memories of Anatolian villages from about the same era. *Dinner of Herbs* brought them all back: more than anything I have read, it captures the hum of everyday life in an Anatolian village, the almost tangible good cheer that rises out of their communality.

What it did not quite explain was how Carla Grissmann, a single, childless, foreign woman, was able to gain the villagers' trust. But I knew the answer the moment I saw her. Or rather, the moment I saw her eyes. They are clear and open and guileless. When I asked her if she'd ever had trouble with men or indeed women making "the wrong assumption", her wide eyes opened even wider as she gasped with horror.

"I didn't have one *minute* of fear and misunderstanding." She knew the ropes already, she reminded me, as she'd spent quite a few years in Islamic countries by then. "I knew how to dress and how to walk with my eyes down. I kept quiet. I was older, and there was that respect for age. I never felt more honoured than I did in Turkey." Carla told me how, when she walked over the hills around Uzak Köy, "from each village I passed, one person would walk out to meet me and escort me to the next village."

She found this same "generosity of heart" in Afghanistan, the country that she now thinks of as her second home. It was not love at first sight. "Kabul is a very ugly city. When I first arrived from Erzurum in 1970, I kept looking around and thinking what a hideous place. But the second day, I went out for a walk. Back along the walls of the palace there was a soldier sitting on a guardbox. He had a geranium on his epaulette. When I got close, he said, *'Selaam aleikkum, Hanim!'* He made a sweeping gesture towards the teapot and said, *'Chai!'* There were tomatoes ripening in the sun in the guardbox and there was a Russian pressure cooker for his supper. And I thought, 'Oh, this is wonderful, I want to stay here for ever,' and so then I found a flat. Wherever I went it was like in Turkey, they looked you in the eye."

They sized you up at once, she said. From that moment on, they either trusted you or they didn't. "The women pat you

KÂMURAN WITH PUPILS. ABOVE: UZAK KÖY, 'HELD IN THE CUPPED PALM OF A RISE OF HIGH LAND, OVERLOOKING A BROAD DRY RIVER BED'

and laugh at you and say you look so funny, just like the Muhtar's wife did. They invite you to their homes and accept you as an equal. I felt so honoured."

Her first job in Afghanistan was at the university, but when student unrest closed it down she went to the Kabul Museum. These were the best days of her life. "I couldn't wait to wake up. It is one of the 'great small museums of the world'." Its collection covers fifteen millennia.

She was forced out of Afghanistan in 1980, when her then employer, the Asia Foundation, was accused by the *Kabul Times* of smuggling opium out of the country to support the running dogs of capitalism. She went on to work for the Asia Foundation in Sri Lanka, and from there went on to Pakistan. "That was as close to Afghanistan as I could get."

About fifteen years ago, Carla made London her base. Until the dynamiting of the Buddhas last March, she was able to go back to Kabul once a year to work in her beloved museum. This year, the invitation did not arrive. She went instead to the Afghanistan Institute, opened last October in Basle. It is, she says, the Kabul Museum in exile; she is helping to make an inventory of its holdings.

She could not keep the emotion out of her voice when she showed me the catalogue of the museum in Kabul. She is not sure how many of its treasures have been destroyed since her last visit. She told me about the event she believes was the starting point for the Buddha outrage: the day a group of mullahs came and

IT IS THIS INTENSE BUT FRAGILE HONOURING OF MEMORY THAT MAKES HER RELUCTANT TO GO BACK. TOO MUCH HAS CHANGED. IT IS NO LONGER POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL AS SHE DID IN THOSE YEARS, JUST LETTING THINGS UNFOLD, AND SO OFTEN DISCOVERING LITTLE PARADISES NO FOREIGNER HAD SEEN BEFORE

THE HOMECOMING: A RELATIVE RETURNS TO UZAK KÖY FROM GERMANY. 'EVERYONE LOVED TO HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN... THE MINUTE THEY SAW MY CAMERA, THEY FROZE IN THEIR TRACKS, EVEN CHILDREN STANDING STIFFLY TO ATTENTION, THEIR HANDS FLAT ALONG THEIR SIDES, STARING UNBLINKING AND TOTALLY EXPRESSIONLESS AT THE CAMERA'

began to hit a Buddha on display because it "had a human face". The staff stopped them, after which the mullahs took their rage elsewhere. The dynamiting could have been stopped, she believes, had Unesco and Western governments taken the trouble to involve "people like me who understand the country" instead of sending people who knew nothing and used confrontational tactics that immediately got the authorities' backs up.

It upsets her but does not surprise her. She has seen it happen too many times before. In the meantime, she has made her separate peace. Her London flat is a museum of her travels. The only thing that tells you this is not Kabul is the garden that you can just see through her kitchen door.

It is this intense but fragile honouring of memory, I think, that makes her reluctant to go back to Uzak Köy. Too much has changed since then. It is no longer possible to travel as she did in those years, never planning, just letting things unfold, and so often discovering little paradises no foreigner had seen before.

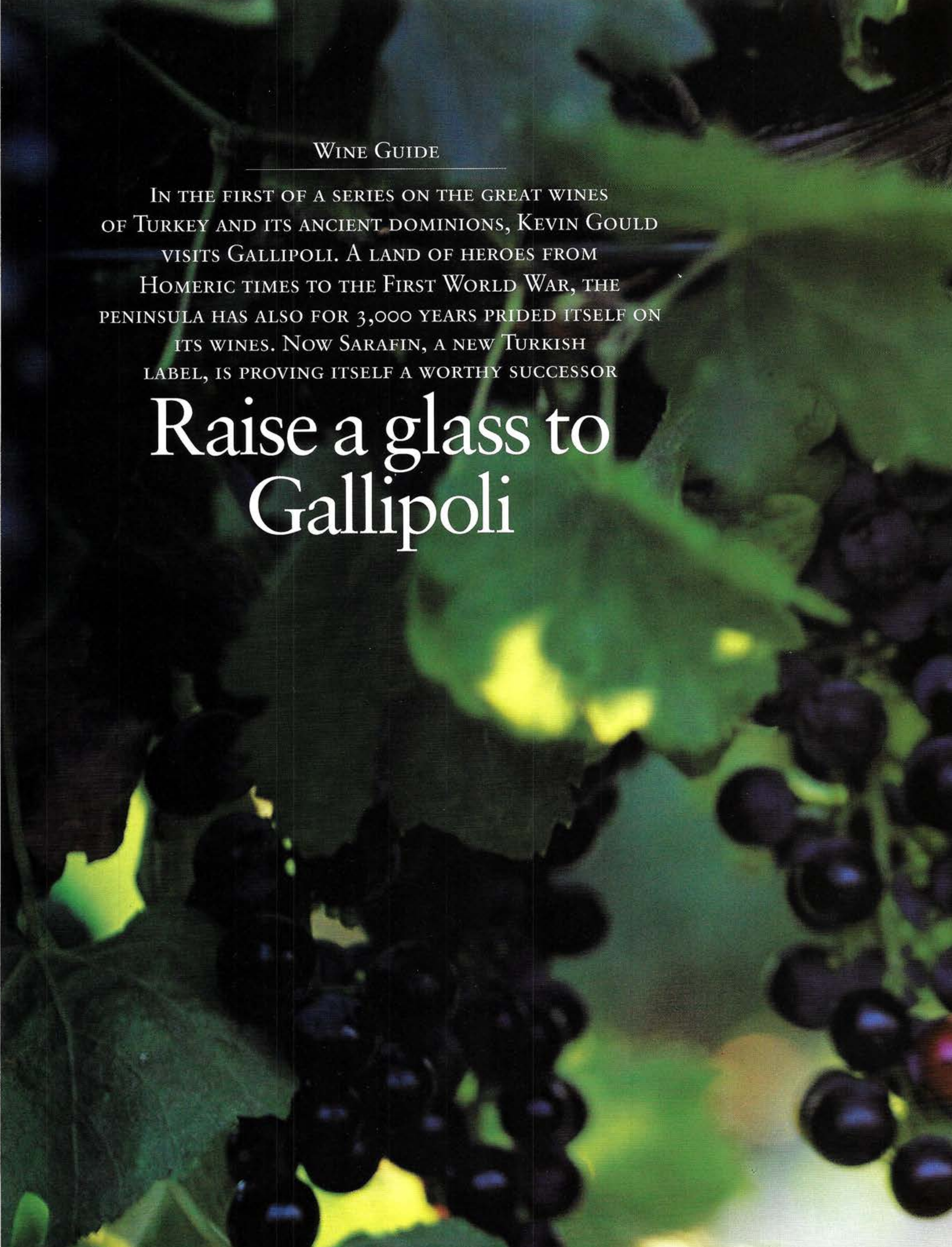
She was lucky to see Uzak Köy before "the roads, electricity, television, the internet, and the doubling of populations". She told me she would be so disappointed to go back and find that all her friends were gone.

Then she looked up and gave me a plaintive look that said something else entirely: if "anyone else" decided to go, they *would* let her know, wouldn't they? ◆

'Dinner of Herbs' (Arcadia paperback, £10.99) is available to Cornucopia subscribers at £8.99 (see page 30). Maureen Freely, the author of 'The Other Rebecca' (Bloomsbury), is working on a sequel to her Istanbul novel, 'The Life of the Party'

IN THE FIRST OF A SERIES ON THE GREAT WINES OF TURKEY AND ITS ANCIENT DOMINIONS, KEVIN GOULD VISITS GALLIPOLI. A LAND OF HEROES FROM HOMERIC TIMES TO THE FIRST WORLD WAR, THE PENINSULA HAS ALSO FOR 3,000 YEARS PRIDED ITSELF ON ITS WINES. NOW SARAFIN, A NEW TURKISH LABEL, IS PROVING ITSELF A WORTHY SUCCESSOR

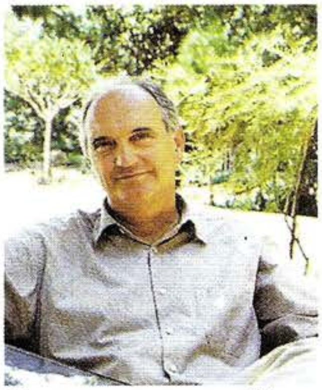
Raise a glass to Gallipoli



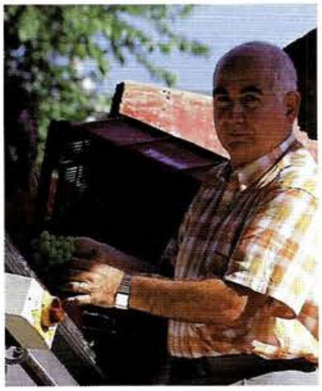
BERRIN TOROLSAN

The story of Gallipoli is bound up in Turkish history and in the consciousness of Britain, New Zealand and Australia. It plays its part in the Greek myths. Gallipoli is where Xerxes crossed his army into Europe on a bridge of boats, and where Leander swam the Dardanelles to meet Hero in Sestos. It is also where, for nine months in 1915, a campaign was fought that claimed the lives of hundreds of thousands of brave young men, among them the flower of Turkish youth, the most promising Australians and the cream of the Kiwis, as well as countless young men from the British Isles and France.

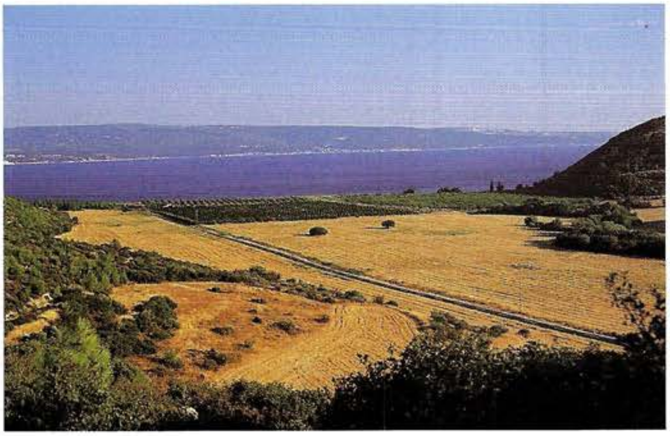
This finger of Turkey, now properly called Gelibolu, is defined by the Aegean on one side and the Dardanelles on the other – one European, the other Asian, yet it feels neither Christian nor Muslim.



THE PLANTER: THE LATE GÜVEN NIL, WHO CREATED SARAFIN



THE WINEMAKER: NIL'S FRIEND AHMET KUTMAN OF DOLUCA



THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, HOME TO SARAFIN'S VINEYARDS. IN THE DISTANCE, THE DARDANELLES AND THE PLAIN OF TROY

At Kilitbahir, the Narrows bring Europe to within 700 metres of Çanakkale, which makes it perhaps the most tantalising stretch of water in the world; whoever commanded the Dardanelles held the key to Europe, Asia, Constantinople and the Black Sea. The geography of this spit makes Gelibolu an international land with a cosmopolitan history.

Homer portrayed these waters as a "wine-dark sea". His allusion to the grape would have been easily understood by his contemporaries, for the area produced some of the greatest wines of the known world – Odysseus toasted Athena with splendid Callipolis wine at nearby Philadelphi, having won victory over the Thracians. Callipolis wine was drunk in Troy and in Marathon and, later, wherever the civilised cadres of the Ottoman Empire were posted.

The peninsula had been cultivating grapes of character and quality since 3000 BC, but by the end of the nineteenth century, winemaking in Gelibolu was in decline. The last Ottoman emperors cultivated European tastes that favoured French and Italian fashions; wines from those lands, no matter how poorly they travelled, were considered superior to those that were home-grown. There is an irony in an ancient society toasting its sunset years with what would then have been thought of as New World wines.

Early in the First World War, Winston Churchill asserted that taking charge of the Dardanelles would cause Istanbul to "fall like a house of cards", resulting in the removal of Turkey (an ally of the Prussians) from the war, and affording the Russians a vital ice-free sea supply route. Commonwealth states, in particular Australia, New Zealand and Canada, heeded Kitchener's call to arms, and were proud to volunteer their most able young men, acts which signalled their coming of nationhood. The Gallipoli campaign made the reputation of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, who exposed the shortcomings of the Allied commanders, and whose charisma and drive were to engineer and inspire the modern Turkish state.

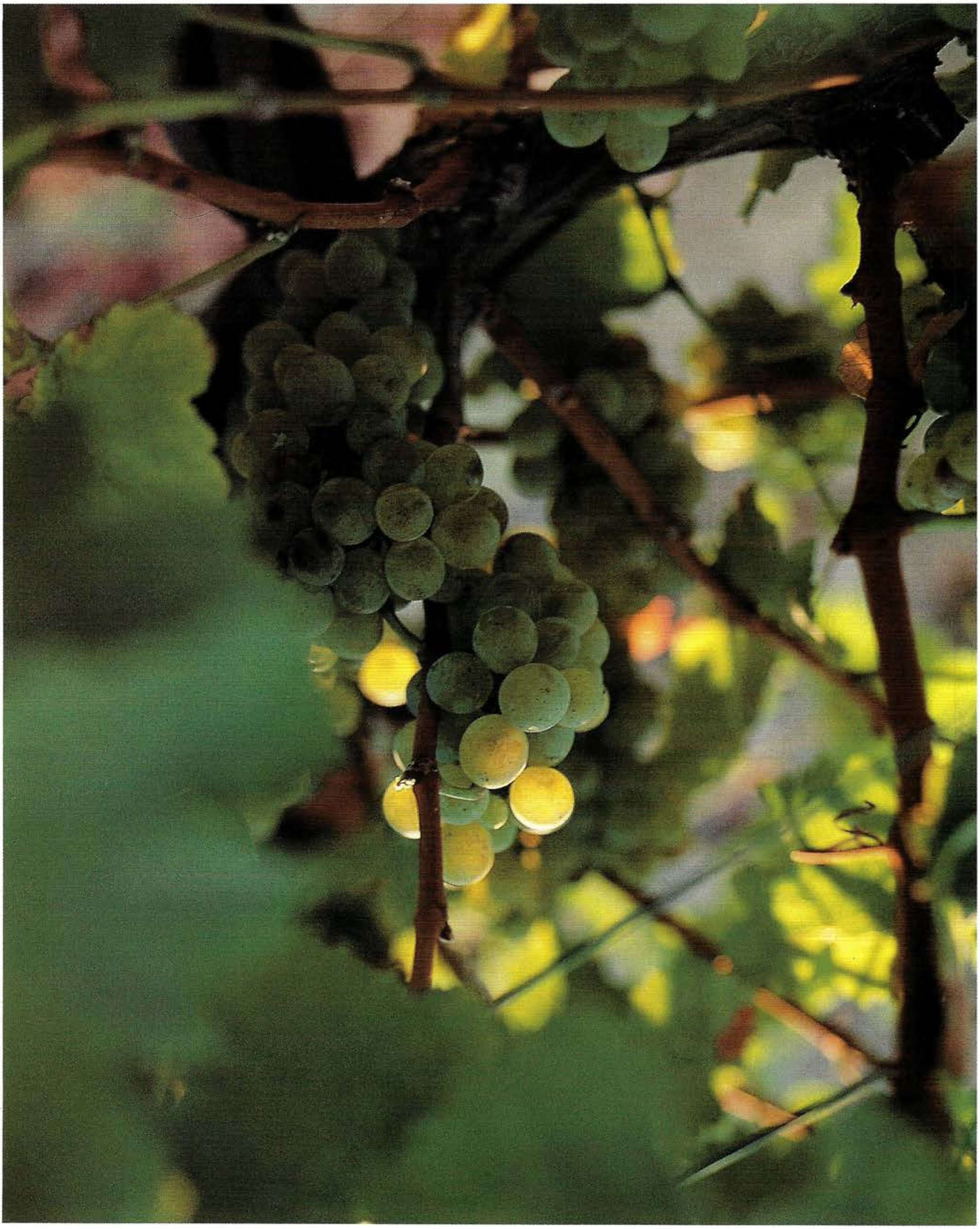
The international Lausanne Agreement of 1919 ensured that the Gelibolu peninsula would become and remain a national park dedicated to the memory of the men whose remains rest there. With infinite care, the Commonwealth Graves Commission maintains numerous beautiful cemeteries, each of them sensitively designed by Sir John Burnet. The French have their own glorious memorial, and at Abide the Turks have built a stunning arched structure to commemorate their fallen.

The atmosphere on the peninsula, however, is not morbid. The songbirds sing (oh, how they sing!), and the ground is fertile, yielding grapes, olives, cotton and delicious sweet almonds. A cemetery surrounded by fields of yellow sunflowers, their heads turning towards the heavens, makes it easy to believe that its inhabitants did not die in vain. A memorial at Anzac Cove glorifies the deeds of a brave generation and bears Atatürk's words of respect and reconciliation:

"Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives… you are now lying in the soil of a friendly country, therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours… To the mothers who sent their sons from faraway countries, wipe away your tears: your sons are now lying in our bosom and are at peace. After having lost their lives on this land, they have become our sons as well."

The intention enshrined in the Lausanne Agreement was to forbid desecration of the historic land. But this discouraged inward investment. The result is a region that, while retaining its due dignity, has also suffered acute population decline, not to mention the loss of local crafts, in particular the winemaking so spurned by the last sultans.

Onto the set of Gelibolu's recent history step two men: Güven Nil and Ahmet Kutman. In 1926, Kutman's father, Nihat Bey, was requested by Atatürk himself to revive viniculture around the Dardanelles. Atatürk's plan, and Nihat Kutman's work, was to create positive links between the thrusting new state and its vinous traditions, and was a calculated move away from a Muslim orthodoxy that frowned on wine and intoxication. Nihat Bey



Sauvignon blanc grapes, introduced by Sarafin in the 1990s. Previous pages: merlot, another newly arrived variety

Bey rejuvenated the ancient vineyards in the area around Mürefte, whose fruits had been extolled in a previous age by Darius the Mede (passing on his way through to fight the Athenians). Kutman set up the Doluca company, whose name today is synonymous with Turkish wine.

Ahmet Kutman, a graduate of Istanbul's Robert College, returned to Turkey in 1967, having studied oenology and viticulture at the University of California, and set about the modernisation and marketing of Doluca wines. The company now produces 10 million bottles of wine each year. Kutman's room-mate at Robert College was Güven Nil. This basketball-loving, go-getting dynamo was to become Turkey's pre-eminent private banker. He was that rare combination: hard businessman and gentle romantic.

His business success fuelled an interest in wines that was informed by visits to France and the Napa Valley, a deep appreciation of fine quality, and a love of good living. Nil was never afraid of thinking big – his lasting legacy, he decided, was to be the founding of a wine label of international renown, a project that would be difficult, expensive and time-consuming: in essence, his perfect challenge.

In the late 1980s, Nil approached his old room-mate with a plan of his dream, which chimed with Kutman's desire to venture out of the mass market. The Sarafin label was born. Nil would establish the vineyards and Kutman would assume responsibility for the winemaking.

Güven Nil was deeply attracted to the atmosphere of the Dardanelles: it was a place where great men had gathered to perform important deeds. His business mind was drawn to the possibilities of finding affordable land and a willing, underemployed work force, while his emotions sought to re-energise and redeem the land where once great wines had been made and where, later, men had been sacrificed. Ever the enthusiast, he bought up parcels of land and planted nearly 80 hectares of Old and New World rootstock, as well as 7,000 Ayvalık olive trees and 10,000 sweet almond trees. The Kutman factory at Mürefte was extended and updated to include a boutique winery for Sarafin; in pride of place was a cellar of French Limousin oak barrels.

Nil planted cabernet and merlot, shiraz and cabernet franc, and chardonnay and sauvignon blanc grapes. What he or Kutman could not have expected was the fact that their wines, produced close to where the Gallipoli campaign had been most hard-fought, would not only redeem the land, but also assume a character that is uncannily Antipodean. Those familiar with, say, the award-winning wines of Michael Seresin in Marlborough, New Zealand, will recognise the same nose-note of mimosa and the same long melon finish as in Sarafin's Sauvignon Blanc. (Seresin has recently planted Tuscan olive trees on his land, which produce the same round fruit and oil with the same depth of flavour as that pressed from Nil's Ayvalık trees.)

It took a certain peacetime bravery for Güven Nil and Ahmet Kutman to commit time, energy and $10 million to a project with an unknown future and a strong possibility of failure, especially in an economic climate that rewards short-term investment but often penalises long-sighted projects. Their endeavour has achieved its ambition, and in Sarafin, for the first time in living memory, Turkey has a wine label worthy of international recognition.

Güven Nil died on February 18 this year at the age of 56 while playing his weekly game of basketball. A man of great enthusiasm, dynamism and compassion, he loved to bring people together and did so with charm and panache. As his lasting memorial, Sarafin wine shares with him the qualities of catalyst par excellence.

◆

Kevin Gould is the author of 'Dishy' (Hodder & Stoughton, £25). His second book, 'Loving and Cooking with Reckless Abandon', will be published in April 2002.

Sarafin wines can be ordered at www.sarafin.com

WHY THE WINE WORLD IS TALKING ABOUT SARAFIN

WHITES

CHARDONNAY 1999

With hints of resin and sun-warmed peaches on the nose, this chardonnay hums a melody of oak, but as a subtle background to the wine's clean apple palate and pleasing depth of flavour. If this were a car, it would be a silver Audi with pale beige upholstery, a Bach cantata playing on the CD. A wine with a refreshing lack of astringency, to be drunk young as a foil to full-flavoured fish dishes and complex cheeses.

SAUVIGNON BLANC 1999

Imagine a perfect summer's day, the scents of canteloupe melon and mimosa tickling the nose, and a suggestion of sherbet to tickle your fancy. On the tongue, this sauvignon blanc introduces itself sweetly with macerated cherries, before revealing hidden depths of lingering wood-smoke, and a herbal finish spiked with vanilla. This is a wine whose strength is in its ability to meld with many foods and social situations, while always retaining its own character and integrity. Like a De Sede sofa, it is made with great craft, and is both stylish and welcoming – it pleases all the senses and should age well. A Turkish classic for the twenty-first century, and one that should improve with further ageing.

REDS

CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1998

This wine presents the unmistakable smell of ripe, squashy plums. On the tongue, it develops long, dark flavours of tobacco and bitter chocolate, before finishing with a tantalising note of sweet raspberry. Well-balanced, thus unlikely to overwhelm other flavours, this cabernet sauvignon wine would be as at home with long-cooked meat dishes as it is with hunks of bread and cheese or with delicate vegetable dishes.

MERLOT 1999

Imagine the comforting, masculine smell of polished leather with overtones of cassia (cinnamon bark). This merlot then offers a surprising mouthful of young fruit, yet with balanced tannins and a disarming coda of bitter almonds. Its complexity provides an excellent match for simple grilled lamb, yet this is no nervy, thoroughbred "specialist" product of centuries of inbreeding. It is a pleased-to-meet-you wine, easy-going yet with depth, whose winning personality, while excellent for drinking now, should also develop further with laying down.

All these wines exhibit a deft touch, both in the grape-growing and the winemaking. The varieties grown may be fashionable throughout Europe and the New World, but Sarafin wines have their own unmistakable character. Refrigerated as soon as they are picked, Sarafin grapes then undergo cold crush at Mürefte, and exhibit the same controlled fermentation and new oak characteristics as the New Wave Greek wines from, say, Halkidiki.

KEVIN GOULD

NEXT ISSUE: Georgian wines

swissôtel ISTANBUL
THE BOSPHORUS
A member of The Leading Hotels of the World

TÜV CERT ISO 9001

Bayıldım Caddesi No: 2 Maçka, Beşiktaş 80680 Istanbul - TURKEY
Telephone: (90-212) 326 11 00 Telefax: (90-212) 326 11 22
www.swissotel.com emailus.istanbul@swissotel.com

The American Academy of Hospitality Sciences Star Diamond Award 2006

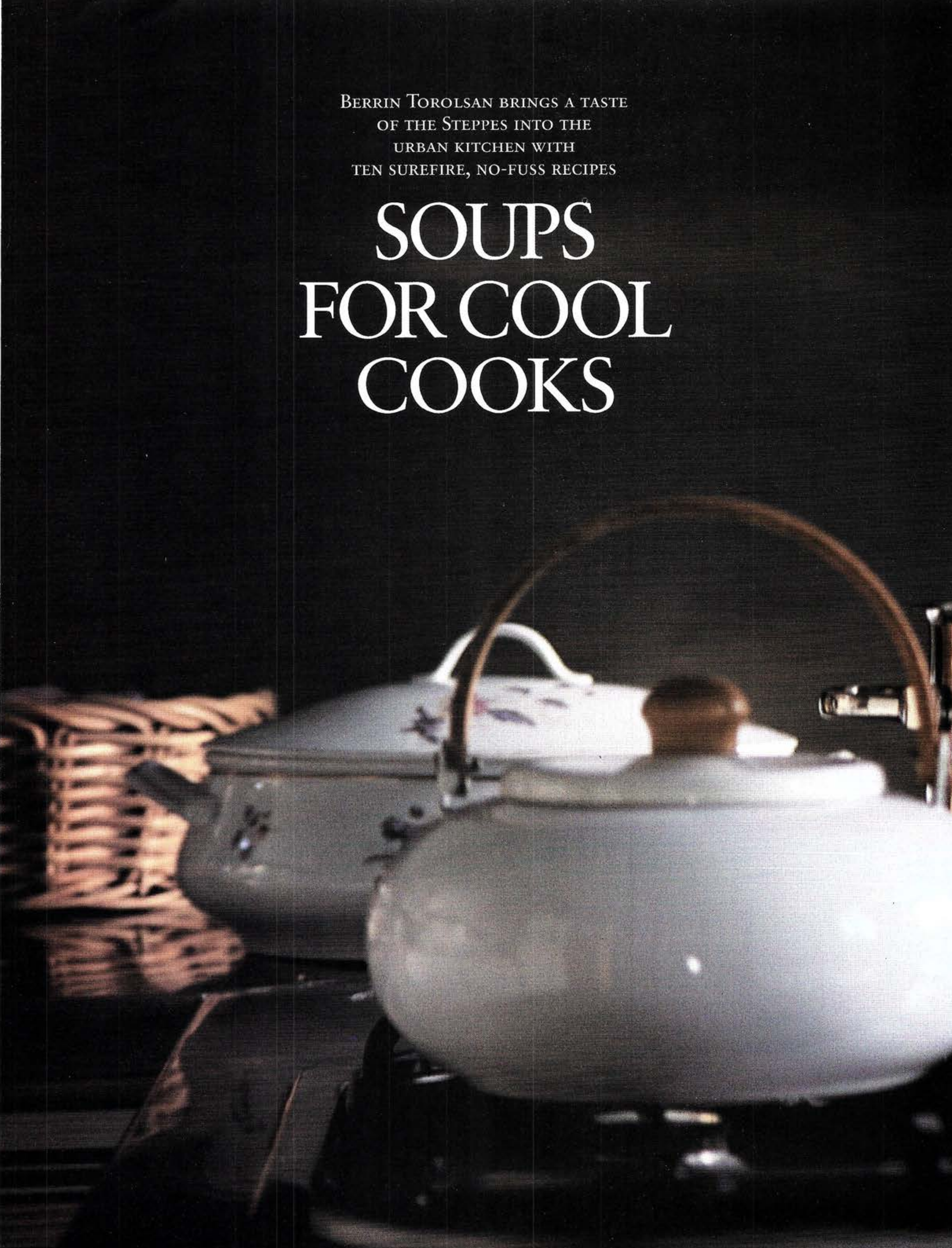
A Passion for Perfection

Turkish Restaurant

Taşlık

Fine Turkish cuisine in an exclusive environment

CORNUCOPIA/PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON UPTON



Berrin Torolsan brings a taste of the Steppes into the urban kitchen with ten surefire, no-fuss recipes

SOUPS FOR COOL COOKS

When the French chef of the Reform Club, Monsieur Alexis Soyer, arrived in Istanbul from London in 1855, he was possibly the most celebrated chef on earth. Yet his mission and his methods could not have been more basic. He took it upon himself to reform catering in the British army. First he must organise the kitchens of the hospitals in Scutari and the food they fed to wounded soldiers, then improve the rations of the army on campaign in the Crimea.

Flamboyant, creative and quick-minded, M Soyer was a diplomat par excellence and a culinary genius. He also understood the importance of first principles. The day after being introduced to Florence Nightingale (by Lady Redcliffe, wife of the British ambassador) in the Selimiye Kışlası, known to the British as Barrack Hospital, he transformed the unappetising meals the hospital offered its patients into palatable sustenance – using exactly the same ingredients. In his book, *Culinary Campaign*, published after the Crimean War, he tells us in detail how he did it:

"Having put the proper quantities of water into each copper, with meat, barley, vegetables and salt and pepper, we lighted the fires; and after allowing the ingredients to simmer for two hours and a half, an excellent soup was made; I only added a little sugar and flour to finish it." He adds, "The receipt of this soup, so highly approved by medical men, will be found in my Hospital Diets, with a scale of proportions from ten to a hundred."

M Soyer's soups, beef teas (consommés) and chicken broths for the sick, wounded and convalescent in hospital and his energy-giving recipes for the army in the field were a great success. His own invention of a portable field stove on which to cook for regiments was still in use by the British army in the Gulf War; he even designed a teapot, the "Scutari teapot", for preparing tea in huge quantities. All drew the admiration of his adopted country, as well as the approval of Sultan Abdülmecid. At the end of the war, he was invited to Dolmabahçe Palace to receive the imperial compliment in person.

Soups today, mainly served as a first course, are becoming ever lighter and more refined. They can be sipped without remotely satisfying the appetite. But until the last century they were robust, substantial, filling meals. Soups nourished armies and individuals, rich and poor, young and old, in war and peace.

Just as soup – and the related words supper, and the French *soupe* and *souper* – all came to denote a meal, the Turkish word for soup, *çorba* (borrowed from the Persian *shor-ba*), did the same in rural Turkey. *Sülen*, the archaic Turkic word for soup, survives from the nomadic life of the Steppes in modern Turkish as *şölen*, the common word for celebratory feast.

Cooking in the Ottoman Empire assumed literally canonical significance. The transformation of raw ingredients into sustenance was seen as the symbol of self-restraint and discipline on the road to perfection. Like some Sufi orders, Janissary regiments used culinary terms to emphasise the hierarchical nature of their organisation. The corps itself was the hearth – *ocak*. Senior colonels had the title of "soup chef" – *çorbacı*: they were very powerful figures. (In Bulgaria the word *czorbaci* is still used to refer to the elite.) The huge soup cauldron that belonged to each Janissary regiment was the emblem of its brotherhood. When an army mutinied, it was the custom to overturn the huge copper cauldrons, symbolically renouncing obedience by refusing the ration offered by the sovereign.

But what went into those cauldrons when rebellion was not on the menu? The imperial accounts from the reign of Mehmed the Conqueror (1451–81) record that 2.5 kile (500kg) of the best rice and 1.5 kile (300 kg) of the best wheat were supplied daily. A soup made from nearly a ton of grain must have filled the cauldrons. Later, in the time of Mehmed's son, Beyazıd II (1481–1512), soup-kitchen accounts refer to a "wheat soup" distributed to the poor before sunset each day.

When Hans Dernschwam, factor of the banker Prince Anton Fugger, travelled to Turkey from Vienna in 1553–55, he reported in his haughty but highly informative diary, *Eine Reise nach Konstantinopel und Kleinasien*, that "every day the Turks eat *czorba* – soup, which is cooked from wheat, barley, lentils, beans, *faseoli* and the like, with a piece of mutton."

"Turks' food is only *czorba*," he moans, "but how they will cook countless things for the sultans and pashas."

He lists some of the common man's soups: "Rice soup, cooked in mutton broth. Lemon juice or vinegar is poured [over] and sometimes a little pepper. It is a thick soup... Wheat soup cooked in mutton broth, and another rice soup cooked in chicken stock with parsley." It would seem the Turks' love of soup and their methods of soup-making have changed little since then.

In one province alone – Kastamonu in central Anatolia – there are no fewer than eighty-one different kinds of soup. Besides broths, porridges and congees, soups of a thinner consistency must also have been cooked since early times, for in Turkish soups are "drunk", not "eaten".

Cold and sweet soups, however, are excluded from the traditional Turkish soup repertoire. *Cacık* (diluted yoghurt and cucumber), sweet-and-sour beetroot compôte and *hoşaf* (fruit compôte) are all served as side dishes. There are hot soups, cooked with water or stock obtained from muscle and organ meats, chicken, fish or game, thickened with grain, pulses, root vegetables, flour and eggs, mellowed with milk, sharpened with lemon juice, sour grape juice, vinegar or yoghurt, and seasoned with herbs and spices. These soups – named after their main ingredient – need a proper kitchen and time for a long simmer in the pot.

Less time-consuming, and requiring more modest cooking facilities, are noodle soups, prepared with a dough of wheat flour, water and eggs. The dough is rolled out and cut into narrow strips, squares or rounds that are squeezed, pinched, patted or otherwise coaxed into a plethora of imaginative shapes, to be dried and stored. When they are added to boiling salted water, they cook as quickly as pasta. These soups, which take their names from the shape or treatment of the noodles, are often enriched with minced meat or meatballs.

Finally, there is *tarhana,* the most common of Turkish soups and the forerunner of all ready-made soups. The preparation of the granules of *tarhana* might vary from region to region, but the main ingredients are wheat flour and yoghurt. It is kneaded with additional herbs and spices and, today, often with tomato paste. Spread out to dry in the sun, the mixture is then crumbled, sieved and left to dry again until all the moisture has evaporated. *Tarhana* can be stored more or less indefinitely. Invented by transhumant (seasonally nomadic) herdsmen, today it is used as an instant soup by shepherds away for weeks or months in remote mountain pastures.

Supermarket shelves overflow with ready-made soups. They may be quick to make, but they cannot compete with the home-made variety. Free from commercial colourings, flavourings, fillers and preservatives, the most straightforward home-made soup wins hands down every time.

Soup, the most elementary form of cooking, was perhaps the starting point for man's culinary adventure. Refined over time, evolving into consommés, veloutés and bisques, it has entered the rarefied realms of haute cuisine. Yet soup at its simplest remains an indispensable part of our diet. How comforting a steaming bowlful is at the end of a long day. How soothing when one is unwell and cannot face any other food. And how easy to prepare.

Making Stock

In Istanbul, when you ask your butcher if he has bones for a soup, he will happily produce a large veal shinbone from the fridge. He cracks it into two chunks that will fit the soup pan and usually doesn't charge for it. Since few of us nowadays have time to cook, let alone make soups with proper stock, bones are often discarded. But in the countryside nothing is wasted. A long time ago a village lady told me that when an animal was slaughtered, bones with a little flesh left on them were dried overnight in the dying embers of a wood-burning oven. When they were needed, they were soaked then simmered to make a rich broth.

The basis of many delicious soups is a good stock. If lemon juice or vinegar is added to veal or chicken bones, the bones will impart their valuable calcium as well as their flavour to the stock, and the lemon or vinegar will give it a tang and cut the richness. Cooked conventionally, a stock will take up to two hours, but a pressure cooker will cut the time to 20 minutes. The process is worth it. Stocks will keep in the fridge for a week, and for several weeks in the freezer. If you are freezing the stock, divide it first into containers of the size you are likely to need for one meal.

Croûtons

Prepare the croûtons while the soup is cooking. Heat the oil or butter in a frying pan, turn up the heat and add the cubes of bread with some salt and toss them around until they turn a deep golden colour and are very crunchy.

Umaç Çorbasi
Mince and Mint Soup

1 tablespoon butter
100g minced meat (steak or lamb)
2 teaspoons dried mint
3 tablespoons flour

Who knows how far back this soup from the steppes dates? It is mentioned by name in a thirteenth-century cookery manual written in China for the Mongol khan – the name itself comes from the technique of crumbling the dough: *ovmak* in modern Turkish means to rub. The soup is easily prepared at home with a minimum of ingredients – usually with previously fried and salted minced meat *(kuru kıyma).*

1 Melt the butter in a sauté pan. Add the mince with a pinch of salt and stirfry until it is browned and dry.

2 Add about 5 cups of cold water, a pinch of salt, the mint and cooked mince to a soup pan, and bring to the boil over a moderate heat.

3 Meanwhile, spoon the flour onto a plate and moisten it by mixing in just enough water to create a dry, crumbly dough.

4 Crumble tiny amounts of the dough between your thumb and fingers, and drop these rubbings into the boiling water. When you have used up the dough, turn down the heat, cook the soup with the lid on for a further 5 minutes. The dough will then be cooked and the soup will have thickened a little.

Şehriye Çorbasi
Chicken Stock with Vermicelli

4 cups chicken stock
1/2 cup vermicelli
Salt and pepper
Chopped parsley for decoration
1/2 lemon cut into wedges

1 Bring the stock to the boil, add the vermicelli, reduce the heat and leave to simmer until the vermicelli is tender and has expanded. Add salt and pepper to taste.

2 Serve piping hot, sprinkled with parsley and with lemon wedges on the side. Lemon juice gives the soup a tang and helps to pick up the flavour.

Düğün Çorbasi
Wedding Soup

Neck of veal or lamb, or beef stock
1 onion (quartered)
1 small celeriac
Stalks from a bunch of parsley
1 carrot (scraped and chopped)
Salt and whole black peppercorns
1 tablespoon wine vinegar
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour

Paprika butter:
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon paprika flakes

Traditionally this soup was served at wedding feasts. While other parts of the sheep or calf slaughtered for the occasion were reserved for the roasts, the neck and scrag end went into the saucepan. In Istanbul when you buy chops, the butcher separates the backbone and cuts it into chunks for you to use in soups and stews. If you don't have time to extract the stock, use a good-quality stock cube.

1 Wash the bones and vegetables and place them in a deep pan. Add cold water to cover. Season with salt, whole black peppercorns and the vinegar. Simmer over a low heat for an hour, or in a pressure cooker for 20 minutes, until the meat is falling apart.

2 While the stock is cooking, prepare a roux *(miyane)* in another soup pan by stirring flour and butter together with a wooden spoon over a gentle heat. When it is golden and begins to froth, it is ready.

Before it turns brown, remove from the heat and leave to cool.

3 Strain the stock through a sieve into a large bowl. Drain thoroughly, retrieve the bones from the sieve when they are cool enough to handle, remove the meat and set aside. With the back of a wooden spoon, press the vegetables through the sieve into the stock. Discard the rest.

4 Dilute the roux by adding half a glass of cold water, mixing it until the texture is creamy. Then slowly ladle in the stock, stirring all the time. Place the pan over a gentle heat and keep adding the stock until the consistency is right. Add the shredded meat, season with salt, stir and leave to simmer for 5 minutes.

5 Meanwhile, melt the butter in a sauté pan and mix in the paprika flakes.

6 Serve piping hot in individual bowls, with a little paprika butter drizzled over.

Yarma Çorbasi
Wheat Grain Soup

1 cup wheat grain (soaked)
1/2 cup dried chickpeas (soaked)
1 tablespoon rice (rinsed)
2 cups natural yoghurt
1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons dried mint

This ancient soup is extremely nourishing as the combination of grains and pulses creates a complete protein, which makes it valuable for a vegetarian diet. *Yarma* means "parched wheat" – in other words, wheat that has been split and sun-dried. But it can be made with whole wheat grain.

1 Soak the wheat and chickpeas in plenty of cold water overnight.

2 Drain and rinse the chickpeas and wheat. Put into a large pan with the uncooked rice and add 10 cups of cold water (or three times the volume of water to grains). Cook for 2 hours until the chickpeas are tender and the wheat and the rice have released their starch to thicken the consistency. Add salt, stir and leave to simmer a little longer. To save time, you can cook the rice with the drained wheat and chickpeas, and a little salt, in a pressure cooker for 20 minutes.

3 In a separate bowl, blend spoonfuls of the cooking liquid with the yoghurt, adding the liquid slowly so as to prevent the yoghurt from curdling. When the mixture is warm, stir it into the soup. Season to taste and remove from the heat.

4 Melt the butter in a sauté pan and stir in the mint. Serve the soup hot with the mint butter drizzled over.

Balik Çorbasi
Tangy Fish Soup

Whole fish, fish steaks or fish stock
Sprigs of dill and parsley
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon virgin olive oil
1 rounded tablespoon cornflour
2 eggs
Juice of 1/2 lemon (freshly squeezed)
White pepper
Lemon wedges

White-fleshed fish such as whiting, gurnard or monkfish are ideal for this excellent tangy soup, but any fish with lean, firm flesh, whether whole or in steaks, or even the cooking liquid from a poached fish, can be used. It is quick to prepare and need not be expensive – even one small fish or one piece of fish can be enough to fill a soup tureen. If you already have some home-made fish stock, start at step 3.

1 If you are using a whole fish, gut and rinse it, then place it in a deep pan and cover with cold water. Reserving the leaves for later, add the stalks of the dill and parsley, the bay leaf and a pinch of salt, and poach for 5 to 10 minutes. The fish is done when the flesh flakes easily with a fork. Do not overcook it – it will lose its flavour.

2 Transfer the fish with a slotted spoon to a plate and leave to cool. Strain and reserve the cooking liquid, discarding the stalks and bay leaf. When the fish is cool enough to handle, bone it and put the flesh back in the pan. Pour over the reserved liquid.

3 Add olive oil to the fish stock and season to taste. Bring to the boil, then immediately turn down the heat.

4 In a bowl blend the cornflour to a paste with a little cold water, add the eggs, stir in the lemon juice and mix until smooth and well-blended. Stir a tablespoon of the hot fish liquid into the egg mixture and continue adding a little at a time, mixing well. Pour the mixture into the pan, return to a gentle heat and whisk until the soup thickens without letting it boil.

5 Remove from the heat, add salt and pepper, and transfer to a warmed tureen.

6 Sprinkle with chopped parsley and dill leaves. Serve at once with lemon wedges.

Kirmizi Mercimek Çorbasi
Red Lentil Soup

4 tablespoons red split lentils
1 tablespoon rice
1 onion (quartered)
1 carrot (chopped)
1 cup milk
1/2 tablespoon butter
Croûtons

Lentils, with their valuable protein content, have been a staple in Anatolia since Neolithic times. This quick but heroic winter soup is made from the tiny so-called red lentils, which in fact are an orange colour. The addition of carrot is optional but it deepens the colour and adds depth to the flavour.

1 Rinse the lentils and rice together. Place in a deep pan with the onion and carrot and a pinch of salt. Add cold water (roughly double the volume of the ingredients) and cook over a moderate heat for 10–15 minutes, until the rice is soft, by which time the other ingredients will also be cooked.

2 Strain the contents of the pan through a sieve into a soup pan. Work the vegetables through the sieve with the back of a spoon, or purée them in a blender or food processor. Return the purée to the soup pan.

3 Add the milk, and simmer, stirring, over a low heat. Season to taste. If the soup is too thick, add a little more milk.

4 Reheat, add the butter to the hot soup and serve with freshly made croûtons.

Yayla Çorbasi
Soup of the Mountain Pastures

4 cups chicken stock
2 tablespoons rice (rinsed)
1 cup natural yoghurt
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon dried mint leaves

This simple yoghurt-based soup, thickened with rice and flavoured with mint, is one of the most widely eaten soups in Turkey.

1 Bring the stock and rice to the boil in a soup pan, then simmer over a very gentle heat until the rice has expanded and released its starch to thicken the soup. Remove from the heat.

2 Whisking constantly, slowly mix hot stock into the yoghurt, a ladle at a time, to prevent the yoghurt from curdling.

3 Return the mixture to the soup pan. Stir and reheat gently without letting it boil. Season to taste.

4 Add the butter to the soup, and serve sprinkled with dried mint.

Kuşkonmaz Çorbasi
Cream of Asparagus

1 bunch of asparagus
1 cup chicken stock or 1 stock cube
1 rounded tablespoon cornflour
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons brown sugar
Butter

This delicious creamy asparagus soup makes a good starter and is simple, elegant and economical. It uses the flavoursome cooking water rather than the vegetable itself, which can be enjoyed separately. Cooking liquid from any vegetable can be used in this way – spinach, cauliflower or broccoli, for example.

1 Rinse the asparagus spears in plenty of cold water. Slice off the fibrous ends of the stalks but don't discard them. Bring a deep pan of salted water to the boil. Add the woody ends first, then place the asparagus spears upright in the pan. Cover and cook for 5 minutes.

2 Transfer the spears with a slotted spoon to a plate. Set aside 2 spears to be used later for the soup. (The rest of the asparagus can be served immediately or set aside for later use.)

3 Reheat the cooking water with the asparagus ends in it. Add the stock or stock cube and simmer for 10 minutes.

4 Transfer the contents of the pan to a food processor or blender, and liquidise. Then press through a sieve into the soup pan and discard the fibres. Return the pan to the heat.

5 Mix the cornflour with the cold milk and pour quickly into the simmering soup, stirring all the time. When the soup begins to thicken, season to taste with the sugar and, if needed, a little extra salt. Stir and remove the soup from the heat.

6 Chop the 2 reserved asparagus spears into small pieces. Divide them equally between the soup bowls. Put a knob of butter into each bowl. Pour in the hot soup and serve immediately.

Sebze Çorbasi
Vegetable Soup

1 onion (quartered)
2 carrots (chopped roughly)
1 celeriac (peeled and quartered) or two celeriac stalks (chopped)
2 potatoes (peeled and quartered)
1 glass milk
1 teaspoon sugar
Butter

This soup can be prepared with any combination of vegetables – leeks, cabbages, Jerusalem artichokes and spinach, for instance. The secret of a good puréed soup is thorough cooking so that the starchy ingredients, which give it body, are well blended. Root vegetables have enough starch to bind the soup, but if you use leaf vegetables, you will need to add rice or one or two potatoes.

1 Put all the vegetables into a deep pan, add twice the volume of water, season with salt and bring to the boil. Turn down the heat, and leave to simmer for 10 minutes, until the vegetables are very tender.

2 Press the vegetables through a sieve or purée the contents of the pan in a food processor. Return to the pan.

3 Add the milk, season with sugar and pepper and a little extra salt to taste. Reheat without boiling for 1-2 minutes.

4 When serving, dot the surface of each bowl with butter.

Domates Çorbasi
Tomato Soup

2 cups beef stock
3–4 tomatoes
1 cup tomato juice
1/2 tablespoon rice flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon sugar
White pepper
Butter or fresh cream
Parsley or chives to garnish

There are many recipes for tomato soup, but this smooth, creamy one is flavoursome, light and simple to make. The taste of rice flour suits this recipe, but you could use cornflour instead.

1 Bring the beef stock to the boil with an equal amount of water.

2 Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in a bowl. Leave for one minute, then slip off the skins and purée in the food processor.

3 Add the purée and the tomato juice to the boiling stock. Reduce the heat and simmer gently for a minute of two, so as not to lose the aroma.

4 Mix the rice flour with the cold milk to the consistency of a smooth batter. Transfer it to the simmering soup, stirring all the time until it thickens. Season with salt, pepper and sugar.

5 Serve piping hot, adding a knob of butter or a dollop of cream to each bowl. Garnish with parsley or chives.

Tarhana

3 tablespoons dried 'tarhana' granules
1 tablespoon butter
2 garlic cloves (crushed)
1 tablespoon tomato paste
2 teaspoons dried mint or thyme or paprika flakes

The tiny granules used to make *tarhana* soup are a sun-dried mixture of yoghurt, flour and spices. Unless a friend or relative brings some back from the country, where it is still made at home, you will have to make do with the commercial packets of tarhana (not to be confused with instant tarhana-flavour soups).

1 Soak the *tarhana* granules in a bowl of cold water for 10 to 15 minutes.

2 Melt the butter in a soup pan, stir in the garlic and the tomato paste, and gently stir over the heat with a wooden spoon until it softens. Add 4 cups of water and a pinch of salt to the pan and bring to the boil.

3 Transfer the *tarhana* with its soaking liquid to the pan and simmer for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

4 Season to taste and serve sprinkled with any dried herb, such as mint or thyme, or with paprika flakes. ◆

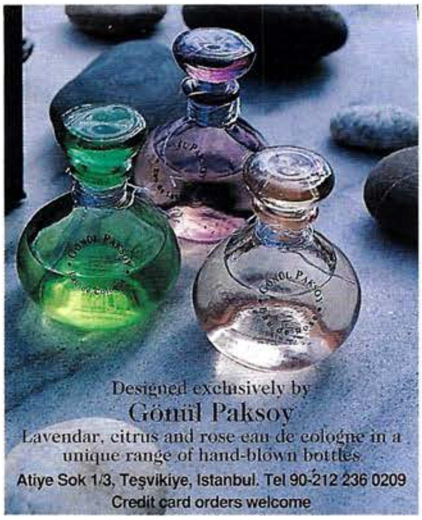
Cornucopia Book Offer

For an insight into the central role of soup to the entire Turkish way of life, *A Soup for the Qan* is a highly recommended. A cooking manual produced for the Mongolian emperor of China in the thirteenth century, it has brilliant modern annotations (Keegan Paul, £150). The special Cornucopia subscriber's price is £135, including postage worldwide.

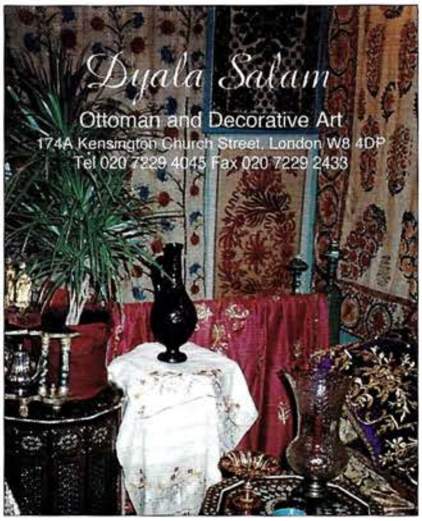
A Cornucopia of good finds

TO APPEAR IN THIS DIRECTORY, CONTACT CORNUCOPIA ON 90-212 248 36 07

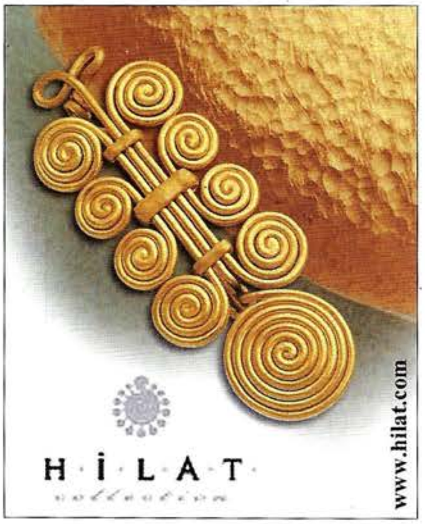
The ideal gift
Hand-painted replica Iznik plates
of museum quality, by İsmail Yiğit.
Available by mail order.
Credit cards accepted.
irtibat@marmaracini.com
Tel 90-212 233 8499/
fax 233 9631



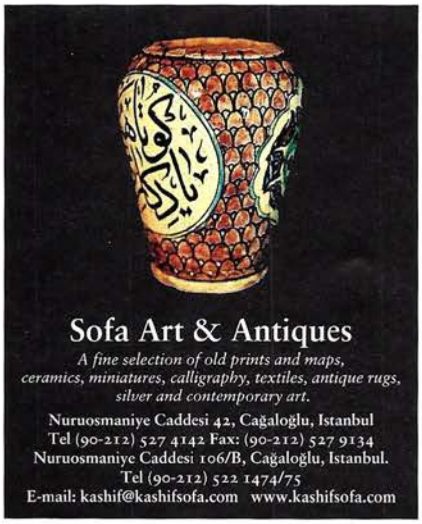
Designed exclusively by
Gönül Paksoy
Lavendar, citrus and rose eau de cologne in a
unique range of hand-blown bottles
Atiye Sok 1/3, Teşvikiye, Istanbul. Tel 90-212 236 0209
Credit card orders welcome



Dyala Salam
Ottoman and Decorative Art
174A Kensington Church Street, London W8 4DP
Tel 020 7229 4045 Fax 020 7229 2433



HİLAT
collection
www.hilat.com



Sofa Art & Antiques
A fine selection of old prints and maps,
ceramics, miniatures, calligraphy, textiles, antique rugs,
silver and contemporary art.
Nuruosmaniye Caddesi 42, Cağaloğlu, Istanbul
Tel (90-212) 527 4142 Fax: (90-212) 527 9134
Nuruosmaniye Caddesi 106/B, Cağaloğlu, Istanbul.
Tel (90-212) 522 1474/75
E-mail: kashif@kashifsofa.com www.kashifsofa.com

OLIVE FARM®

Respect yourself

USA
Toll free 1-888-380 8018

Turkey
90-252-7120306

www.olivefarm.net

Christian Tortu

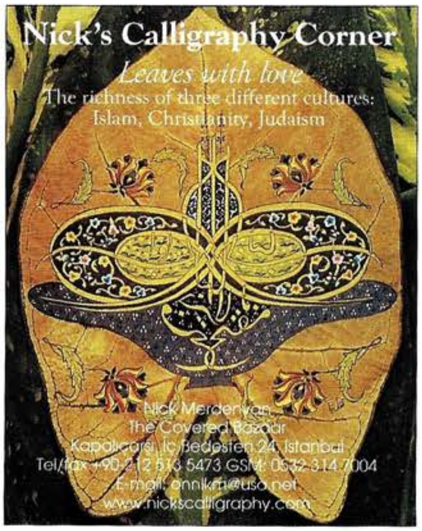
E.la
Abdi Ipekçi
Caddesi No 5/2
Nişantaşı
Istanbul
Tel 212 219 3980/81
Fax 212 219 3982
e.la_tasarim@ixir.com

e.la

Photo © F. Amiand

Household accessories, all locally produced, with
own designs on ceramics, glass, textiles and wood.

Retail, wholesale and export
Akkavak Sok 9/3, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 232 1758 / 234 1568

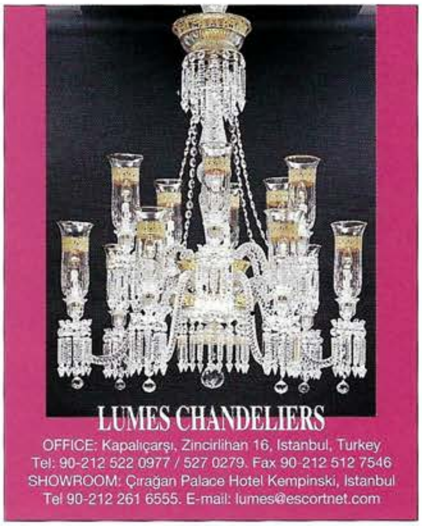


Nick's Calligraphy Corner
Leaves with love
The richness of three different cultures:
Islam, Christianity, Judaism

Nick Merdenyan
The Covered Bazaar
Kapalicarsi, Ic Bedesten 24, Istanbul
Tel/fax +90 212 513 5473 GSM: 0532 314 7004
E-mail: onnikm@usa.net
www.nickscalligraphy.com

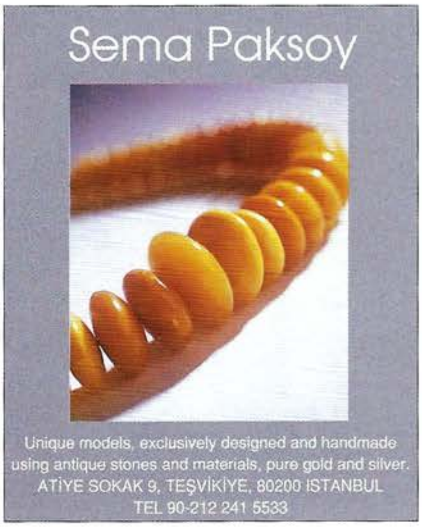
A Cornucopia of good finds

TO APPEAR IN THIS DIRECTORY, CONTACT CORNUCOPIA ON 90-212 248 36 07



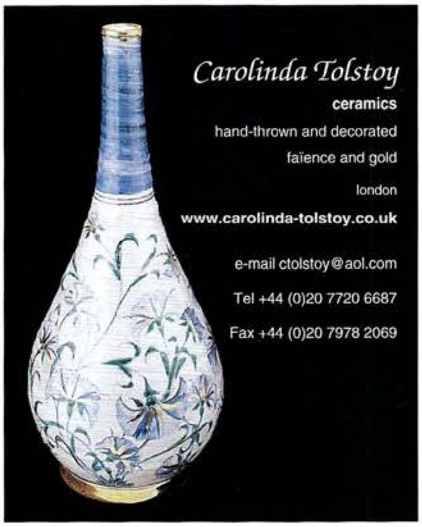
LUMES CHANDELIERS

OFFICE: Kapalıçarşı, Zincirlihan 16, Istanbul, Turkey
Tel: 90-212 522 0977 / 527 0279. Fax 90-212 512 7546
SHOWROOM: Çırağan Palace Hotel Kempinski, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 261 6555. E-mail: lumes@escortnet.com



Sema Paksoy

Unique models, exclusively designed and handmade using antique stones and materials, pure gold and silver.
ATİYE SOKAK 9, TEŞVİKİYE, 80200 ISTANBUL
TEL 90-212 241 5533

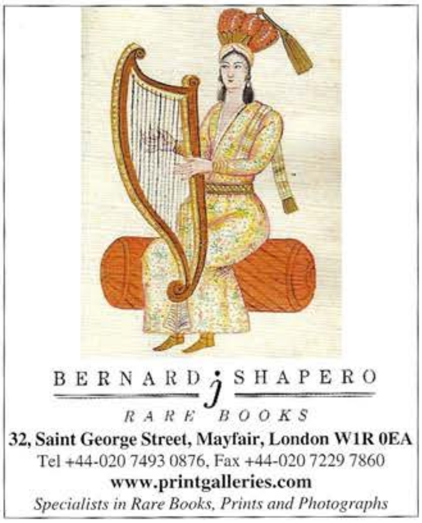


Carolinda Tolstoy
ceramics
hand-thrown and decorated
faïence and gold
london
www.carolinda-tolstoy.co.uk
e-mail ctolstoy@aol.com
Tel +44 (0)20 7720 6687
Fax +44 (0)20 7978 2069

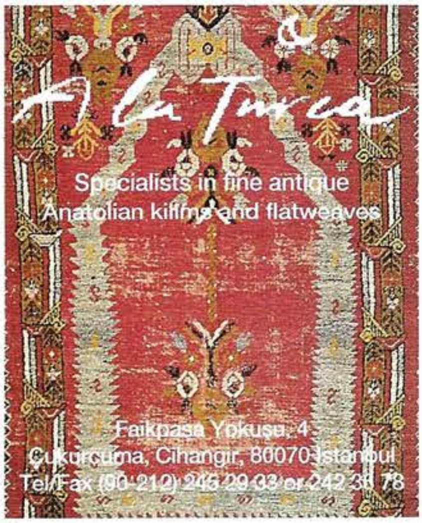
FINE SELECTION OF ORCHARD'S TEAK, GLOSTER TEAK, GILBERT TEAK, SUNWOOD TEAK, LUSTY'S LLOYD LOOM AND EDEN RATTAN GARDEN FURNITURE, UMBRELLAS AND SUNBRELLA OUTDOOR FABRICS

iCA
HOME & GARDEN

KALAMIŞ CD. 27/A, 81030 FENERBAHÇE, ISTANBUL
TEL 90-216 418 3106/7 FAX 90-216 418 3105
www.ica.com.tr icahome@superonline.com



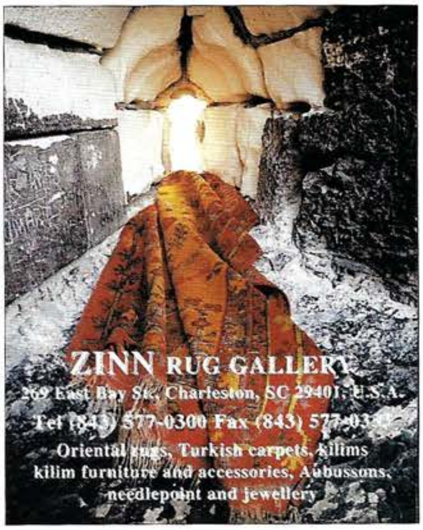
BERNARD J. SHAPERO
RARE BOOKS
32, Saint George Street, Mayfair, London W1R 0EA
Tel +44-020 7493 0876, Fax +44-020 7229 7860
www.printgalleries.com
Specialists in Rare Books, Prints and Photographs



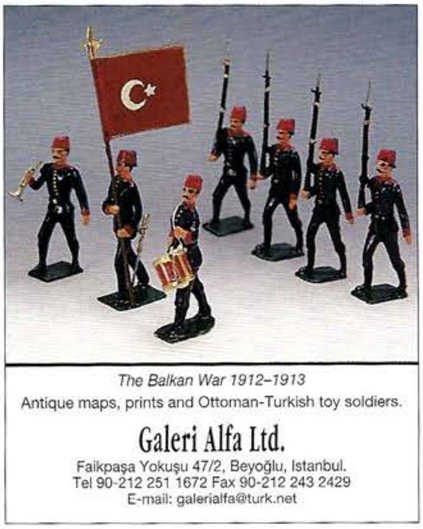
A la Turca

Specialists in fine antique Anatolian kilims and flatweaves

Faikpasa Yokuşu, 4
Çukurcuma, Cihangir, 80070 Istanbul
Tel/Fax (90-212) 245 29 03 or 242 38 78

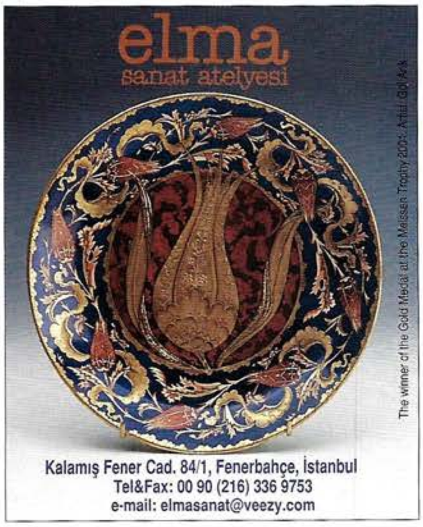


ZINN RUG GALLERY
269 East Bay St., Charleston, SC 29401, U.S.A.
Tel (843) 577-0300 Fax (843) 577-03[illegible]
Oriental rugs, Turkish carpets, kilims
kilim furniture and accessories, Aubussons,
needlepoint and jewellery



The Balkan War 1912–1913
Antique maps, prints and Ottoman-Turkish toy soldiers.

Galeri Alfa Ltd.
Faikpaşa Yokuşu 47/2, Beyoğlu, Istanbul.
Tel 90-212 251 1672 Fax 90-212 243 2429
E-mail: galerialfa@turk.net



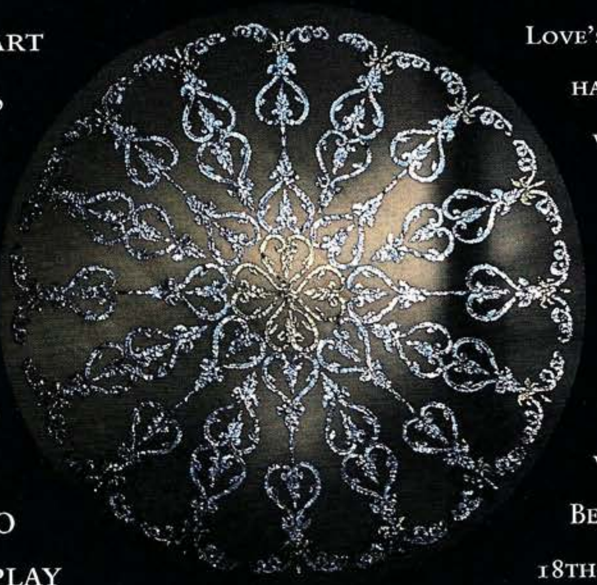
elma
sanat atelyesi

The winner of the Gold Medal at the Meissen Trophy 2001. Artist: Gül Ak

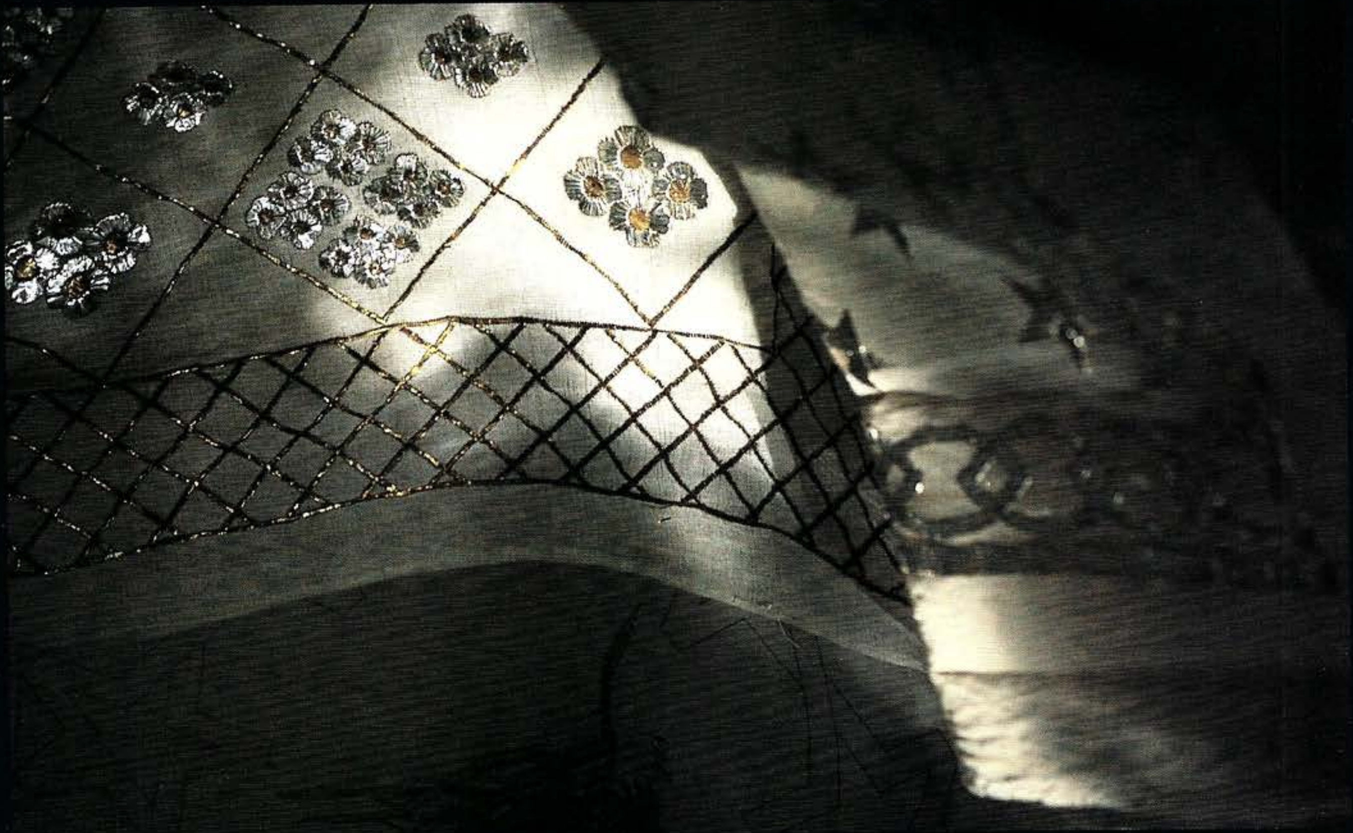
Kalamış Fener Cad. 84/1, Fenerbahçe, İstanbul
Tel&Fax: 00 90 (216) 336 9753
e-mail: elmasanat@veezy.com

BY THE LIGHT OF A SILVERY MOON

THE FABLED OTTOMAN ART OF 'TEL KAKMA', EMBROIDERING SILKS WITH RIBBONS OF PRECIOUS METAL, HAD VANISHED UNTIL AN IZMIR COUPLE SET OUT TO REVIVE IT. ROGER WILLIAMS IS TREATED TO A GLITTERING DISPLAY



LOVE'S LABOUR: THE CIRCULAR HANGING LEFT AND OPPOSITE, WITH ITS SHIMMERING RAM'S HORN MOTIF IN 18-CT GOLD AND 999-CT SILVER, TOOK SIX WEEKS TO COMPLETE. PRICES REFLECT THE WORKMANSHIP AND THE WEIGHT OF PRECIOUS METAL. BELOW: A TRADITIONAL 18TH-CENTURY LATTICE DESIGN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERRIN TOROLSAN

Moonlight becomes *tel kakma*. In the cold white light, this embroidery's gold and silver shapes take on a frantic life. The patterns segment and, like darting fishes, flash and leap from the raw silk cloth, only to fall back into the empty darkness. It's a dazzling show, and one that Mustafa and Füsun Ünlü, the best-known workers in this traditional craft, can put on as nobody else can, for their exemplars and their work in progress contain many kilos of sparkling precious metal.

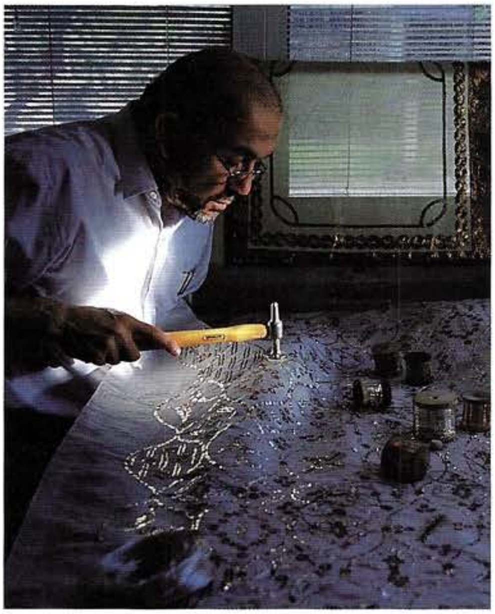
Although this was one of the most prized crafts in Ottoman times, there is no direct link with the skills of the past. The Ünlüs, who live in a waterfront apartment in the Göztepe district of Izmir, have therefore had to be inventive, creating all their own tools and equipment.

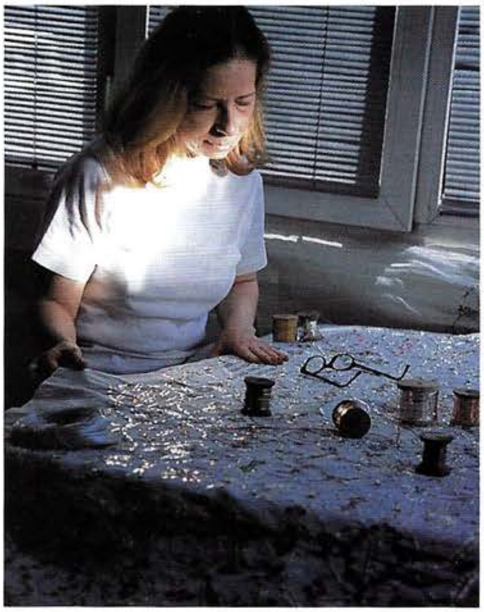
They have also had to recreate the right materials for their work. They alloy gold with copper, silver and brass to produce varied shades of gold – red, green and yellow. They must heat the gold and treat it chemically, so that it is malleable and will not break. It is the Ünlüs' oldest son, Berat, a university student, who usually carries out this process. Their younger son, Onat, helps out, too.

The fine wire – whether silver-gilt or gold – is hammered flat (*tel kakma* means literally hammered wire). Copper and gold needles are used for sewing, and when a piece is finished a light hammering flattens the work.

Some of the Ünlüs' patterns are based on traditional Turkish designs, including *tuğras*, the Sultans' flamboyant signatures. But they also create designs of their own. The most complex stitch, *muşabak*, produces a wicker effect, with wide holes, and is expensive in both time and materials.

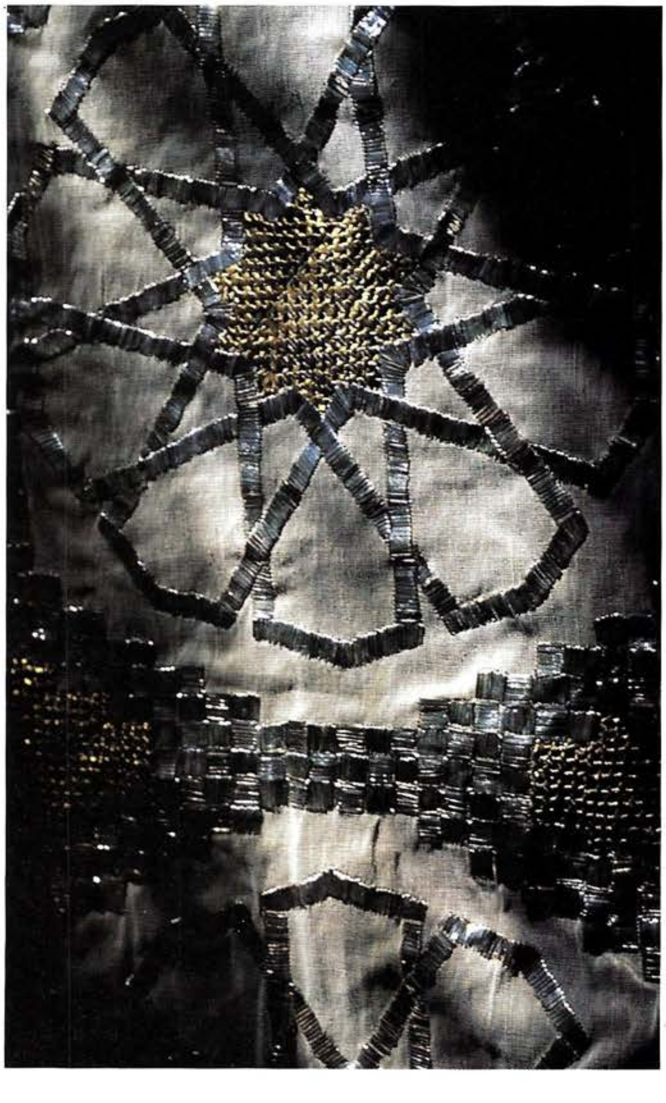
The largest pieces they have

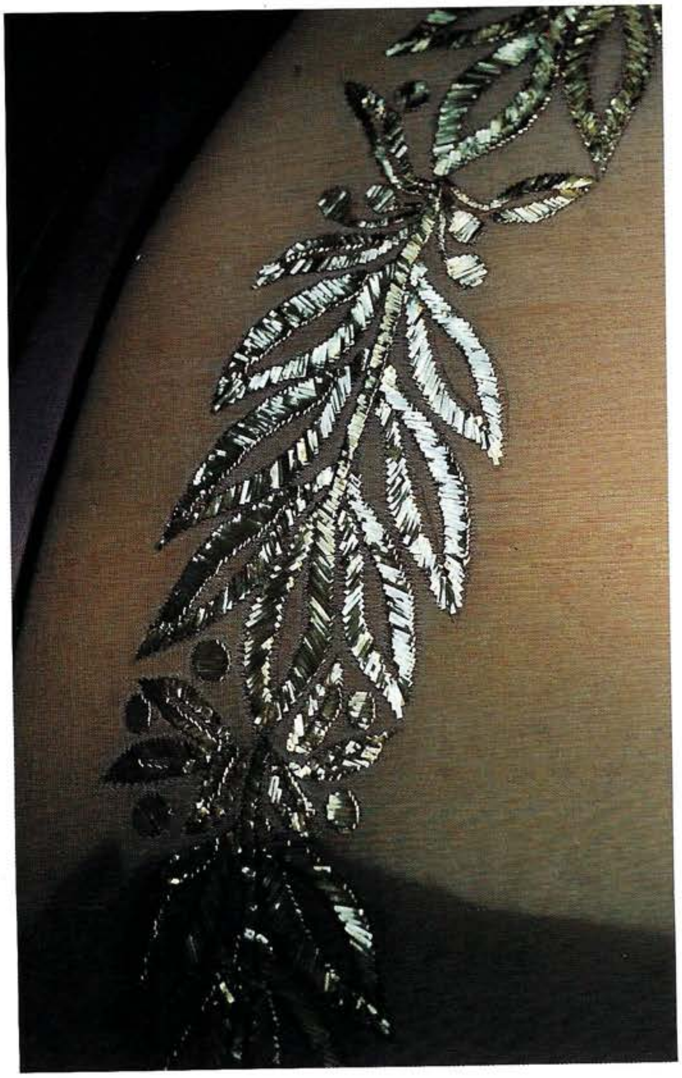




FAMILY CONCERN: MUSTAFA ÜNLÜ AND HIS SONS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR TURNING GOLD AND SILVER WIRE INTO FINE RIBBON STRIPS. THE DIFFERENT SHADES ARE ACHIEVED BY ALLOYING THE GOLD WITH SILVER, BRASS OR COPPER. (TARNISH ON SILVER CAN BE EASILY REMOVED WITH A RUBBER.) ABOVE, MUSTAFA PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A PIECE BY GIVING THE METAL STRIP A LIGHT HAMMERING
ABOVE RIGHT: FÜSUN'S IS THE HAND THAT DOES THE DELICATE AND TIME-CONSUMING EMBROIDERY

RIGHT: AN ISLAMIC STAR PATTERN WITH, AT ITS CENTRE, MATT GOLD STRIP IN THE HIGHLY PRIZED 'MUŞABAK' STITCH. THE POINTS OF THE STAR ARE IN SILVER. THE FIELD AROUND THE STARS IS WORKED IN THE STITCH KNOWN AS 'PESENT'





RAW MATERIALS: HAND-SPUN SILK AND REELS OF HAMMERED SILVER STRIP (ABOVE). THE ÜNLÜS ARE PERFECTIONISTS WHO EVEN BUY THEIR OWN SILK COCOONS IN AYDIN AND HAVE THE SILK WOVEN BY ONE OF THE TWO REMAINING SILK-WEAVERS IN IZMIR

LEFT: A DETAIL FROM A NEOCLASSICAL DESIGN OF LAUREL LEAVES. THE SILVER AND GOLD STRIP IS RAISED AGAINST THE BACKGROUND SILK. DIFFERENT THICKNESSES ARE USED TO ACHIEVE DEPTH AND A PLAY OF LIGHT

made are up to three metres long, contain several kilos of gold and silver and take up to five months to make. They end up like works of art, in frames on walls, as do the large shield-shaped pieces with *tuğra* designs. For Prince Rainier of Monaco the Ünlüs created an embroidery of his coat of arms to commemorate his fiftieth anniversary jubilee.

The fabric onto which the ribbons of metal strip are sewn is vitally important. Every July the Ünlüs buy silk cocoons raised on the mulberry trees around Aydın and give them to one or other of the two people in Izmir able to weave them into the durable, closely woven cloth that is required.

Even when the embroidery is sewn onto silk organza, it can be used for garments, cushions and tablecloths and will stand surprisingly tough treatment. "You can do anything with this fabric," says Füsun, dramatically crumpling a precious garment. "It is indestructible. You can put it in the washing machine."

Füsun is from Istanbul, where she graduated in 1978 in Turkish literature. Mustafa is from a village near Izmir, where he remembers women making *tel kakma* when he was a boy. Now they have clients who come from far and wide, though the Arab world is particularly taken with their work, seeing it as part of its own tradition.

As well as making their mark abroad, the Ünlüs are gaining a reputation for their expertise at home. Their advice is being sought by a new embroidery school in Aydın, and they have acquired a studio near Izmir airport where they plan to combine silk-weaving and embroidery skills under one roof.

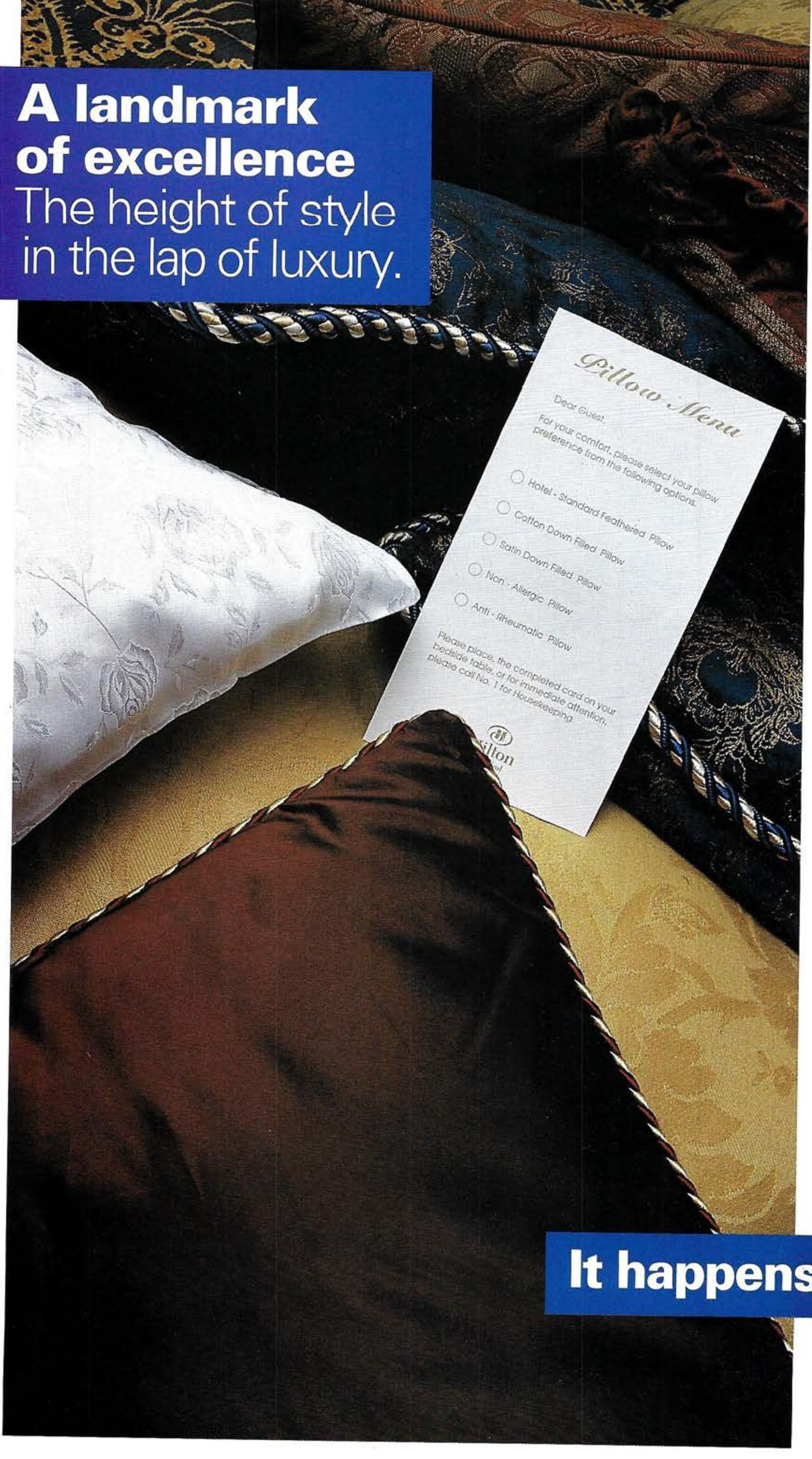
In the meantime, visitors need not wait for a full moon to see the light show: one carefully placed spotlight at night does the trick. It may not have quite the same romance as the light of the moon, but the result is equally magical. ◆

The Ünlüs can be contacted at their workshop in Izmir: tel/fax 90-232 231 3008. A selection of their work can also be viewed at the Cornucopia website, www.cornucopia.net. Prices start at $15,000 and depend on the work involved and the weight of the precious metals used

A landmark of excellence
The height of style in the lap of luxury.

Hilton
Istanbul

Cumhuriyet Cad. Harbiye
80200 Istanbul, Turkey
Tel 90-212 315 6000
Fax 90-212 240 4165
www.hilton.com



Pillow Menu

Dear Guest,

For your comfort, please select your pillow preference from the following options:

○ Hotel - Standard Feathered Pillow
○ Cotton Down Filled Pillow
○ Satin Down Filled Pillow
○ Non - Allergic Pillow
○ Anti - Rheumatic Pillow

Please place, the completed card on your bedside table, or for immediate attention, please call No. 1 for Housekeeping.

Discover the best of the new at the Hilton Istanbul

From the moment of arrival to the moment your head hits your personally chosen pillow, enjoy a unique world of elegant restaurants, stylish bars and inviting leisure facilities. Let our innovations redefine your experience of luxury.

It happens at the Hilton

VILLAGE VOICES

AZIZE ETHEM GLOATS OVER HER FIRST SUMMER IN HER NEW HOUSE IN IZNIK, TRIES TO SORT OUT THE STREET SIGNS, FALLS IN LOVE WITH A DUSTY OLD CARPET, CELEBRATES THE SOLSTICE, DESCENDS INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE TOMB AND, AT LAST, LOSES HER SHADOW

Summer of love

We have had a marvellous summer. The house was completed in late April, eleven months after we arrived to camp on the land. The furniture built for us by the local carpenter had been delivered, and the creepers planted before the paint was dry are fast erasing the stark newness of the building. It is a far from lavish home, but after having no kitchen for five months, it seems positively luxurious.

The thousands of seedlings all did the right things and we have had masses of flowers. In the evenings, the perfume of the moonflowers and nicotiana masked the odour wafting from the cow manure heap next door. The vegetables joined in the spirit of things and all looked as if they had been grown by someone who knew what they were doing. Each time we take half a dozen boxes of produce to the transport depot, my heart swells with pride, despite the real market gardeners' driving up with hundreds of kilos of fruit and veggies.

Being closer to Istanbul has made city visits a breeze – no more thirteen-hour bus trips, and friends from the city have been able to visit. We've had time to explore some of the outlying villages, the wealth of ancient sites and the summer archaeological digs; time to get to know the locals, to picnic in a field of poppies, and time to enjoy our good fortune.

Selim says I have had a "summer of gloat". He is right. I have been heavily into gloating. Each morning I choose a different chair in which to sit and drink my coffee, each seat affording me another gloatable scene. Early evenings I sit and watch the moonflowers open before one last wander around the garden. To gloat is a sin, says my Turk... if he is right, then I have had a wonderful summer of sin.

Signs of the times

Don't complain to us about the Iznik historical-site street signs. Selim has done his best. The English is unreadable. There was only one we figured had been translated into German – which is odd, seeing Iznik is twinned with a German town called Spandex or some such name. It was only a few days ago that we realised the German one, which reads "Bat Hofmuratl", is actually "Bath of Murat I". Now don't ask me if it was a bath built in his reign or whether he took the odd shower there. I can't be bothered finding out.

What had to be done, said Selim, was for us to pay for all the signs to be corrected. He visited the town governor and the town mayor: they welcomed him with open arms. The town headman (not to be confused with the governor or mayor) and Selim toured the town to find all the signs. At the Roman theatre they met the retired director of the museum. He was most upset to find the signs were incorrect and imparted the news that the museum has a list of all the signs. Brilliant: no more driving around in the heat. Off to the museum. The new director was very welcoming; she even asked for several museum signs.

So what's the problem? Well, now the museum director has to submit a written request to the Ministry of Culture. How long will that take? Well, we don't know where the paper trail will end; maybe someone will have to come from the ministry to assess the situation. Perhaps I will go down, under cover of darkness, and festoon "Bat Hofmuratl" with red tape.

A haven in the hills

Old friends of Selim's had come from Texas to spend a few weeks with us, and on one of their adventures discovered Hocaköy. The next day they drove Emin Bey and myself to see the old houses of the village. Leaving Iznik through the Yenişehir Gate, we turned right after three kilometres and after a ten-minute drive reached a cluster of houses surrounded by gardens and orchards. A group of women transplanting tomato seedlings welcomed us as if we had been expected. Chairs appeared and soon the menfolk and children joined the group.

Emin Bey, in his quiet, ever-polite way, explained who we were and why we were there, then moved on to learn about the village. These people were the descendants of Rumeli Turks who in 1878 had fled the Balkans to escape the great Turco–Russian war. This land was granted to them by Sultan Abdülhamid II; here they built their brick and wood-beamed homes. Those that survived the fury of the retreating occupying forces in 1923 stand intact, 123 years later.

While tea was prepared, a young man gave us a guided tour of the village. As Emin Bey is a Rumeli Turk, there seemed to be a special link with these people. This feeling intensified when we were introduced to a man who fought in the Korean War. Our Texan friend is a Korean veteran, and these two ageing men stood clasping each other's hands, communicating with no common language and needing no translator.

The tea was accompanied by plates piled high with delicious stuffed vine leaves almost as thin as pencils. Making our farewells, we were loaded down with gifts of eggs, jars of preserves and geranium cuttings.

Driving home I wondered just how many more of these havens there are in the rolling hills surrounding Iznik.

Magic carpet

Once the salon was finished, we made a trip to our favourite carpet dealer in Marmaris. A ten-hour car journey to buy a carpet may seem a bit over the top. But loyalty to a carpet shop is somehow akin to one's faith in one particular dentist or surgeon.

Selim is always keen to accompany me if I am even thinking carpets. I have an unhappy knack of falling in love with the horrendously expensive ones. Having chosen two which were both perfect for the salon and no threat to my marriage, my eye caught a glimpse of a small rug in the corner. It was obviously old and I loved it so much it had to be dreadfully expensive. Feigning disinterest, I waved nonchalantly in the general direction of the object of my desire. Ali scooped it up and said in disbelief, "You like this?" Having lost the ability to hide my love for this worse-for-wear scrap of a rug, I replied that it was beautiful. Calling his ancient father into the shop, Ali held out the rug

RESTAURANT DIRECTORY

CAFE FES
The Covered Bazaar, Istanbul
Halicilar Caddesi 62 Kapaliçarşi.
Tel (212) 528 1613
A smart new café to drop into in the heart of the Covered Bazaar, serving delicious coffees and refreshments.
E-mail: fescafe@superonline.com

CAFE SUISSE
Swissôtel, Maçka. Tel (212) 259 0101
Sumptuous open buffet at breakfast, lunch and dinner and à la carte menu. Sunday brunch particularly recommended.

LA CORNE D'OR
Swissôtel, Maçka. Tel (212) 259 0101
Fine French cuisine with stunning views of the Bosphorus.
A good cellar of wines from France.

DIVAN
Divan Hotel, Taksim
Tel (212) 231 4100
Long-established restaurant with excellent Turkish specialities and international cuisine of high repute.

DOWNTOWN
Abdi Ipekçi Caddesi 7/2, Nişantaşi
Tel (212) 224 3916
Excellent food. The cool bar is the place to see people and be seen. Downtown started as a trendsetter but is now one of Istanbul's most established restaurants.

PERA THAI
The Kitchen of Bua Khao
Meşrutiyet Cad 134, Beyoğlu, Istanbul
Tel (212) 245 5721 or 245 5725/26
Pure Thai cuisine in a historic palazzo close to the Pera Palas. The Thai chefs adhere strictly to the menu of Cairo's famous Bua Khao restaurant.

HAİN KÖFTE
Emniyet Evleri Mah., Yeniçeri Sk 10/2
4. Levent, Istanbul. Tel (212) 278 5854
The place to go for Macedonian-style charcoal grilled köfte (meat patties) with delicious rice and mastik pudding to follow.
One minute from 4. Levent metro station

PANORAMA
The Marmara Istanbul Hotel
Tel (212) 251 4696
This sumptuously redesigned top-floor restaurant has one of the most romantic and spectacular views in the world. The menu is a subtle blend of Turkish and international.

SEASONS
Four Seasons Istanbul
Tel (212) 638 8200
Sophisticated Mediterranean cuisine in the serene courtyard of this luxury hotel in the shadow of Ayasofya. Immaculate service and a sophisticated refuge from the bazaars and the monuments.

To advertise in this listing, telephone or fax 90-212 248 3607

towards his father and a low conversation ensued.

The old man slowly walked towards me, holding out the rug in front of him. He placed it in my hands as Ali said, "My father wishes to give you this as a gift. It is a very special carpet. It was the first he bought when he opened the shop 40 years ago. Nobody has ever admired it." Patting my arm and giving me a smile, the old man turned and shuffled back to rejoin his friends playing trik-trak in the lane outside.

Dancing attendance

The Mayor of Elbeyli had invited us to the town's Hıdırellez celebrations, the festival held in Anatolia each year approximately forty days after the spring equinox. The origins of Hıdırellez are hidden in the mists of pre-Islamic pagan history but the word Hıdırellez is a combination of the names of two prophets, Hızır and Ilyas, who drank from the Spring of Eternal Life and are the protectors of nature. This year May 6 was the Sunday chosen to celebrate the rebirth of nature and the beginning of summer.

Having always found my interest in maypole-twirling and morris dancing flagging after two minutes, I was prepared for much forced smiling interest as village girls waved handkerchiefs for hours on end. Arriving at a large crowded field, we picked our way between picnicking families towards the official guest table. The men, dressed in their best, stood in groups, while the women, in bright flower-patterned *shalvar*, herded small children and passed round huge platters of food. It all seemed at odds with the announcement from the Tannoy calling for the owner of a lost mobile phone.

Once at the VIP table, we solemnly shook hands with the Mayor and the men of wealth. Women, of course, did not feature in the line-up, and when I suggested I join the group of wives, I got the feeling the last thing the women wanted was to entertain me. Sitting primly on the end of the row, I arranged my face muscles in an expression of rapt concentration as the music swelled from huge speakers. Teenage girls in Ottoman costumes of rich red velvet with elaborate gold braid performed a folk dance.

Long before my interest waned and Selim's elbow had to give me the usual firm nudge, the music came to an end. They were followed by a group of smaller boys and girls who executed a flawless dance devoid of all the usual shuffling one expects from the junior leagues. Large plates of chicken and pilav were brought to the table, with glasses of *ayran*. Not the slightest bit hungry, I was surprised to find I had polished off the lot.

The music began again and this time men from the crowd came forward to dance. In the circle of dancers were uniformed gendarmes, bank managers, labourers, teachers and the Mayor. I tried to imagine my London bank manager mingling with the common herd, and drew a blank. There was an egg-and-spoon race followed by a yoghurt-eating competition with a prize-giving ceremony at the end.

Groups of teenage girls brought out long skipping ropes and impromptu elaborate skipping games were played. Small boys raced through the crowd as tea- and *simit*-sellers did a brisk trade. Groups of young men eyed the girls while mothers and grandmothers watched eagle-eyed from the shade of the trees. An elderly, gnarled worker presented me with a cherry-tree sprig heavy with ripe fruit.

As we made our farewells, I thought of how it was all so akin to the country fairs of my youth and how much we of the West have lost over the last fifty years.

Into the black hole

A week later we were back at Elbeyli. Kenan Bey Elbeyli. Kenan Bey, the Mayor, had telephoned to say an ancient tomb had been discovered. A farmer had been ploughing when he noticed a hole in the ground. Peering down, he could not see the bottom, so using one of the tall fruit-picking ladders, he had lowered it and climbed down. He found himself in a totally untouched stone building with ashlar walls and an arched roof. Clambering up, he called the Mayor and the next day people arrived from the Iznik Museum to excavate it. The few artefacts found were taken to the museum and three skeletons have gone to Ankara to join the long queue of bones awaiting carbon-dating, though the authorities say the tomb is about 1,800 years old.

We walked through the cemetery looking at all those wonderful gravestones. The dates of birth and death made the deceased 600 or so years old. In the 1920s, Turkey changed from the Hegira calendar to the Gregorian, so all over the country one can find gravestones with birth dates in the 1300s and dates of death in the 1900s.

Down a path through an olive grove, we came to an excavated slope leading to the tomb's outer door. Both inner and outer doors were huge slabs of granite, each with two pairs of granite pintles and gudgeons ringed with iron, and so well balanced I could move them with one finger. Inside, the wall plaster and three sarcophagi were intact, the stone as clean as it must have been 1,800 years ago. The inner door had an iron latch on the inside, so the thought of being locked in was easily banished. The lack of a way in worried Selim until he noticed a small hole from the outside of the door through which a hook or some such could have been threaded to lift the inner latch.

I'm not too sure we have the right to remove the bones of people who went to such elaborate lengths to preserve their remains. In my mind's eye I could see a long line of skeletons standing outside the Ankara carbon-dating laboratory, waiting their turn.

Deciding I needed to be back above ground immediately, I scrambled up the slope with the agility of a mountain goat. All the riches of Croesus would not have tempted me to go down into that hole as the farmer had done.

Me and my shadow

I, like Peter Pan, have lost my shadow, but unlike Peter I have no desire to replace it. After his sister's wedding, Ali was not to be seen, and after a week we were told he had gone to Bursa to rest. Another wonderful week passed with no Ali; the feeling of not being constantly watched was heady.

Well into week three, we found Ali waiting for us when we drove in from town. My heart sank as I tried to look thrilled to see him, but he was very sombre and official. He had come formally to return the key to our gate. The stress of working for us was too much, he said. "But you are only employed to look after the ducks and the dog when we are away," Selim replied. That was correct, we were told, but someone has to look after Azize Hanım and it was just too much for him. Selim frowned at me as if I was a difficult child and assured Ali that he quite understood. That evening we celebrated my new-found independence with a slap-up meal at the local workers' café.

Whether he has regretted the key-returning ceremony I don't know, as it is impossible to see what is going on at our building site from Ali's parents' house. He has been dragging his mother's cows past all the lush grass to graze on the lake shore, where all our comings and goings can be monitored. I don't feel the slightest bit guilty.

◆

PROPERTY & TRAVEL DIRECTORY

Aegean idyll

A new development of fully furnished 2/3-bedroom villas and apartments located in a charming corner of the Bodrum peninsula, near Gümüşlük. Ideal as a second home, with all amenities including a private beach, water sports, restaurant and fitness and business centres.

KARYA HOLIDAY HOMES
BODRUM

For sale

Prices from $70,000

Tel +90(0)212 251 7360
Fax +90(0)212 245 4927
E-mail: karyaevleri@hotmail.com
Karavelioğlu Denizcilik ve Tic AŞ
Tersane Cad, Arap Kayyum Sok 25
Karaköy, Istanbul

Picture-perfect

Elegant duplex houses set in a fragrant Mediterranean pine forest with commanding sea views of the Bay of Göcek. This small private development, centred around a beautiful swimming pool, is a holiday haven that perfectly blends tranquillity and comfort. Unspoilt Göcek, with its excellent marina, is just 22km from Dalaman airport. Foreign buyers welcome.

CLUB ROSMARIN
GÖCEK – FETHIYE

For sale

For further information call
Tel 90(0)252 645 12 49
Fax +90(0)252 645 12 99
mobile: +90(0)532 622 90 99
www.lotusmim.com

Marmaris expertise

We offer a warm welcome and an introduction to all the ins and outs of local living. Established in Marmaris since 1988 our Anglo-Turkish estate agency offers a wide spectrum of residential & commerical property in settings of exceptional beauty. Whether for sale or rental, the team at KENT will find your property and give expert advice in all matters relating to real estate legalities and settling in Turkey.

KENT PROPERTY
SERVICES

For sale

Correspondence: P.O. Box 26
48700 Marmaris
Turkey
Tel +90(0)252 412 22 47 or 413 44 18
Fax (90-252) 413 39 72
deniz.n@superonline.com
www.relmed.net/turk/kentproperty.html

Quality travel in Turkey

Sea Song specialises in small-group escorted tours throughout Turkey, quality hotels and services, luxury gulet sailing, private arrangements for family and friends, and special interest tours covering archeology, nature, photography, skiing, religious sites and more. Shore excursions for guests arriving on a cruise ship in all Turkish ports. Call for a free brochure.

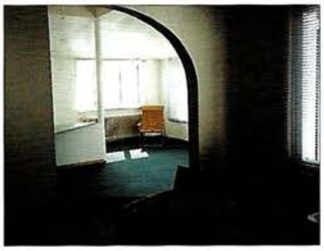
SEA SONG

Quality escorted & independent tours

USA
Toll-free 1(800) 480 9171
Fax: 1(425) 774 6594
TURKEY
Tel +90(0)212-292 8555 (6 lines)
Fax: +90(0)212-292 8561
turkey@seasong1.com
www.seasong1.com

Smart studio flats

Furnished one-bedroom pied-à-terres in the heart of Nişantaşı available for short-term lets. Fitted kitchen, bathroom and large living room, which can be divided to form an occasional guest room. Rooftop views. Independent natural gas heating and hot water.



NIŞANTAŞI
ISTANBUL

To let

Studio Flats
$300 per week

For viewing and information call
Cornucopia
Tel +90(0)212 248 3607
E-mail: cornucopia@atlas.net.tr

Istanbul in style

This property in leafy Dragos, on the Anatolian shore of the Marmara Sea, offers a swimming pool, 2.5 acres of private garden and a glorious view of the Princes Islands. The 2-storey, 400m² house (partly furnished) has 5 rooms (1 very large), 2 bathrooms, a guest cloackroom and servant's accommodation. There is an attic, separate garden house (2 rooms & shower/WC) a garage and easy additional parking

A HOUSE IN DRAGOS
ISTANBUL

To let

From summer 2002
$6000 per month

Tel +90(0)532 4547767
E-mail: come2dragos@hotmail.com

To advertise call +90(0)212 248 3607 or +44(0)1450 379933 or visit our website, www.cornucopia.net

GIFTS & COLLECTIBLES

MEŞHUR BEBEK BADEM EZMESİ
1904

BEBEK'S LEGENDARY MARZIPAN
Sevim İşgüder
Cevdet Paşa Cd 238, Bebek, Istanbul. Tel 212-263 5984

l'orient
HANDICRAFTS
COPPER AND BRASS . METALWARE
(EXPORT)
MURAT BİLİR
THE COVERED BAZAAR
İÇ BEDESTEN, ŞERİFAĞA SOKAK 22-23
ISTANBUL
TEL 90-212 520 7046

SMALL HOTELS

HOTEL
VALIDE SULTAN
KONAĞI
İSTANBUL

A small artistic hotel in the heart of the ancient city, strategically located close to the Topkapı Palace, Blue Mosque and St Sophia and within walking distance of the Grand Bazaar. Each delightfully decorated room has private bath and airconditioning. Elevator available. The top-floor restaurant affords spectacular views.

Ishakpaşa Caddesi, Kutlugün Sok 1,
Sultanahmet, Istanbul
Tel 90-212 638 0600
Fax 90-212 638 0705
www.hotelvalidesultan.com

COURSES

Intensive residential courses in English and Turkish
in a beautiful Cotswold manor house

Elegant 17-18th century manor house set in beautiful, peaceful gardens, with spacious reception rooms and fine cuisine. Turkish cookery weekends, Rooms are available for short term visitors, Bed and Breakfast, with or without dinner. Ideally situated on the edge of the Cotswolds. (Easy access to M4 or M5. Paddington to Swindon 50 minutes.)

Kempsford Manor, Near Fairford, Gloucestershire GL7 4EQ
tel/fax 01285 810131
http://members.tripod.co.uk/kempsford_manor

CARPETS & TEXTILES

GALERİ ŞİRVAN
ŞARK HALI ve KİLİMLERİ
Erol Kazancı

LOCATED IN THE GRAND BAZAAR, SPECIALISING IN RARE AND ANTIQUE KILIMS, VILLAGE AND TRIBAL RUGS. EROL KAZANCI ALSO STOCKS A WIDE RANGE OF CONTEMPORARY RUGS, CARPETS AND KILIMS.

The Grand Bazaar
Halıcılar Caddesi 50-52-54. Tel (212) 522 4986
Tel (212) 520 6224 Fax 522 4987
Kapalıçarşı 34440 Istanbul, Turkey

LE COIN DES CONNAISSEURS

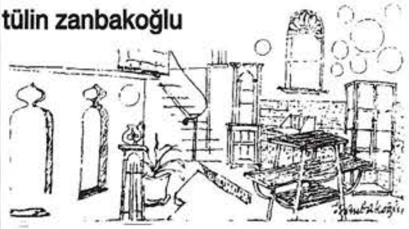
ŞİŞKO OSMAN HALICI
CARPETS-KILIMS-TAPIS

A large selection of old pieces
COVERED BAZAAR
ZINCIRLIHAN 10-15, KAPALIÇARŞI, ISTANBUL
Tel (90-212) 526 72 85/86. Fax (90-212) 526 7287

HALICILAR CADDESI 49, KAPALIÇARŞI, ISTANBUL
Tel (90-212) 526 17 08 or 527 31 55

INTERIOR DESIGN

tülin zanbakoğlu



traditional design and book centre
inönü cd 63, ayazpaşa, taksim, istanbul
tel 90-212 251 3565

BOOKS & FINE STATIONERY

FİRFİAS
BOOKSTORE

All English-language teaching books, cassettes, videos, travel books, maps, novels and research books
Meşrutiyet Caddesi, Avrupa Pasajı 5,
Beyoğlu, Istanbul
Tel/fax 90-212 244 3598

KARUM

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

POSTERS, REPRODUCTIONS AND A CHOICE OF FRAMES

Akkavak Sok. 19/1, Nişantaşı, Istanbul
Tel: (90-212) 241 79 88, 231 82 12
Fax: (90-212) 225 27 66

PRINTERS

"Time is money,
Money is
printed matter."

A4 OFSET

For high quality prints in litho and digital printing

A4 OFSET MATBAACILIK SAN. VE TIC. LTD. ŞTİ.

Eskibüyükdere Cad. Yamaç Sk No:12,
4. Levent, 80650 Istanbul, Turkey
Phone: +90 212 281 64 48 Fax: +90 212 269 53 27
email: a4ofset@turknet

In addition to our rich variety of English and Turkish books in our three-storey bookstore, we offer worldwide delivery

paNDora

BOOKSTORE
Istiklâl Cd., Büyükparmakkapı Sok 3, Beyoğlu, Istanbul
Tel: (+90) 212-243 3503-4. Fax: (+90) 212-249 4757
e-mail: info@pandora.com.tr; web:www.pandora.com.tr

Robinson Crusoe

İstiklâl Caddesi 389 Beyoğlu, Istanbul
Telephone 0-212 293 6968 (pbx), Fax 0-212 251 1735

A BOOKSTORE WITH A DISTINCTIVE STYLE OF ITS OWN, MORE THAN 40,000 TURKISH, ENGLISH & FRENCH TITLES IN EVERY SUBJECT

EREN

Yayıncılık ve Kitapçılık Ltd. Şti.

Publisher and Bookseller specialising in Turkish and Islamic studies

Main store: Tünel İstiklâl Caddesi, Sofyalı Sok 34
Beyoğlu, 80050 Istanbul
Phones: (212) 251 28 58 – (212) 252 05 60
Fax: (212) 243 30 16

Branch: Sahaflar Çarşısı 16, Beyazıt, 34490 Istanbul
Phone: (212) 522 85 31

homer*kitabevi*

English Bookshop

Over 30,000 English titles specialising in archaeology, architecture, history, philosophy and social sciences with worldwide delivery.

Yeniçarşı Caddesi 28/A
Galatasaray, 80050 Istanbul

Tel 90-212 249 5902 or 292 4279
Fax 90-212 251 3962
e-mail: homerkitabevi@superonline.com

PHOTOGRAPHY

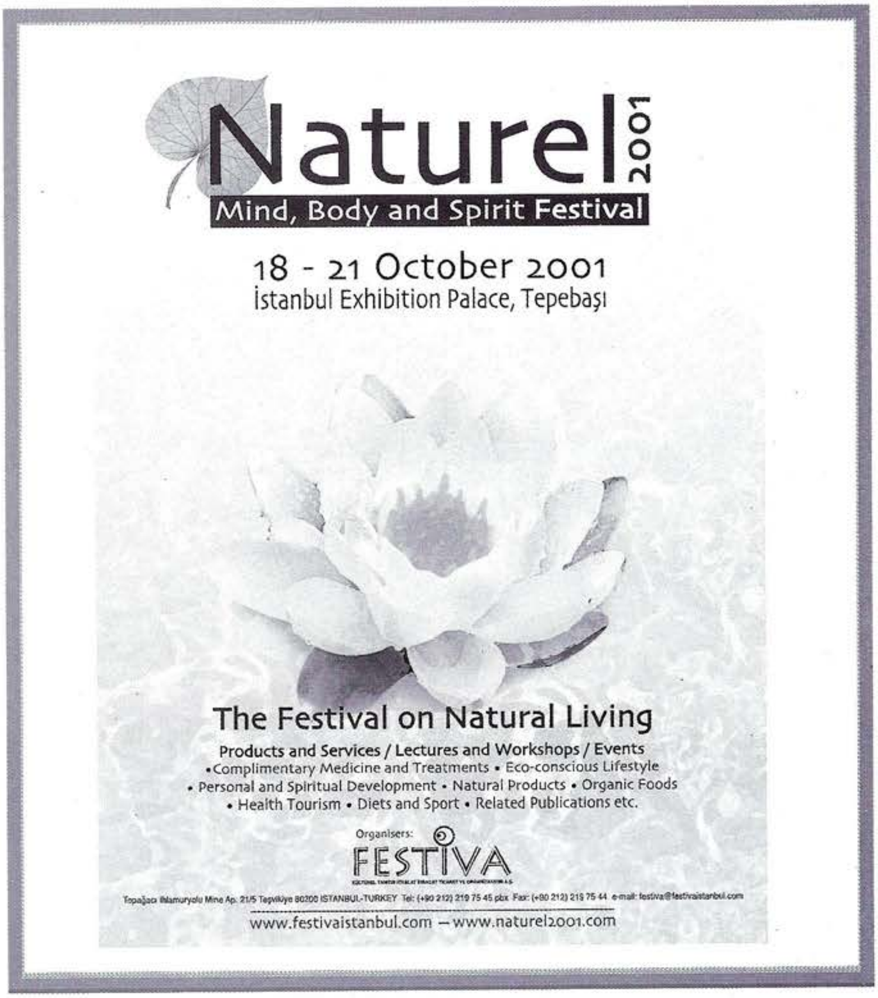
Photographic Courses in Istanbul

Basic photography, B&W darkroom, color photography, studio and lighting techniques and advanced courses

- special courses for children
- tutors with degree in photography in USA

Tel 90-212 245 4045 90-212 245 1235
kerem@project-house.net

HEALTH



Naturel 2001

Mind, Body and Spirit Festival

18 - 21 October 2001
İstanbul Exhibition Palace, Tepebaşı

The Festival on Natural Living

Products and Services / Lectures and Workshops / Events
• Complimentary Medicine and Treatments • Eco-conscious Lifestyle
• Personal and Spiritual Development • Natural Products • Organic Foods
• Health Tourism • Diets and Sport • Related Publications etc.

Organisers: FESTIVA

Topağacı Ihlamuryolu Mine Ap. 21/5 Teşvikiye 80200 ISTANBUL-TURKEY Tel: (+90 212) 219 75 45 pbx Fax: (+90 212) 219 75 44 e-mail: festiva@festivaistanbul.com

www.festivaistanbul.com – www.naturel2001.com

DAUNT BOOKS

FOR TRAVELLERS

London stockists of Cornucopia

83 MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET,
LONDON W1M 4DE.

TEL 0171 224 2295 FAX 0171 224 6893

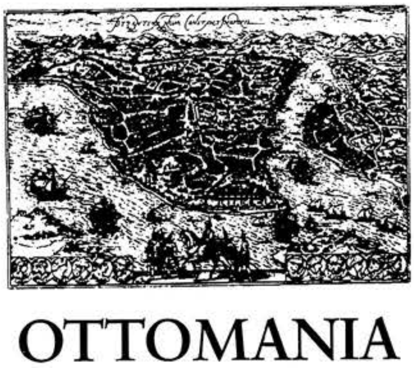
REMZI KİTABEVİ

RK

AKMERKEZ Etiler
90(212) 282 0245
RUMELI CAD No. 44
Nişantaşı
(212) 234 5475/76
CARREFOUR
Kadıköy
MAYA DROM
Akatlar

English, French and German magazines and newspapers; bestsellers, dictionaries, art books, cookery books; illustrated books on Istanbul and Turkey, travel guides; children's books, postcards, maps and calendars.

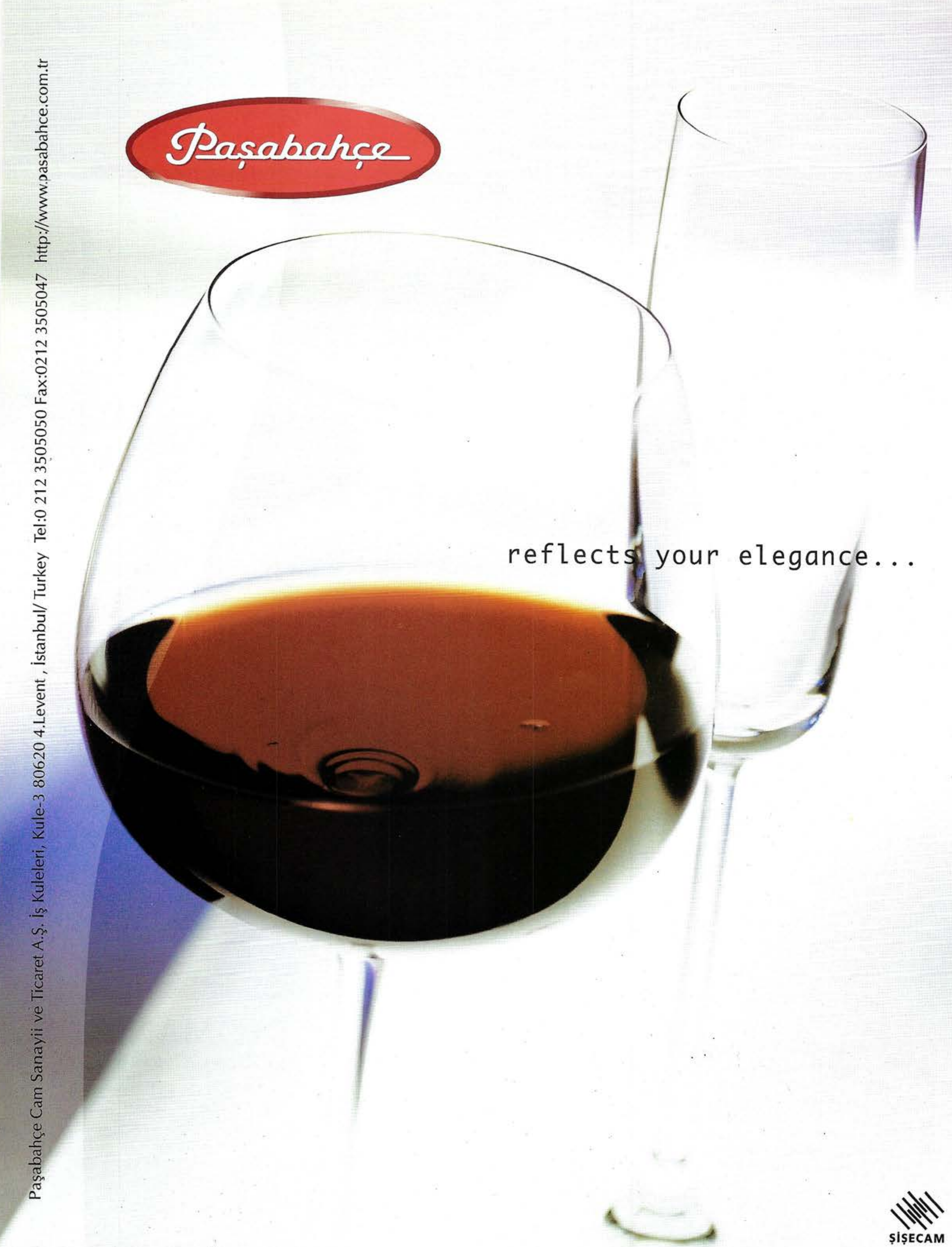
PRINTS & MAPS



OTTOMANIA

Old maps, Engravings & Rare Books

EREN LTD ŞTİ
Tünel, İstiklâl Caddesi,
Sofyalı Sokak 30–32, Beyoğlu,
80050 Istanbul.
Tel (212) 243 21 57 – 243 21 58
Fax (212) 243 30 16


Paşabahçe
reflects your elegance...
ŞİŞECAM

Paşabahçe Cam Sanayii ve Ticaret A.Ş. İş Kuleleri, Kule-3 80620 4.Levent , İstanbul/ Turkey Tel:0 212 3505050 Fax:0212 3505047 http://www.pasabahce.com.tr

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ANDREW FINKEL

A good man in a crisis?

It's not exactly a throng waiting outside Izmir's Alsancak ferry station, just a bit of a commotion. There are a few cool-looking teenagers, if cool is heavy-metal T-shirts and pierced flesh. There are a few plain-clothes police too. In a few moments it's all going to happen.

Kemal Derviş – minister in charge of pulling Turkey back from the economic abyss – is going to arrive by ferry with the frantic crush of his press entourage. The kids will wave a few Yankee Go Home banners, and a few men in suits will move them on. It's all pretty civilised. In this bit of Izmir the regular police wear shorts and patrol the streets on Palm Beach-style mountain bikes. One is suggesting to eight-year-old Mesut, a street urchin with a set of scales, that he might be better off plying his trade elsewhere.

Mesut shuffles a few feet away and offers to weigh me. I try to change the subject. "Do you know who Kemal Derviş is?" I ask. "Sure. He's the Prime Minister," Mesut says brightly.

Well, not quite – though that's just the sort of immediate public recognition which frightens Derviş's new Ankara colleagues. He was parachuted into Ankara last March from his job as vice-president at the World Bank to staunch the run on the Turkish lira. The press has been flocking round him ever since, much as the Israelites gathered round Moses to see if he had any bright ideas about crossing the Red Sea.

Derviş is in Izmir to sell Turkey's deal with the IMF and to listen to the people in the real economy who are going to have to succeed if Turkey is going to get out of its mess. He needs the publicity and the buzz to convince markets the programme is working. But the higher his profile, the more he provokes the jealousies of his Ankara colleagues. "There is one person in Ankara who knows what he is doing and 100 trying to stab him in the back," said one Western diplomat.

You hear two common remarks about Kemal Derviş. The first is that he doesn't understand Turkey; the second is that he is the only one who can save it. The worrying thing is that sometimes you hear both comments from the same person. The criticism is that he is too American – and too patrician – to deal with the vicious maze of party politics and the coalition of interests that make up Turkish public life. The praise comes from those who think the country's only hope in surfacing from a severe economic crisis is to conform to the vision of a truly democratic society and well-regulated market economy that Derviş is dangling in front of them. It's hard to know which worries Derviş more – the amount of resentment he provokes or the enormous degree of hope. "Its not healthy to focus on one person," he said in an interview.

Pro-Dervişites include Joe Stiglitz, a former chief economist for the World Bank and with the Clinton administration. He regards Derviş as ferociously competent and of a far higher calibre than ministers in other emerging countries who have tried to get their economies out of a jam.

"Wherever Kemal goes, the best people go with him," said Ajay Chhibber, World Bank country director for Turkey in Ankara, who knows Derviş from Washington.

It's easy to see his attraction. In conversation he is friendly and forthright, then excuses himself to catch a plane.

The Ankara establishment is in a bind. They realise the very measures he is there to implement are designed to get the government out of the day-to-day running of the economy and will ultimately cut the fuel pump to the political machine. Yet they know his failure would sound their own demise. They may not like having to depend on Derviş, but they have no choice. If he goes home to Washington, chances are he might take the Turkish economy home with him.

Already two of his cabinet colleagues have crashed on the rocks trying to stand in the way of reform. They were forced to do what until a short while ago was unthinkable in Turkey and actually resign. Yet the key question is whether Derviş himself will make the transition from technocrat to party politician. "You can conduct politics differently by explaining a vision," he said. "The Turkish public is very interested in the central questions of democracy. They want to know about integration in Europe. You can explain how social security, education or the health system can be improved or how taxation can be made more equitable." On the other hand, there are a lot of people waiting in ambush.

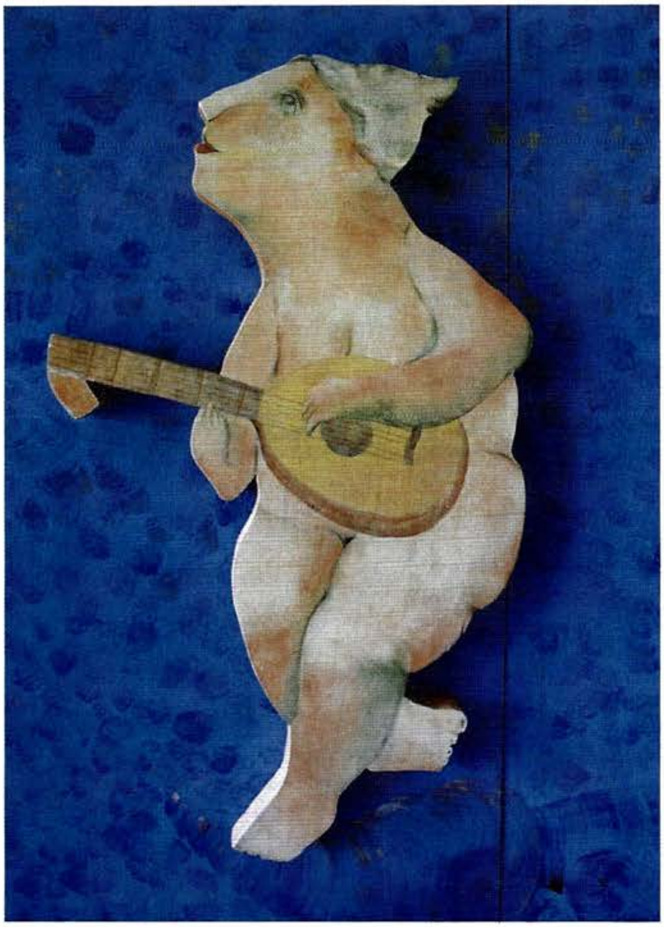
Kemal Derviş came to office with the advantage of being a political outsider – someone who didn't make the mess and can, hopefully, solve it. But the longer he stays, the more he will be associated with the unpopular measures that the IMF programme calls for. The opposition does not focus on the rewards the program will bring but on its very real costs in higher prices and taxes. And of course the tragic events in New York and Washington make Turkey's job of fighting inflation and climbing out of debt that much harder. Exports and tourism, the two engines of Turkish recovery, will be affected. In a perverse way they have succeeded in taking the spotlight off his performance. These days in Turkey when you talk about "the crisis", the question is "which one?".

Now Derviş is off the ferry and walking along Izmir's corniche. Though "walking" doesn't accurately describe the pace at which he moves. It seems he is not so much there to meet the people as to race past them. It will be interesting to see how far he gets.

Tasteful touring

Finding somewhere to eat in Istanbul has never been difficult but there is a new breed of restaurant – ones that see themselves not just as an adjunct to a historical tour of the city but as an intrinsic part of the itinerary. However great one's love of sightseeing, it is gratifying to discover that it is possible to explore some of the grand but out-of-the way monuments and still pack in an extended lunch or early dinner.

This is particularly true of **Asitane**, part of the Kariye Hotel, next door to the famed frescoes and mosaics of the eponymous Kariye basilica (aka St Saviour in Chora). The lengthy menu represents much research into the history of Ottoman cuisine. Included are several dishes which graced the circumcision feast given by Süleyman the Magnificent in honour of his sons Beyazid and Cihangir. The young princes were probably standing somewhere howling in a corner, but the guests tucked into almond soup and lamb or



One of the Nine Daughters of the Sky God, from Light Girls/Dark Girls, an exhibition of work by Can Göknil inspired by Central Asian Shamanism. PG Gallery, Bebek, Istanbul, Oct 2–Nov 4, 2001. Also see www.cangoknil.com

fowl baked slowly with honey and dried fruit.

Part of Asitane's charm is to illustrate gastronomic lateral thinking, or how previous generations strove for the same effect with different ingredients. So the sweet and sour flavour of the stuffed vine leaves came from sour cherries rather than the modern convention of dried currants. Food arrangers, take note: the leitmotif here is the presentation of the food in edible containers – quail stuffed in a round *bostan* aubergine; a meat pilav baked in a melon; other dishes topped with pastry, steak-and-kidney-pie-style, or served in hollowed-out bread. I imagine this makes the food easier to distribute next time you invite several thousand people round for a circumcision.

The restaurant is newly renovated and there is a peaceful garden to sit in during the good weather. I have taken two lots of guests there and both were impressed. It seems churlish to complain that some of the dishes looked like works in progress – sauces needed to be richer in consistency, flavours more intense. Perhaps our ancestors liked their food bland. Still, the restaurant is a pleasant oasis that could fit into a full day's outing which would include not just the church next door but the unusual Sinan mosque built for Süleyman's daughter Mihrimah, a few minutes' walk by the Edirne Gate, as well as the Byzantine land walls. The hotel is a clever alternative for those who face an early-morning flight but don't want to stay in Yeşilköy.

Another important Byzantine monument, now undergoing much-needed restoration, is St Saviour Pantocrator, or Zeyrek Camii, just before the Valens Aqueduct and near the second bridge across the Golden Horn. The imposing restaurant nearby, **Zeyrekhane,** is itself a plausible reconstruction of the ruins of the stone foundations of an Ottoman *konak*. Its brick, stone blocks and pink mortar give it an olde-worlde feel, even if the proportions, I suspect, are not authentic. There is a fine terrace with an unusual view of the Süleymaniye Mosque on the hill opposite.

The beer was cold, the chips hot and the service efficiently attentive – but that pretty much sums it up. For all the attention lavished on the architecture, the food is strangely unexceptional. A yoghurt kebab-like dish was unusual in being heavily scented with cumin, but fancy names on the menu did little to conceal the ordinary. The chicken schnitzel was actively unpleasant, having been fried in oil that had been allowed to blacken. The suspicion is that they are taking it easy by catering to tourists they suspect don't know better.

From Zeyrek it is a short hop to Beyoğlu – not a conventional sightseeing spot but somewhere most visitors go to wander. **Pera Thai** is now the city's only Thai restaurant – the previous holder of the title, in Etiler, having turned into a kebab house. There is a topsy-turvy irony here. In most European cities, Thai counts as "ethnic cuisine", synonymous with the chance to drown the sharp tastes of chillies and garlic in oceans of beer. In Istanbul the role of a cheapish and cheerful evening out falls to Turkey's own ethnic food – the kebab. Foreign ethnic restaurants are relatively upmarket, requiring not just imported ingredients but also chefs and expertise.

So it is fitting that Pera Thai occupies a former kebab restaurant; fitting, too, that the premises have been restored to give back some dignity to a fine turn-of-the-century apartment building. The decor resembles a tasteful living room: wooden floors, cream walls and artful lighting. The original painted ceiling was discovered hiding above the grease-covered false ceiling of the previous tenant. It has been cleaned but, sensibly, not improved. The setting asks that we take the food seriously.

I like Thai food – with the exception of fried ice-cream which I admit has the appeal of being incredibly silly. Pera Thai's menu is extensive and relies not on overpowering spice, but on high-quality local ingredients. The soups were good – characteristic tastes of lime, lemon grass and coconut milk – which we had with Chinese-style dim sum. While these flavours have been expropriated by exponents of fusion cooking, the variety on the menu here suggests the kitchen is a melting pot of Eastern cuisines. It was a tribute to a red curried duck that we eagerly ladled down the sauce once the duck had vanished. There was also a chicken, stuffed, fried and sliced into layers, which I found novel and attractive. And yes, I did have the fried ice cream. Pera Thai's sister restaurant, curiously enough, is in Cairo – no less eclectic, I suppose, than a British jail serving Russian and Georgian food.

My final stop was the **Galata House,** down the road from the Galata Tower, in narrow premises built in 1904 as a civil prison administered by the British. It has been restored into a small café by the architect who is one of the spirits behind the revival of this historic neighbourhood. The setting is cosy, the food comforting – all very nourishing and informal – a good place to find out what's going on in a district full of cultural activities.

◆

Asitane: Kariye Camii Sok 18, Edirnekapı, Istanbul; 90-212 635 7997 or 534 8414.
Zeyrekhane: Sinanağa Mah., Ibadethane Arkasi Sok 10, Zeyrek–Fatih, Istanbul; 90-212 532 2778 or 635 0406.
Pera Thai: Meşrutiyet Cad 134, Beyoğlu, Istanbul; 90-212 245 5725.
Galata House: Galatakulesi Sok 61, Galata, Istanbul; 90-212 245 1861

CORNUCOPIA'S

LUXURY HOTEL DIRECTORY

The guide to Turkey's best luxury hotels

ÇINAR HOTEL – ISTANBUL

Fully refurbushed hotel on the Marmara seashore with 40-year tradition of fine service, offering a resort atmosphere and panoramic views. 5 mins to airport, 30 mins to city centre. 225 rooms, 4 bars, 2 restaurants, 3 pools, health club, tennis. The poolside area can hold receptions for 750, the meeting/reception room holds 850 (or 500 for dinner). www.cinarhotel.com.tr

Tel 90-212 663 2900 (18 lines). Fax 90-212 663 2917

RITZ-CARLTON, ISTANBUL

The Ritz-Carlton, Istanbul is located in the city centre in the prestigious Dolmabahce area offering 244 rooms and suites overlooking the Bosphorus Straits. Facilities include two restaurants, one lounge, one bar and banqueting facilities for up to 600 guests. The Spa features numerous treatments, a gymnasium and a swimming pool. www.ritzcarlton.com

Tel 90-212 334 44 44. Fax 90-212 334 44 64

DIVAN HOTEL

Elegant, long-established hotel on Taksim Park, at the heart of Istanbul's commercial, shopping and entertainment districts, ideal for concert halls and conference centres. Renowned restaurant and patisserie. Well-equipped fitness centre; sauna, steam bath and massage. 50-channel colour TV. International reservations through the Summit Reservation Service.

Tel 90-212 231 4100. Fax 90-212 248 8527

THE MARMARA ISTANBUL HOTEL

Superb views of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmara and Golden Horn; central Taksim Sq. location ideal for business, shops and entertainment. 387 luxury rooms (incl 16 junior, 2 executive, 2 presidential suites); 3 restaurants (local & international cuisine); 3 bars with live music; 12 conference rooms, hi-tech fitness centre, swimming pool, Turkish bath and sauna. Details: www.themarmaraistanbul.com

Tel 90-212 251 4696. Fax 90-212 244 0509

FOUR SEASONS HOTEL ISTANBUL

In the heart of the ancient city, virtually on the doorstep of the Topkapı Palace, the Blue Mosque and Ayasofya, the Four Seasons embodies a level of service that guarantees it a place among the great hotels of the world. Each of the 65 splendid, high-ceilinged rooms in this sensitively restored Turkish neo-classical bastille has its own unique character. www.fshr.com

Tel 90-212 638 8200. Fax 90-212 638 8530

TUĞCAN HOTEL – GAZIANTEP

In the heart of southeast Anatolia, the perfect base from which to visit the ancient ruins of Rumkale, Zeugma and Nemrut (60 min. by car), the Tuğcan is in the centre of Gaziantep: a 5-star luxury hotel offering exquiste southeastern cuisine, warm hospitality, 141 rooms, 16 suites, business centre, ballroom (400 people), conference rooms (1,000 people). www.tugcan.hotel.com.tr.

Tel 90-342 220 4323. Fax 90-342 220 3242

ANKARA HILTON

The luxurious Ankara Hilton is the most conveniently located hotel in Turkey's capital, close to the business district, government offices, embassies, shopping centres and prime residential areas: 324 superb guest rooms and suites, excellent restaurants and bar, wealth of facilities – the ideal environment for business and leisure traveller alike. www.hilton.com

Tel 90-312 468 2888. Fax 90-312 468 0909

CONRAD INTERNATIONAL ISTANBUL

Overlooking the Bosphorus, a 625-room business and resort hotel adjacent to the 6-acre Yıldız Park, the closest luxury hotel to the Asian side. 4 executive floors, 4 restaurants, live entertainment, incl belly dancing, health club, pool, tennis, seasonal outdoor cinema, meeting rooms. Ballroom for 1100 guests.

www.conradinternational.com conradint@fornet.net.tr

Tel 90-212 227 3000. Fax 90-212 259 6667

IZMIR HILTON

The Hilton Izmir, a landmark of the Aegean region, offers 381 guest rooms, including 43 executive suites and 5 deluxe suites with panoramic views. 3 restaurants, 2 bars, 13 meeting rooms, banquet facilities. Business centre, covered car park for 850 cars, helipad, shopping mall with entertainment centre. Health club, indoor pool, squash and tennis courts, fitness centre and sauna.

Tel 90-232 441 6060. Fax 90-232 441 2277

SWISSÔTEL THE BOSPHORUS

Located in Maçka, Istanbul's chic residential and business area, the Japanese-designed Swissôtel, with its palatial lobby and rooftop restaurant, has spectacular views over the Bosphorus. Health club, tennis courts and swimming pool set in cedar woods. Wide choice of specialist restaurants.

www.swissotel.com bosphorus@swissotel.com.tr

Tel 90-212 326 1100. Fax 90-212 326 1122

HYATT REGENCY ISTANBUL

One of Istanbul's smartest new hotels: an opulent Ottoman-style oasis on Taksim Park. 360 deluxe rooms include superbly appointed suites. 71-room VIP Regency Club. Business centre; Italian, Turkish and Asian cuisine, popular American jazz bar, al fresco garden dining above the pool; health centre and floodlit tennis. Information: www.hyatt.com

Tel 90-212 225 7000. Fax 90-212 225 7007

ADANA HILTON AND MERSIN HILTON

International hotels with fine restaurants and bars, perfect for business and pleasure travellers in southern Turkey. **Adana Hilton** on the Seyhan River overlooks the Roman bridge and old city, 3km from airport. 308 luxury rooms, 17 suites. Clubroom, ballroom, health club, business centre. **Mersin Hilton** stands in lush waterfront gardens in one of Turkey's major trade centres: 188 rooms & suites.

Tel 90-322 355 5000. Fax 90-322 355 5050

CORNUCOPIA'S

LUXURY HOTEL DIRECTORY

The guide to Turkey's best luxury hotels

For further information, simply complete the form opposite page 34 or visit www.cornucopia.net

HILLSIDE BEACH CLUB – FETHIYE

Enjoy the view of the crystal blue sea at this first-class holiday village in a private pine-clad bay 5 mins from Fethiye. Warm, enthusiastic service and a host of top-quality facilities give guests the opportunity to relax in the peaceful atmosphere or have fun with the many sports activities offered. 1 hr to Dalaman Airport; April-October; www.hillside.com.tr hbc@hillside.com.tr.

Tel 90-252 612 8625. Fax 90-252 614 1470

DIVAN PALMIRA – BODRUM

More like a private village than a hotel, the Divan Palmira, in the beautiful, fashionable but unspoilt Türkbükü Bay, offers the ultimate luxury: a soothing environment minutes from Bodrum's coolest locations. 55 spacious rooms with views of sea or gardens, 4 suites and one junior suite. Great cooking, superb service. welcome@divanpalmira.com www.divanpalmira.com.

Tel 90-252 377 5601/2. Fax 90-252 377 5952

HILLSIDE MA BICHE HOTEL – ANTALYA

Indulge yourself in an entirely delightful holiday in an exceptional 5-star hotel in Kemer. The skilfully designed thalasso facilities offer the pleasure of refreshing both body and mind, and there are numerous excursions to the ancient sights of the area. 45 mins to Antalya Airport. Extensive meeting facilities offered. www.mabiche.com info@mabiche.com

Tel 90-242 815 21 90. Fax 90-242 815 21 91

SHERATON VOYAGER ANTALYA HOTEL

One of the Mediterranean's great hotels: views over Antalya Bay to the Taurus Mts, large pool with waterfall, restaurants, bars, subtropical gardens, a magnificent beech. Now there's a new Japanese-style Wellness Centre to pamper you. Reservations arranged at top golf courses. Full conference facilities. Antalya Airport: 20 mins. reservations.voyager@starwoodhotels.com www.sheraton.com

Tel 90-242 238 5555. Fax 90-242 238 5570

SHERATON CESME HOTEL, RESORT & SPA

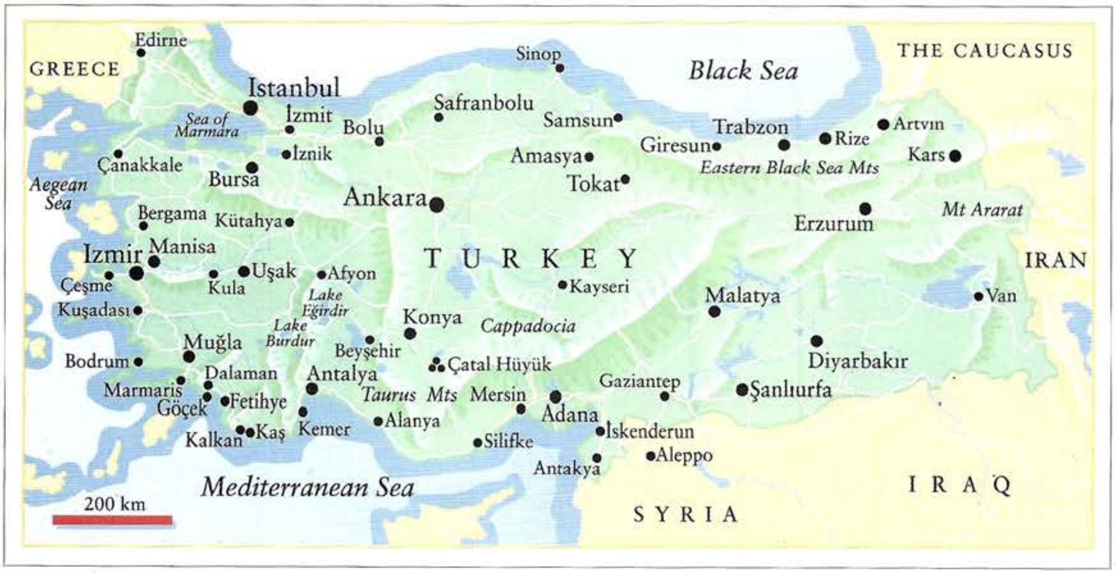
A brand new Sheraton 6km from the pretty town of Çeşme. Californian, Mediterranean and seafood restaurants, a long beech of purest white sand and a truly hedonistic, life-enhancing thermal spa built round a naturally hot indoor seawater pool. Daily tours to the classical sites. A direct highway leads to Izmir's international airport (90km); info@sheratoncesme.com www.sheratoncesme.com

Tel 90-232 723 1240. Fax 90-232 723 1856

QUEEN ADA HOTEL – BODRUM

Nothing comes between you and the perfect Mediterranean holiday in this hotel set in beautiful gardens with its own beachfront and private jetty in pretty Torba Bay. 22 aircon rooms and a spacious suite offer a charm impossible to find in large 5-star hotels. Bodrum: 10 mins. Bodrum Airport: 30 mins. www.queenadahotel.com.tr queenad@attglobal.net

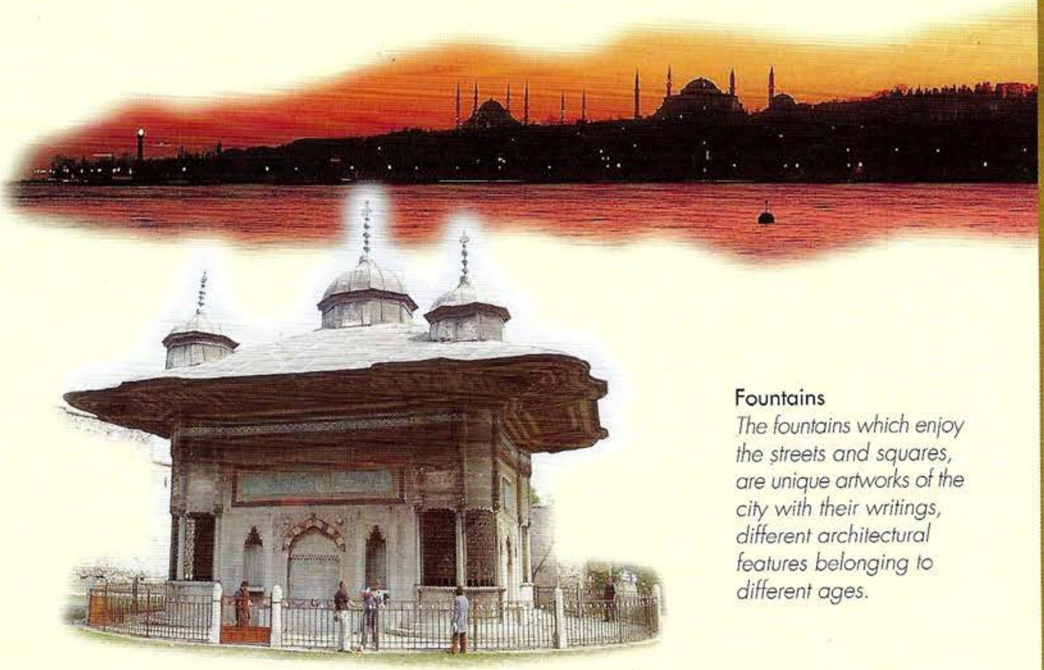
Tel 90-252 367 1598pbx. Fax 90-252 367 1614


GREECE
Edirne
Istanbul
Sea of Marmara
İzmit
Bolu
Safranbolu
Sinop
Black Sea
Samsun
THE CAUCASUS
Trabzon
Rize
Artvin
Giresun
Eastern Black Sea Mts
Kars
Amasya
Tokat
Çanakkale
İznik
Bursa
Aegean Sea
Ankara
Bergama
Kütahya
Erzurum
Mt Ararat
Izmir
Manisa
TURKEY
IRAN
Çeşme
Kula
Uşak
Afyon
Lake Eğirdir
Kayseri
Malatya
Van
Kuşadası
Lake Burdur
Konya
Cappadocia
Muğla
Beyşehir
Diyarbakır
Bodrum
Dalaman
Antalya
Çatal Hüyük
Gaziantep
Şanlıurfa
Marmaris
Göçek
Fethiye
Taurus Mts
Mersin
Adana
Alanya
Kalkan
Kaş
Kemer
Silifke
İskenderun
Aleppo
Antakya
Mediterranean Sea
IRAQ
200 km
SYRIA

SUSANNA HICKLING

İstanbul, The Worlds Pearl...

For centuries this city of legends has attracted people and captured the admiration of all who come here. Along with the city's incomparable natural beauties, some of its more unusual personalities and situations have become classics in their own right...



Fountains

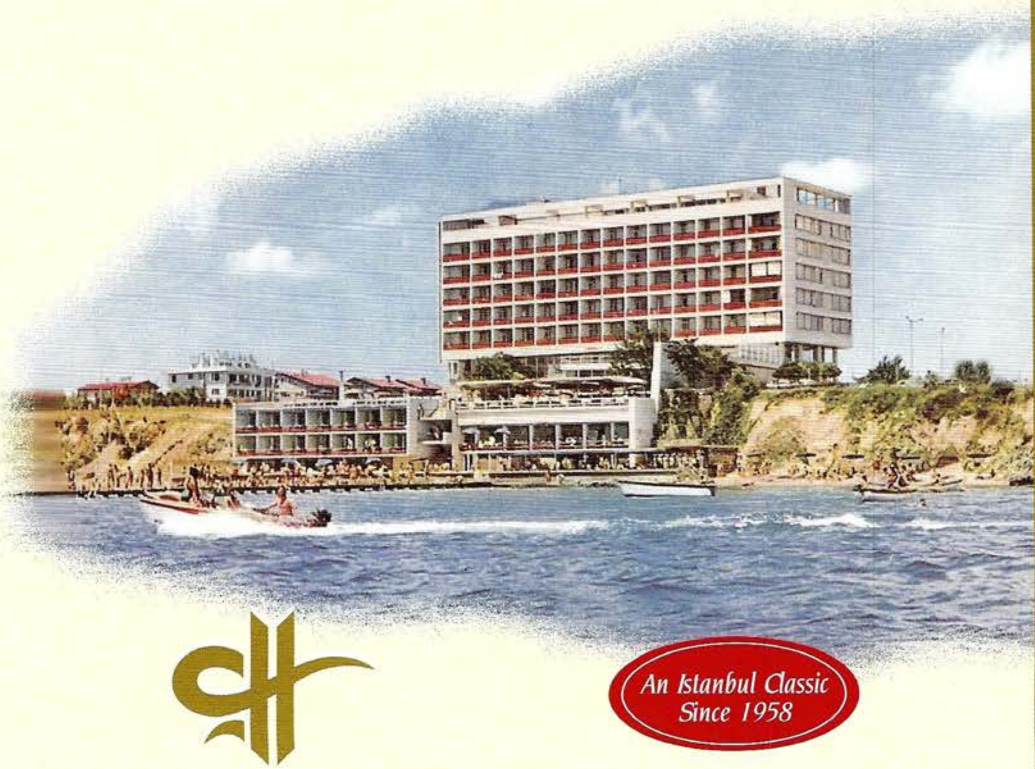
The fountains which enjoy the streets and squares, are unique artworks of the city with their writings, different architectural features belonging to different ages.

sanatevi

Çınar Hotel

Comfortable guest rooms with breathtaking views of the Marmara sea, restaurants, bars, ballroom, meeting rooms, outdoor and indoor pools, shopping, cinema and perfectly reliable service of unsurpassed quality.

Since first opening its doors in 1958, offering warm hospitality that has remained in the hearts and minds of countless guests, truly an İstanbul classic...



An İstanbul Classic Since 1958

ÇINAR HOTEL

* * * * *

Fener Mevkii 34800 Yeşilköy - İstanbul Phone: +90 (212) 663 29 00 (18 Lines) Fax: +90 (212) 663 29 17 Internet: http://www.cinarhotel.com.tr e-mail: reservation@cinarhotel.com.tr

3.KUŞAK
TR 34 AK 7128

Passion.

C-Class Sportcoupé

What took your attention first? The delicacy, the athletic body or the ambitious soul? Maybe it was the eyes that caught yours. Just look one more time now and then close your eyes. If you can still see, then this passion have captured you already. When seeing is not sufficient, you are welcome to Mercedes-Benz Türk dealers. And please remember that it lacks only one thing: Just your being.

Mercedes-Benz
The Future of the Automobile.